Collier's

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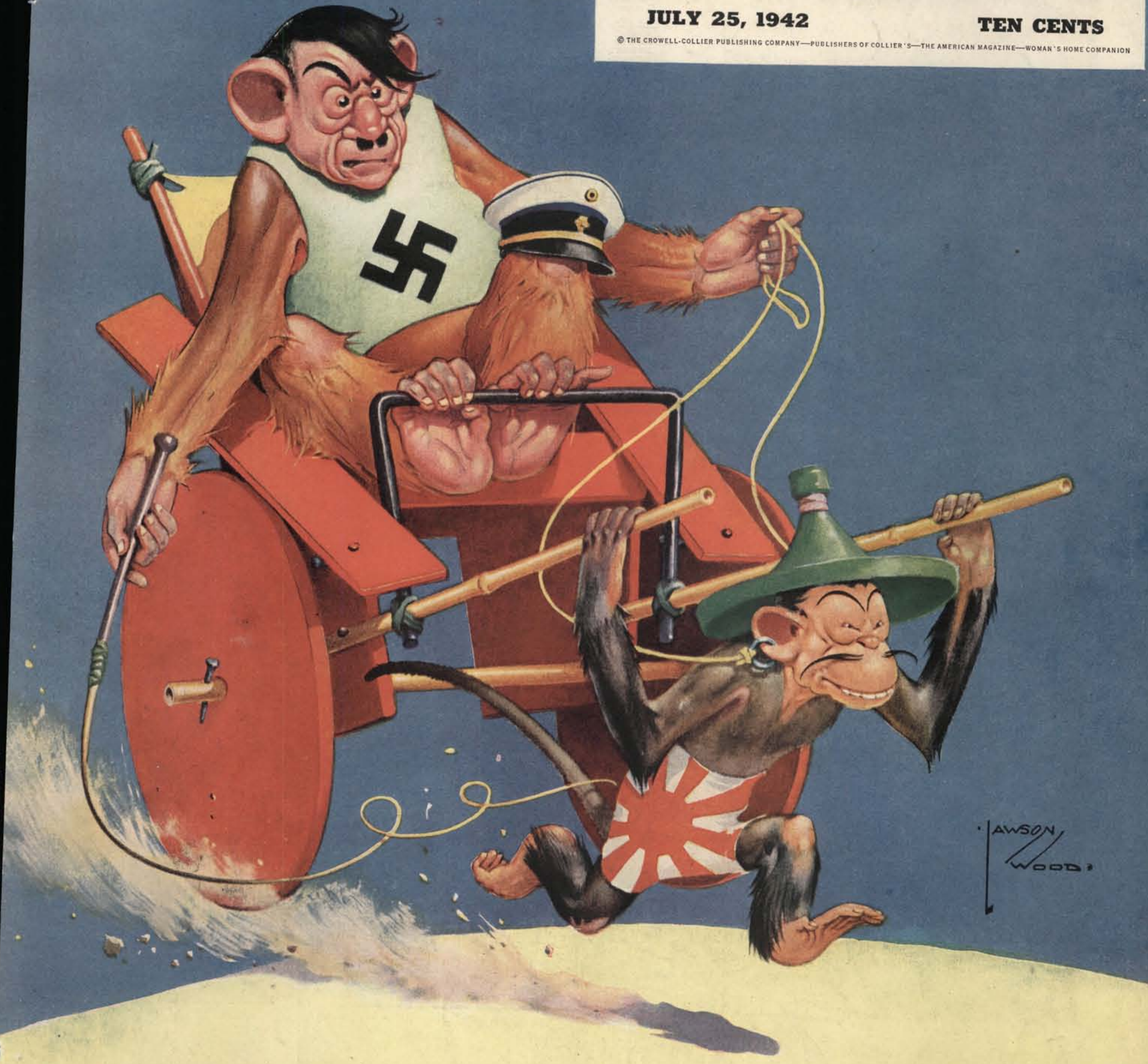

FOUR FLIERS FROM MIDWAY

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

RADIOED FROM HONOLULU

July 25 '42

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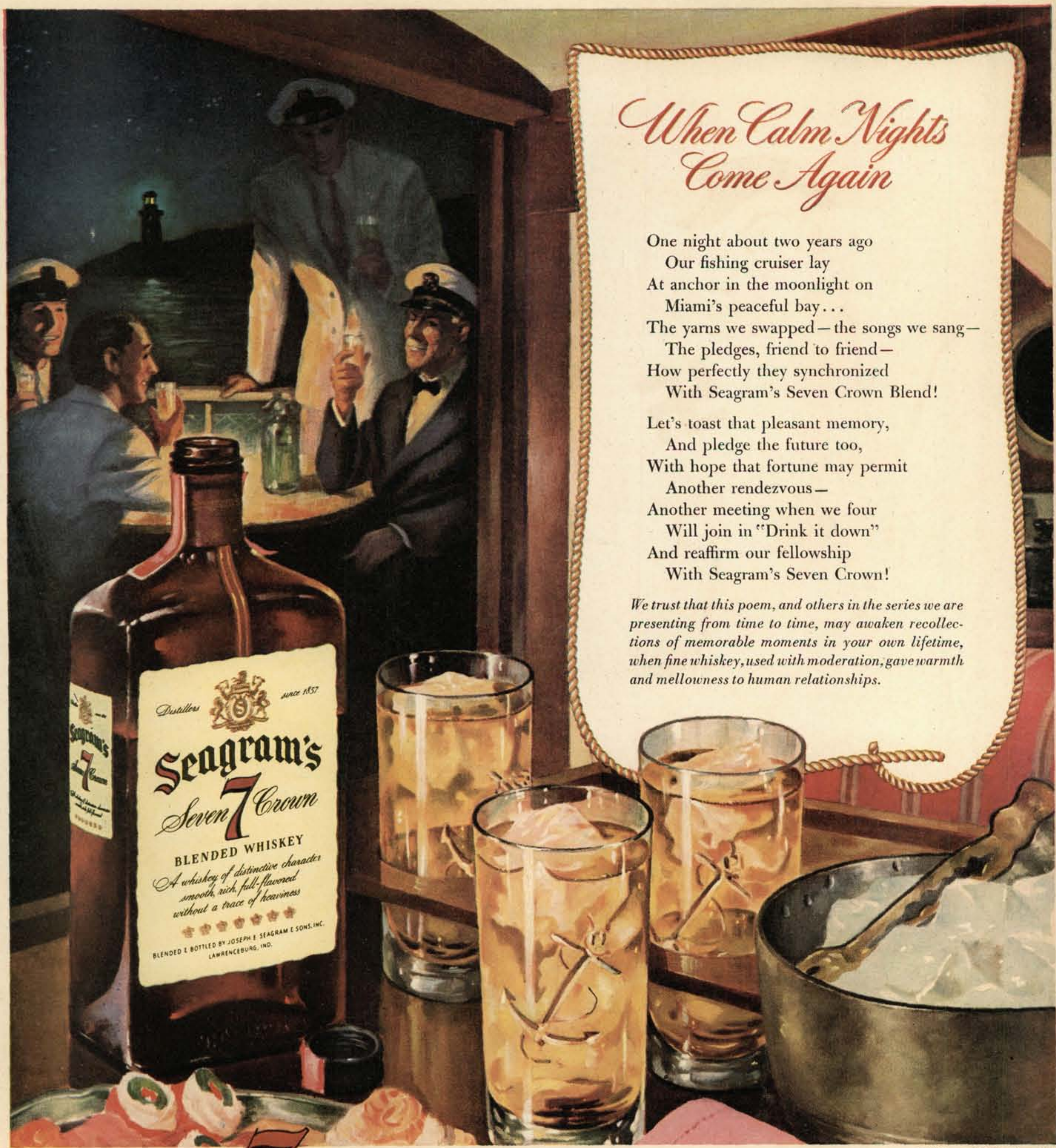
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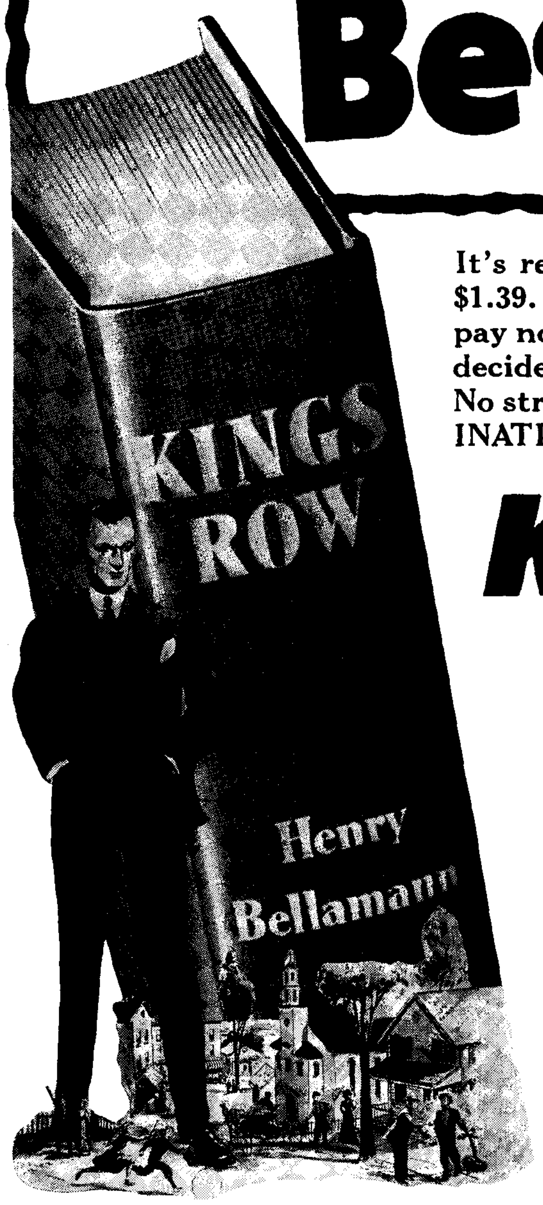

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Every adult in Kings Row knew that a human face can become a "mask"—hiding secret love, hate, ambition. But fourteen-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee. He loved his girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He trusted Jamie Wakefield, who wrote poems and whom people secretly called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept at home by her father, a physician who lived mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS feared cold-faced Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) the frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon's buggy was there!

Through his sensitive reaction to people, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor. He discovered that each person faced the town of Kings Row through a protective mask—hiding a sickness of mind or soul, a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as DOCTOR Parris Mitchell (equipped as a psychiatrist by 5 years' study in Vienna) he helped them take off their masks!

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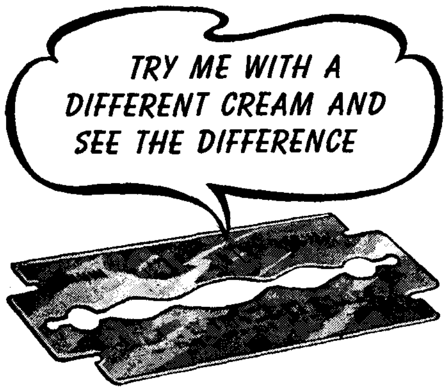
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Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

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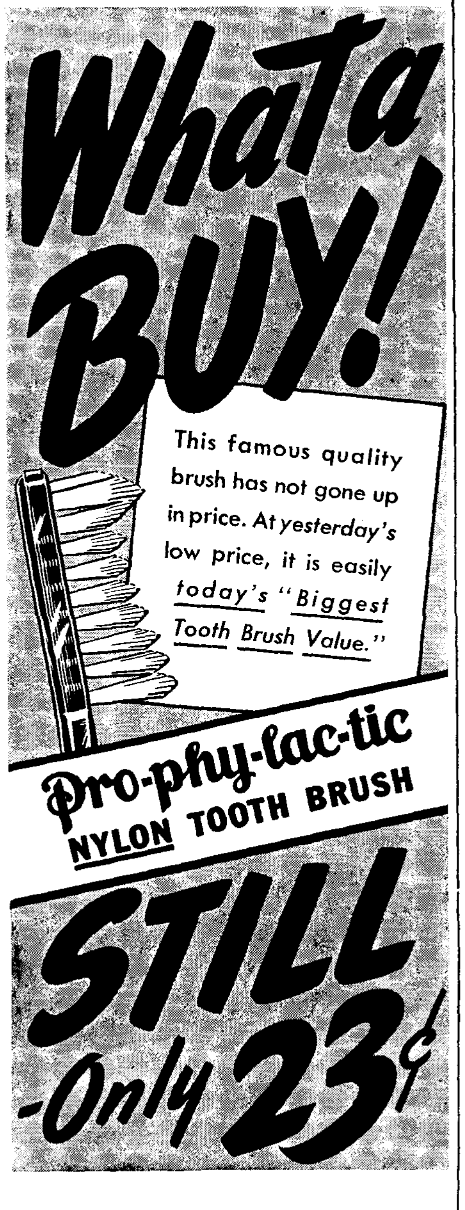
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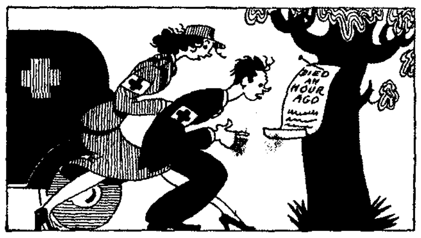
ANY WEEK

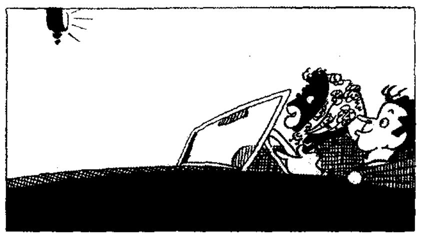
WE HAVE just heard from the parents of James Barwell Surrey, third-class shipfitter, United States Navy. As we understand censorship, we may give you the young man's name and rating but may not tell you where he lives, where he is now, where he's going or what ship is involved. Anyway he has written to his parents and they've relayed the same to us. "Dear Mom and Pop," writes Shipfitter Surrey, "I am well and painting a ship which cost forty million dollars. When I come home I will paint the woodshed for you."

BUT another young man writes to us directly asking us to publish an account of the hardships he bore with fortitude in keeping out of the Army. He says that he suffered all this that the Army should not be burdened with a lad who would be a liability rather than an asset. "No man in this country is more eager to fight," he writes. "There is no luxury, comfort nor privilege that I would not sacrifice for the opportunity to wear my country's uniform and fight her battles. And yet in my heart I know that I would be a complete failure as a soldier, a burden upon my officers, my fellow soldiers and upon the taxpayer. After many hardships I convinced them that it would be a great mistake to induct me into the Army. I have been married three times and am the father of fourteen children. This, however, is only incidental. It had nothing to do with my conviction that I would be an absolute flop as a soldier. I would be very glad to write the full details for twenty-five dollars."



IN ALBANY, New York, we're told by Mr. Jerome G. Melly, that they've had several air-raid tryouts or demonstrations to which everybody rallied around nicely, and designated "victims" simulated broken legs, arms, backs and necks along with other injuries with considerable realism and fortitude. Naturally there were a few delays in getting to the various victims. When the Red Cross arrived at one spot where, they were informed, they'd find a shrapnel victim, they found nothing but a note pinned to a tree under which they should have found the victim. "Died an hour ago," read the note. "Have gone home to bed with a cold."

AND Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, dropped in to see us after a survey of conditions in Mississippi. Mr. Mason found them pretty general. He found also a Yankee who apparently had never heard much about the race question. This Yankee (a very new arrival) believed in conserving gas and tires and was, therefore, picking up workbound folks as he drove to his own job. Near the city of Jackson he saw a woman standing on a corner, and asked her whether she'd like to ride to town with him. She would. As they approached the first traffic light he turned his head slightly and said: "Madam, you'll have to tell me whether the light is red or green. I'm color blind." There was a husky giggle from madam beside him: "Yas, boss, yo' sho is, ain't you?"



HOWEVER, we shall go into no details about a meeting of mothers, teachers and doctors which, according to Mr. Ed Haldeman of Hollywood, California, was met to discuss How to Keep Our Children Calm in Wartime. After a blistering hour the meeting broke up in a fight, the doctors treating five of the mothers for hysteria and carting several teachers off to the hospital with bad cases of tantrums. Instead we shall devote a few words to what a general's aide said to one of our photographers. We were rather keen about photographing this general and saying several laudatory words about him. He merits a nice round of applause. So our photographer telephoned. The aide seemed enthusiastic, said that he'd call back fixing up an appointment. Two hours later we heard from the aide. "Sorry," said he, "it's impossible. You can't photograph the general." We asked why it was impossible. The aide hesitated. And then: "Well, frankly," said he, "it may seem funny but this general's a military secret."

WHILE we refuse to take sides in so dangerous a controversy, we feel it necessary to notify you that Miss Marilyn Penner of Sioux City, Iowa, is happy that marriages are prohibited between our overseas troops and the girls of the country they are serving in. If what Miss Penner says is true the idea is a good one. Says she: "Already thousands of American girls face

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THIS WEE

JULY 25, 194

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COVER LAWSON W

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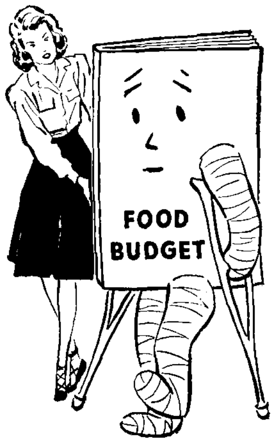

First Aid to wartime food budgets

SOME HINTS TO HELP YOU KEEP FOOD COSTS DOWN

1. PLAN AHEAD!

It is best to make up menus for several days ahead, remembering that *what* you eat is as important as *how much* you eat. The essential foods for a balanced diet should be included first, then whatever extras your budget allows. Latest market news is often carried in newspapers and radio broadcasts. It helps you plan meals around the foods in good supply at moderate prices. Leftovers should be included, too. When you bake, fuel may be conserved by cooking a second baked dish at the same time—for example, a dessert or some food for the next meal. Buy what you need and can use, but do not hoard. There is plenty of food.

2. BUY WISELY!

The most expensive foods are not always the most nutritious. Less expensive cuts of meat and smaller sizes of fruits are as high in food value, and frequently as good-tasting, as fancier ones. Foods in season are usually cheaper. Larger sizes of canned and packaged foods are generally more economical. Information on labels enables you to compare values. Evaporated milk and most kinds of cheese supply the same food elements as fresh milk, and sometimes enjoy a price advantage. Canned fruits and vegetables may be used interchangeably with fresh. Beef, lamb and pork livers are as nutritious as calves' liver. Cereals and bread should be whole grain, or enriched. When citrus fruits are high, tomatoes or tomato juice may be used.

3. COOK WITH IMAGINATION!

Higher wartime food prices are a challenge to our ability as cooks. *Good* cooking can make masterpieces out of the humblest foods; *poor* cooking can ruin even the best foods. Many ordinary dishes can be made most attractive with just the right seasonings, sauces *and imagination!* Cook books and magazines suggest new and interesting ways of preparing foods. Don't waste anything! Trimmings and bones from meat and fowl, and outside leaves of vegetables, may be added to soups. The water from vegetables is good for soups and stews. The tendency is to *overcook* most foods. This wastes fuel and harms food values.

OTHER HINTS: Home canning can save money, when vegetables and fruits are available in good quantity at low prices. A home garden is excellent—if you have the space, the good soil, the time and knowledge necessary for success. *Every* farm family should have a home garden. Wild berries and wild greens sometimes are available—your state department of agriculture may issue a pamphlet on wild greens.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, 82-C, "Three Meals a Day," containing directions for budgeting your food money to best advantage.

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Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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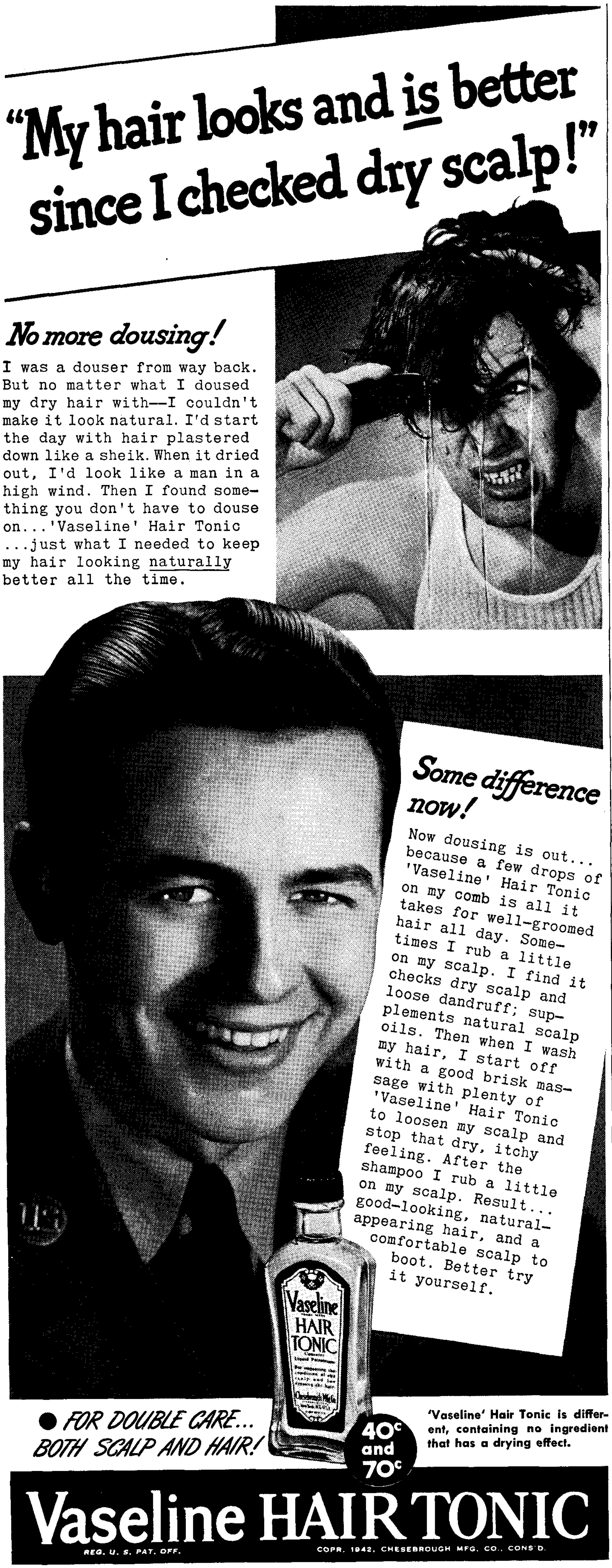
An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING" *—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

This advertisement is published to help promote the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration.



"My hair looks and is better since I checked dry scalp!"

No more dousing!

I was a douser from way back. But no matter what I doused my dry hair with—I couldn't make it look natural. I'd start the day with hair plastered down like a sheik. When it dried out, I'd look like a man in a high wind. Then I found something you don't have to douse on...'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ...just what I needed to keep my hair looking naturally better all the time.

Some difference now!

Now dousing is out... because a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb is all it takes for well-groomed hair all day. Sometimes I rub a little on my scalp. I find it checks dry scalp and loose dandruff; supplements natural scalp oils. Then when I wash my hair, I start off with a good brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to loosen my scalp and stop that dry, itchy feeling. After the shampoo I rub a little on my scalp. Result... good-looking, natural-appearing hair, and a comfortable scalp to boot. Better try it yourself.

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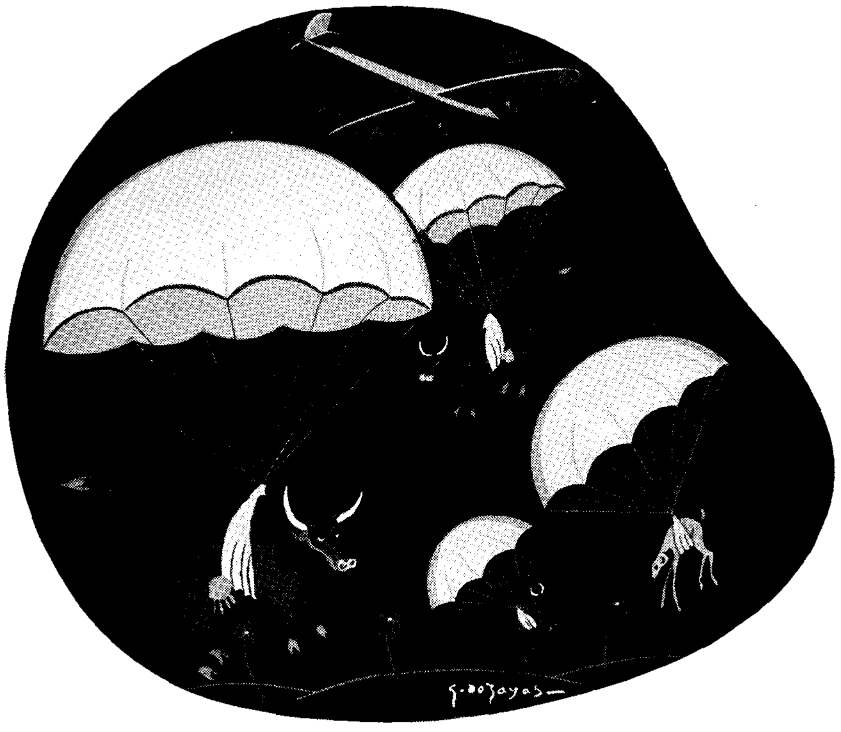

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When the Italian army was waging war in Ethiopia six years ago, some of the columns, owing to the rough terrain, could only receive their supplies by airplane. As the machines had no refrigerating facilities for transporting freshly dressed meat, a large number of live animals, including cattle, were dropped by parachute.

Fireballs have been known to travel almost horizontally for thousands of miles after entering the atmosphere of the earth. A remarkable example of this phenomenon was furnished by the "Meteoric Procession" of February 9, 1913, which consisted of a group of about 250 of these super-meteors that traveled from Canada to the South Atlantic, or more than 5,700 miles, at a sustained altitude of thirty-five miles.

The word "maiden" is applied to many subjects besides an unmarried woman. The adjective is used to designate a city that has never been taken, a plant that has never been pruned, a field that has never been plowed, a sword that has never been used, a male or female race horse that has never won an event and, in England, a session of a criminal court at which there are no prisoners for trial.

By the end of 1943, the total horsepower of all American civil and military airplane engines is expected to reach 500,000,000 or about six times as much as the total installed capacity of all the public and private electric generating plants in the United States.

In very severe cases of writer's cramp, the central nervous system is so affected that the hand can never be used again to write with pen or pencil, although it is still normal in every other way and still may be employed to serve any other purpose. Another peculiarity of this disease is that it rarely occurs in a person under thirty years of age.

Silver foxes are extremely delicate and temperamental animals. On Canadian farms where they are bred for their fur, their diets are worked out to the point where, for example, a twenty-pound fox is fed exactly 533 calories a day. Visitors are usually excluded because the animals are so easily disturbed that even the sight of a strange face may irritate them sufficiently to affect their skin.

The quantity of water in some fruits and vegetables exceeds that in many beverages. For instance, peaches, lettuce, spinach, cucumbers and summer squash contain a much higher percentage of water than beer, wine, whole milk and carbonated drinks.

The complete names of the princes of India often contain hundreds of words because they not only include all titles, but are also heavily interspersed with adjectives such as "sri," which means glorious and holy. In the whole name of the Maharaja of Patiala, this word is inserted 108 times. But when he is addressed in abbreviated form, they are contracted to "Sri 108."—*By Karen Burr, New York, New York.*

The longest dimension of an object is not always its length. As an example, the O'Connell Street Bridge over the River Liffey in Dublin is wider than it is long.

The amount of money that the average man spends on his wedding, in relation to his annual income, varies considerably by countries. It is about one per cent in England, France and Germany; two per cent in the United States; four in Italy; seven in Spain; eight in Russia; twenty in Japan; and nearly thirty in China.

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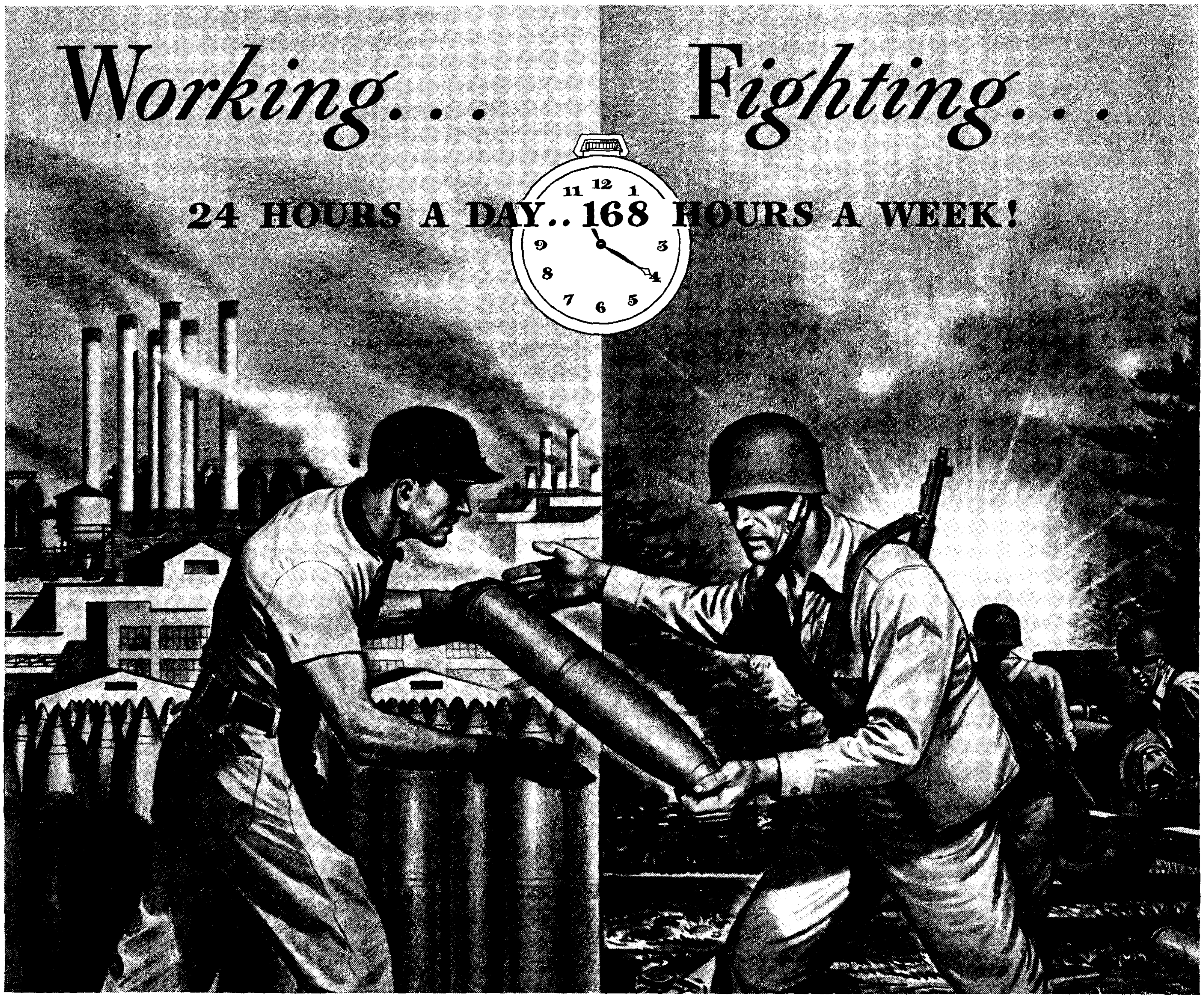
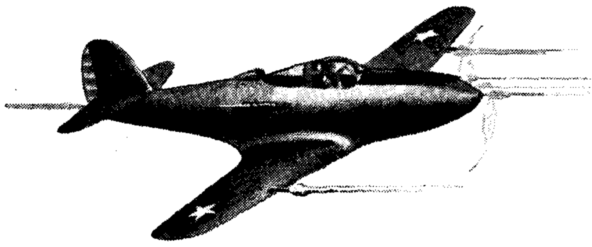


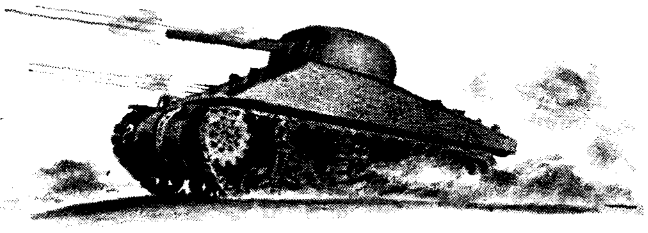
FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

–FOR THE SAME GREAT CAUSE!

Heroic deeds of our armies overseas stand as a challenge to our "armies" at home, our armies of workmen who *build* the sinews of war. They know how much the *fighting* forces are doing for them. And they are determined to do *their* part in return. To do it with work. To keep American production on the offensive *every minute* of every day of every week. They are doing it in the Oldsmobile arsenals with a vast, non-stop drive to boost the output of "fire-power"... turning out ever increasing quantities of cannon for planes, cannon for tanks, and shell for tanks and artillery! Already, Oldsmobile has been producing vital matériel for almost a year and a half. Already, Oldsmobile arms and ammunition have seen action on every major front. But, for the men and women who work at Oldsmobile, that's only the beginning. They're thinking about our armies *over there.* They're working for *them*... to keep *them* firing... building in volume for *them,* for Victory!



KEEP 'EM FIRING!



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

★ *VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.* ★

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Save food

FOR VICTORY...

Save gas! Save oil! Save engine wear!

Install

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Now, more than ever, it is important for you to get every possible mile out of your gas and oil. Yes, and it's more important than ever to save engine wear. And here's the thrifty, sensible way to do it: install a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings. These rings are individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. Sealed Power Rings are used in leading cars, trucks, airplanes, Diesel and marine engines. You can't buy better piston rings! Ask for them by name! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines

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SEALED POWER
RING SET

W. EUGENE SMITH

The control tower at the Washington, D. C., airport

THE "Tower" is the big boss of air traffic at large airports. Yet it is the rule rather than the exception to find a pleasant and calm young man in this commanding position. The lives of many pilots and passengers are his responsibility. He directs incoming and outgoing planes, telling them what to do, when to do it and where to go. In the meantime he is ever alert to the squawking of the radio receivers that surround him. A busy young man.

Originally, the airport traffic-control tower people were employees of the municipality which owned the airport. They were required to qualify with the C.A.A. for a certificate of competency. Then came the military into many of these heretofore civil fields, with operating squadrons and stopover points on their far-flung Air Forces Ferrying Command. It became a problem who was to control the operation of both civil and military planes and how far the authority went. The War Department wisely ruled against a divided control—that is, an Army man in the Tower to direct traffic for Army aircraft and a municipal employee to handle civil airplanes.

The answer was found by bringing into the Federal service these erstwhile city employees. To date, the towers at sixty-seven municipal airports have been converted to Federal control, and plans have been prepared to take over half a hundred more. The C.A.A. is the operating agency. It pays all bills, both for the necessary employees and the installation and upkeep of equipment at points which have no airport traffic-control towers. Thus far no ruggedly individual municipality has claimed government infringement on its rights. Probably just as well, too.

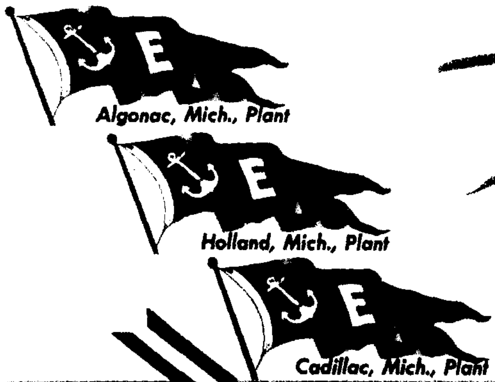
In clear weather, the Tower rules the air within a radius of three miles. If the going is foul, the visibility poor, the flying ceiling low, he is boss as far as the eye can see—which isn't very far. In any circumstance, when a plane leaves his realm, responsibility for it shifts to the Federal Airways Traffic Control. The tower breathes a sigh of relief. The F.A.T.C. assigns altitude levels, determines what types of planes may fly on instruments and which ones must maintain contact—that is, keep the ground in sight at all times.

You've probably been alarmed by the all too frequent landing accidents incidental to the training of Army, Navy and civilian pilots. Your anguish is not comparable to what the instructors suffer. More than a quarter of these casualties are due to prelanding leveling—leveling off too high or not leveling off soon enough. And yet fatalities are remarkably low.

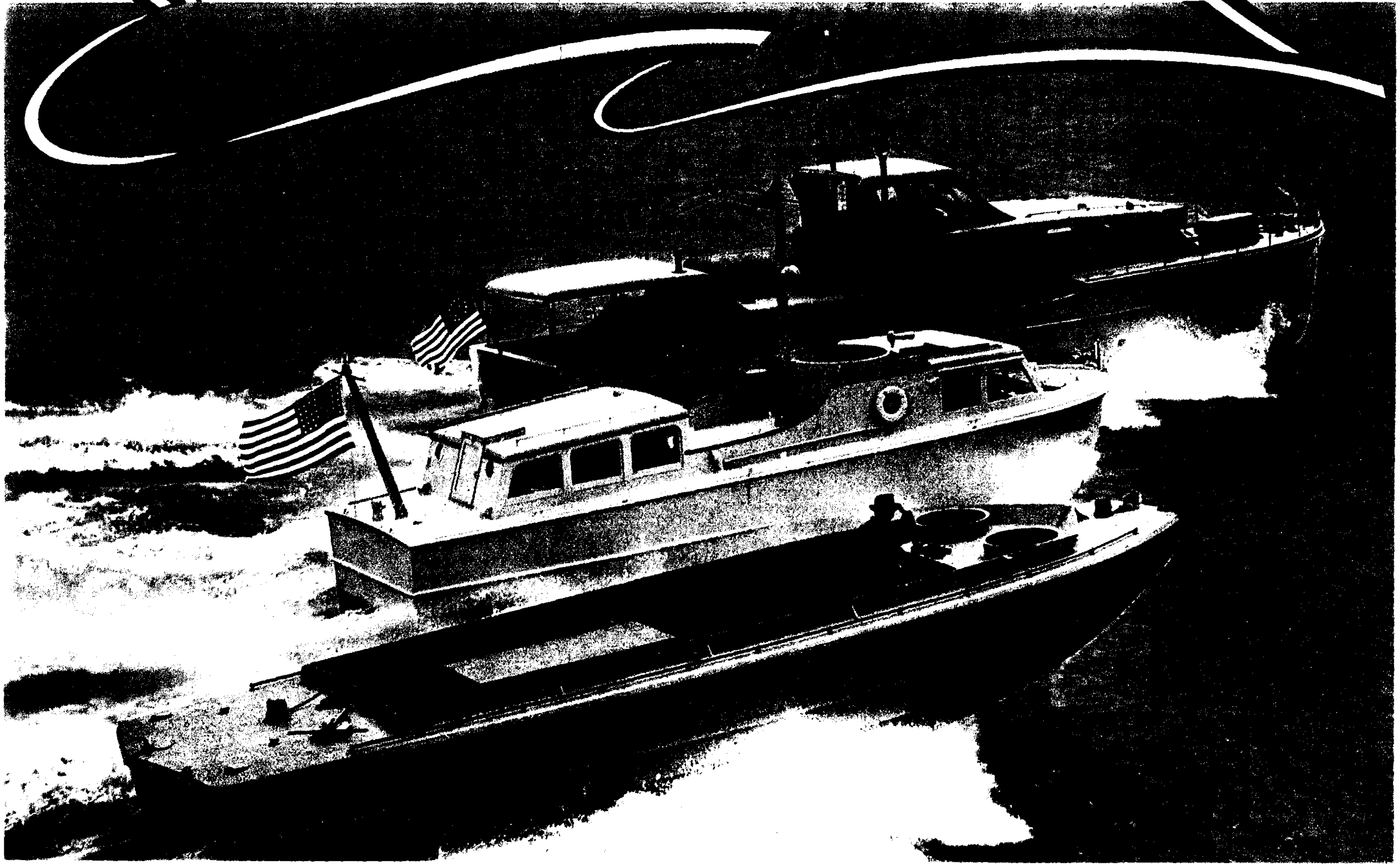
Descriptions of them all read very much alike. Either the pilot holds his ship off the ground at ten to thirty feet until he has lost his speed, or he fails to level off before his wheels touch the ground. In the latter event he bounces ten or twenty feet, doing the plane and the pilot's morale no good. His flying speed is killed by the impact. Or his ship strikes the ground in an uncontrolled stall. It hits on one wheel, on a wing tip, on its nose or in some combination. Frequently the pilot suffers nothing more serious than a red face. But the plane is out of commission for some time, perhaps forever.

Even experienced pilots make these landing errors. Yet the experienced pilot realizing that he has a low-level stall on his hands is apt to react quicker,

(Continued on page 32)



Three Navy E's for EXCELLENCE IN PRODUCTION



Top—U. S. Army Q Boat; Center—U. S. Navy Picket Boat; Bottom—U. S. Navy Landing Boat.

We at Chris-Craft are giving and shall continue to give everything we've got, in this fight for freedom. Our record of production of military boats for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard speaks for itself. . . . Now we proudly fly a new burgee—the Navy "E" for excellence in production—at all three Chris-Craft factories.

ARMY NAVY COAST GUARD

CHRIS-CRAFT

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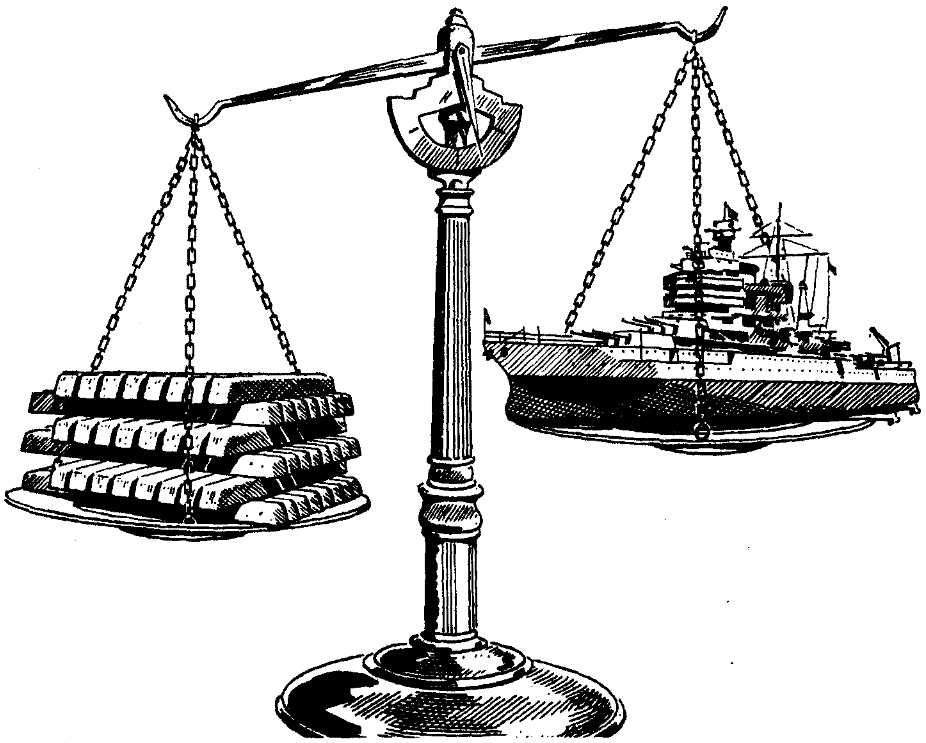
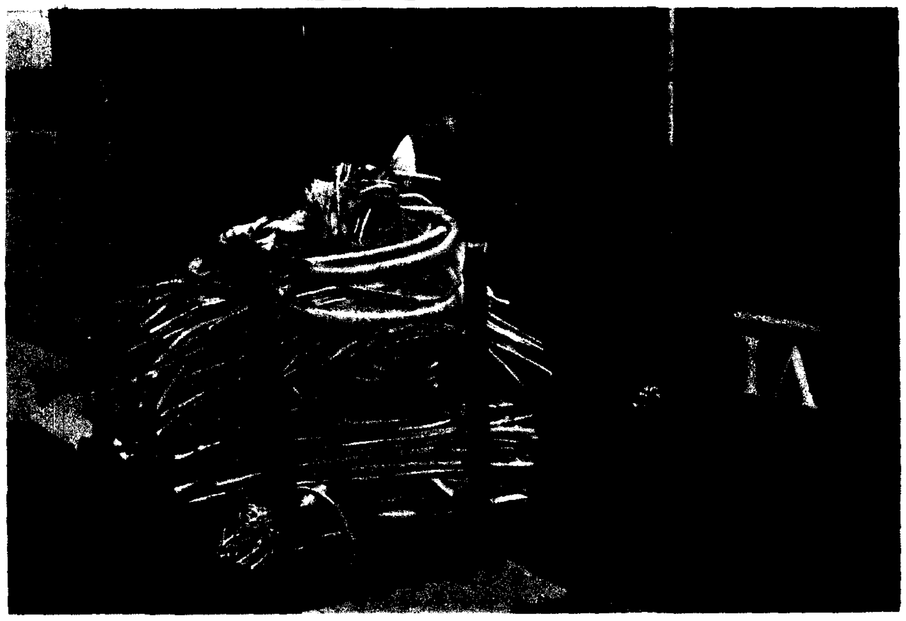
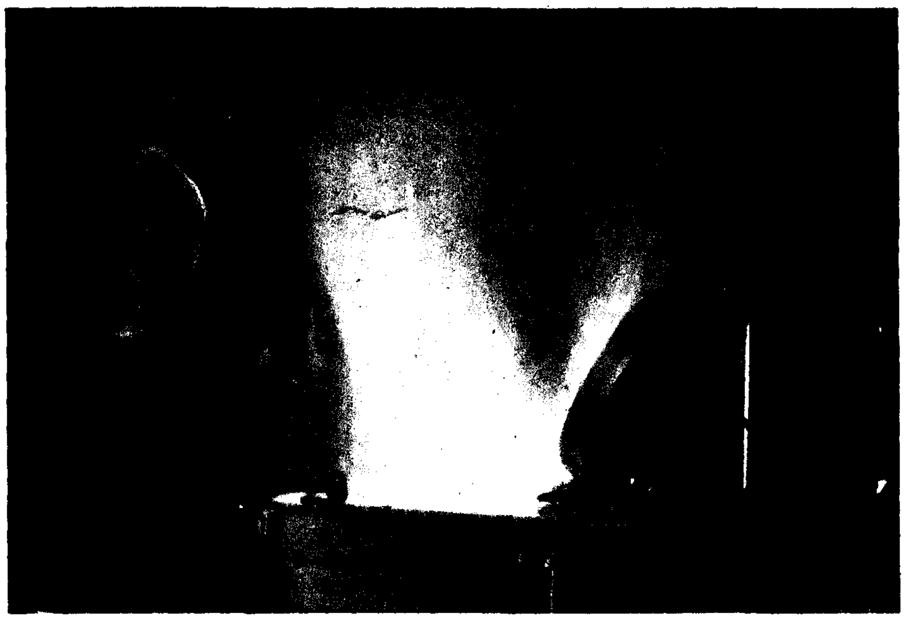


How does telephone "scrap" help toward victory?

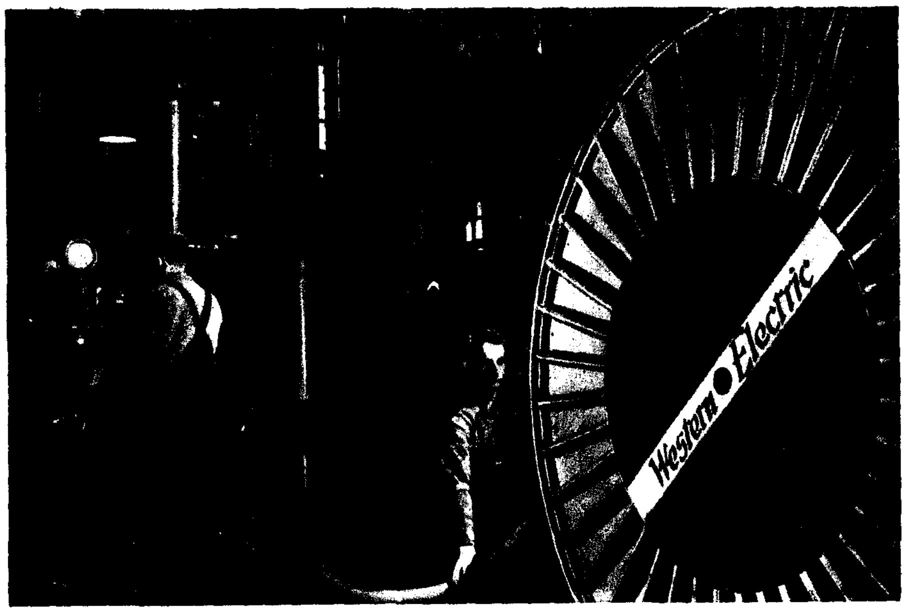
Metal weighing more than a battleship is salvaged each year by Western Electric. When telephone equipment is worn out, we refine the old metal and make it available for use again. In view of today's scarcity, this practice is especially valuable to the Army, the Navy and industry.



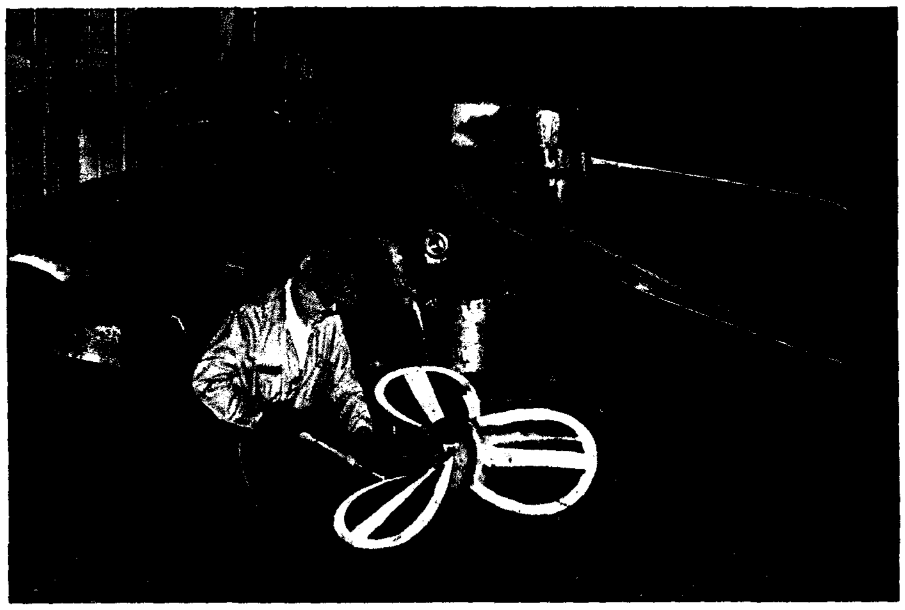
① **THE SCRAPPED EQUIPMENT IS SENT** from Bell Telephone Companies all over the country to Western Electric's smelting plant in New York.



② **RECLAIMING OF METAL** is in line with Western Electric practice of conserving materials. It has been in operation for more than 25 years.



③ **REFINED METAL** once went back into new telephone equipment. Today it reports to the armed forces, in communication apparatus made by us—



④ **AND IN PLANES, TANKS, GUNS, SHIPS.** Propellers like these, one for a battleship, the other for a Navy dredge, are made of telephone "scrap."

Western Electric . . . . *Arsenal of Communications*

FOR VICTORY
...keep buying
U.S. War Bonds

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 25, 1942

Four Fliers from Midway

By Frank D. Morris
RADIOED FROM HONOLULU

They sprang a brand-new kind of warfare on the Jap invasion fleet 700 miles from Midway, and, with a handful of flying boats, wrote history with torpedo tracks in the moonlight

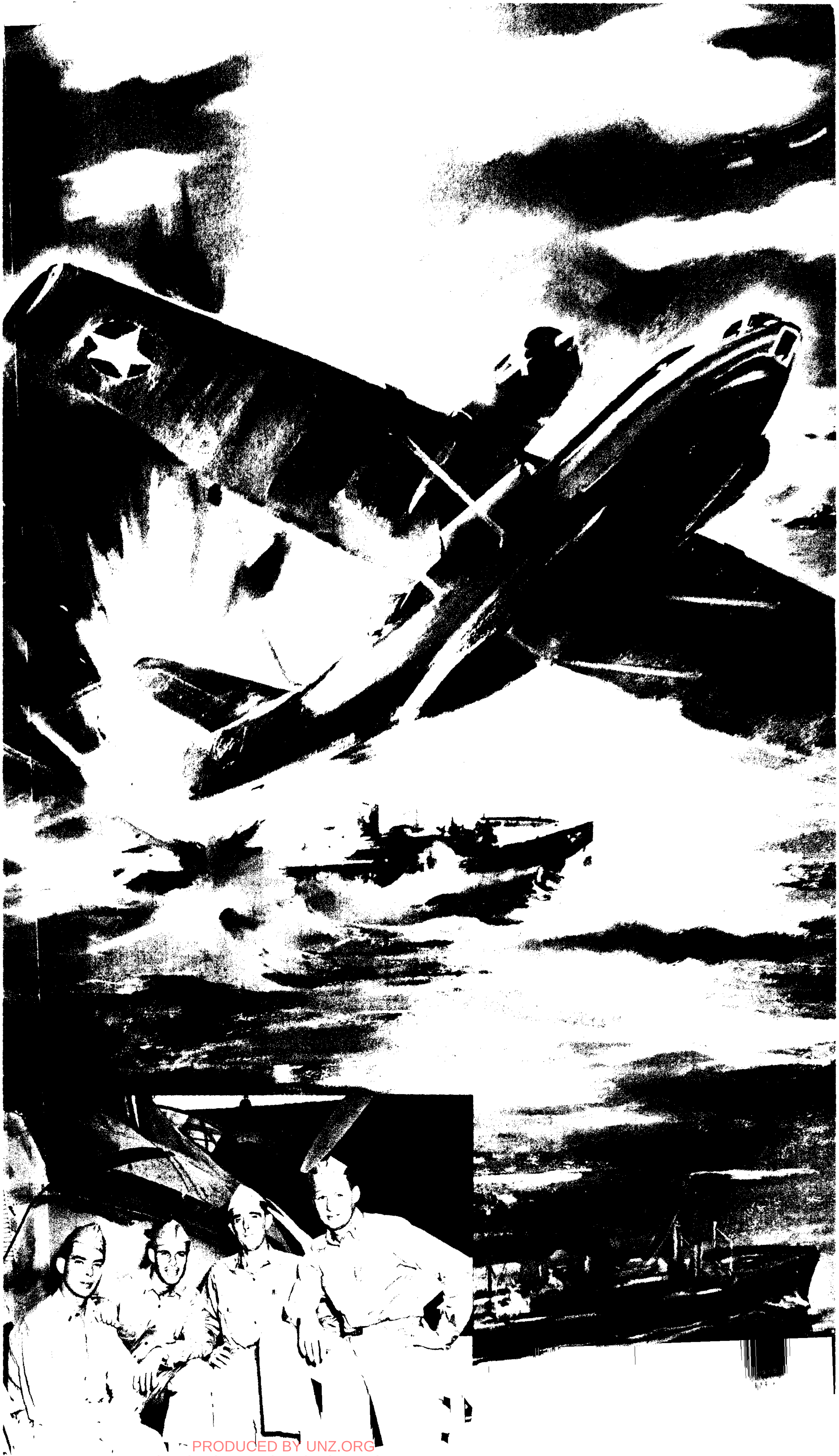
THE Battle of Midway is gone but it can never be forgotten. No one can forget the epic of Navy, Army and Marine forces proving to Japan who was the better scrapper afloat, ashore and aloft.

It was a multiring circus of air power; our Navy dive-bombers and our Army Flying Fortresses punched Swiss-cheese holes in the decks of Jap carriers; Marine fighters, greatly outnumbered, nobly fought off invasion of Midway, and fast torpedo planes made sizable scrap-steel contributions to Davy Jones' locker of what were once the Sun Emperor's proud fighting ships. Singly, collectively, these daring fliers put on a spectacular show.

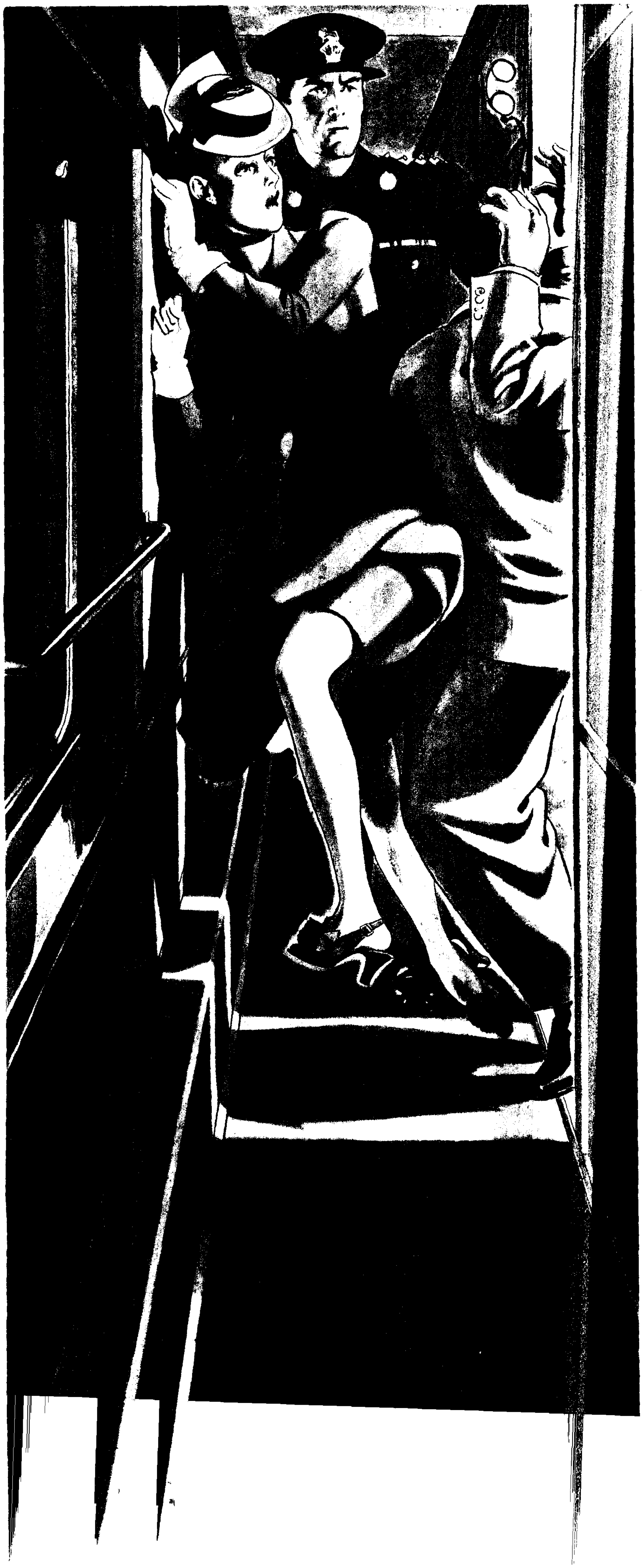
But one act in that show was performed in what aviation would call slow motion, and it was put on when most other aerial acts were backstage waiting for the next cue. Being a tryout act, it had no advance notices and was given only minor billing on the program, yet it threatened to steal the show. It was the moonlight torpedo attack of the PBY flying boats, the "ice wagons," the "winged whales" of the Navy. It was the first feat of its kind in the history of any navy.

The PBYs, or Catalinas, are big, powerful fellows, but their very size and weight cut down their top speed. Their long cruising range and low speed make them ideal for scouting and protecting convoys of surface ships, and those are the jobs for which they were designed. But since we got into this war, they have been given all kinds of assignments. And Army, Navy and Marine pilots still marvel at the precise work Catalinas did in first sighting the Japanese fleet attacking Midway and in consistently keeping the various forces of that fleet spotted day and night as it moved in to strike.

(Continued on page 26)


OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

The plane was perilously close to the water when a pulled lever launched a torpedo. Immediately the Catalina's nose was pulled up into a steep climb. Inset: The four Navy pilots who took part in history's first moonlight torpedo attack, left to right, Lt. D. C. Davis, Ens. A. Rothenberg, Lt. W. L. Richards and Ens. G. O. Propst



"To the left!" Clem shouted. The door was at the far end of the corridor. A large man was blocking it. The train gathered speed

First Stop Crewe

By Alec Waugh

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She had two choices. One was to forget him, the other was to remember him forever. And there was no time for hesitation either

IT WAS from her father she learned that he had been ordered overseas. She was about to go on duty and they were breakfasting together.

"By the way," he said, "I met that young Canadian of yours yesterday."

"Which young Canadian?"

"Clem Howard."

"And where did you meet him?"

"At my office; he came in to get his passport stamped."

"Why did he want that done?"

"He's been ordered overseas."

On her plate was a half-eaten mackerel. Fish for breakfast was a luxury in London in the third winter of the war. She was due at her ambulance station in forty minutes. She would be on duty for twenty-four hours. If she got lunch at all, she would get it late. But she was no longer hungry. She pushed back her chair.

"Goodby, Daddy. I must rush," she said, "and if that young man looks in again wish him good luck from me."

And that is that, she thought, thank heavens! She had a full hard day ahead. She could not have endured on such a day the vacuum of a "morning off."

Her section's headquarters were in Brixton. Twenty-five years old, Julia Stephens had enlisted in the M.T.C. on the second morning of the war, to be seconded a few months later to the American Ambulance. On her shoulders were the blue A.A. badges with crossed flags. Over her right-hand pocket was the blue diamond of service with the B.E.F. Two years' service had earned her two blue chevrons.

She had been stationed, since the fall of France, in London, working in twenty-four-hour shifts, spending the alternate days with her father who had been recalled from the reserve to fill a staff appointment at the War Office. As far as anyone could be said to be enjoying life in wartime, she was enjoying hers. There was something different about her work every day and, "Thank heavens," she thought as her 88 bus swung past Westminster, "that today it'll be a driving job."

A driving job too that would be sympathetic to the mood that she was in. On the notice board was pinned an order instructing her to report at St. Thomas at 10:30 to convey three stretcher cases to the St. Thomas Branch hospital at Godalming. Ambulance No. 2 had been allotted her, a great gray car piped with pink, with crossed flags emblazoned on the back and a brassbound statement on the side that it had been presented by the National Society of Colonial Dames in the City of New York, a car for which she had come to feel a particular affection. It was a warm November day. The sun was shining. The roads would be dry. The country would be at its loveliest. A run to Godalming would bring her back to London well before the blackout started, a pleasant routine job. The very job for a day when one had things to brood upon.

Not that she had such a great deal to remember. It was three months since she had seen him. Four months ago she had never heard of him. During that one month she had only seen him those three times: the time they had met at that Officers' Thé Dansant at Grosvenor House, the time she had brought him back for supper to her father's flat, the time he had taken her out to dine.

That Officers' Thé Dansant at Grosvenor House—it was a typically improbable kind of place to have met anyone who was going to matter to one. She had gone there on the insistence of a friend who worked with her. "It sounds awful. But it really isn't," the friend had said. "It can be a whole lot of fun. There'll be three or four hundred there, and with a crowd that size one ought to be able to find someone that one likes. They introduce one, and there'll be a good many Free French and Poles. Besides, from the duty point of view one ought to go to that kind of thing occasionally. There are all these officers stationed in the dreariest places. They come up to London for leave and what is there for them to do in London on a Sunday? We owe it to them to go."

SHE had gone expecting to be bored and on the whole she had been bored. She was tired after a twenty-four-hour duty in which she had had a bare half hour's sleep. Her French was weak and she had a succession of French partners. It was at the very end of the afternoon that she met Clem Howard. She enjoyed dancing with him. He was the right height for her. He was lean and supple and moved rhythmically. She liked his voice and, though he must have been close on thirty, there was a youthfulness about him that she found engaging. They danced a couple of times together and had a gimlet at the bar, but he made so little impression on her that she had some difficulty in identifying the authorship of a letter that reached her three days later.

Dear Miss Stephens (the letter ran): I so enjoyed meeting you last Sunday. I wonder if there is any likelihood of your being there on Sunday week. I'm expecting to be in London then, and if you are going to be at Grosvenor House, I shall certainly make a point of going there.

Julia's first impulse was to write a polite refusal. Something however in the letter touched her. Life must be incredibly dreary for him, a Canadian in a country that he scarcely knew. He must be lonely. If he hadn't been lonely, he would never have bothered to write to a casually met stranger at a Sunday tea dance. No, she had to do something about this letter. She hesitated, then an idea struck her.

She looked up at her father across the breakfast table.

"I've met rather a nice Canadian officer," she said. "He doesn't seem to know anybody over here Don't you think it would be a good idea if I brought him round to supper?"

It was a great success one of those occasions that get off on the right foot from the very start

(Continued on page 47)

Weapons While You Wait

By Robert McCormick

Army Ordnance works hand in hand with the munitions industry to produce battle-tested changes in our tanks, guns and shells with never a break in the smooth flow of production

THE scene represented one of the great industrial triumphs of the war but it looked like a sequence from a slapstick movie, according to the folks who saw it. One of our big Midwestern tank arsenals was turning out normal, medium M-3 tanks. Rugged-looking jobs they were, too, with rivet-spotted hulls and fixed 75-mm. cannon scowling out of the right sides, and batteries of impudent machine guns leering from movable power turrets.

Without huffing and puffing any more or less than usual, the arsenal suddenly produced a sport. It was obviously a tank, just as a baby ostrich appearing in a chicken's nest is obviously a bird. But it was lower and sleeker; the rivets were gone, the hull was smoothly welded, and the cannon had moved up to join the machine guns. The first M-4 medium tank had come into actual production.

Behind it came the same old M-3, and another and a third. Then an M-4 again. So it went, all day long, three of the old to one of the new, without a falter in production. Today you would find three of the new to one of the old, popping out faster than the old alone did.

The conversion was, in its technical way, actually a military victory. The M-3 was unquestionably the champ slugger in its weight class in the world. It was faster and safer, and had an incredible record for longevity. But it also had a few flaws. The 75-mm. cannon was battle-tested in Libya, and found awkward. Its traverse—the distance it could move from side to side—was restricted, and while it outranged German tank guns, the task of smashing Hitler's steel boxes would obviously be easier if the M-3's cannon revolved in a circle. So it had to be put into the turret atop the tank.

Nor was the riveted tank hull perfect; the riveting was painfully laborious. By welding or casting hulls, experts knew they could eliminate much time and work, and meanwhile more easily shape the bodies of tanks in lumps and humps so shells would hit at angles, losing much of their force while they slid around on curved surfaces. Army Ordnance experts forthwith perfected cast and welded hulls, a feat which had repeatedly been pronounced impossible by scientists who figure everything in formulas. With other revisions, the Ordnance Department now had what seemed the perfect tank—on paper.

Getting it onto the production lines spinning away so beautifully was harder than dreaming it up. Army Ordnance had only one basic rule—production must not stop even to catch its breath. But switching models on the simplest gadgets has always been a task of serious size.

Ordnance tossed the job square into the faces of American industry. It was given to the eighth meeting of the Tank Committee at Aberdeen Proving Ground, near Baltimore, September 14, 1941. The committee was composed of all tank manufacturers and Ordnance officers.

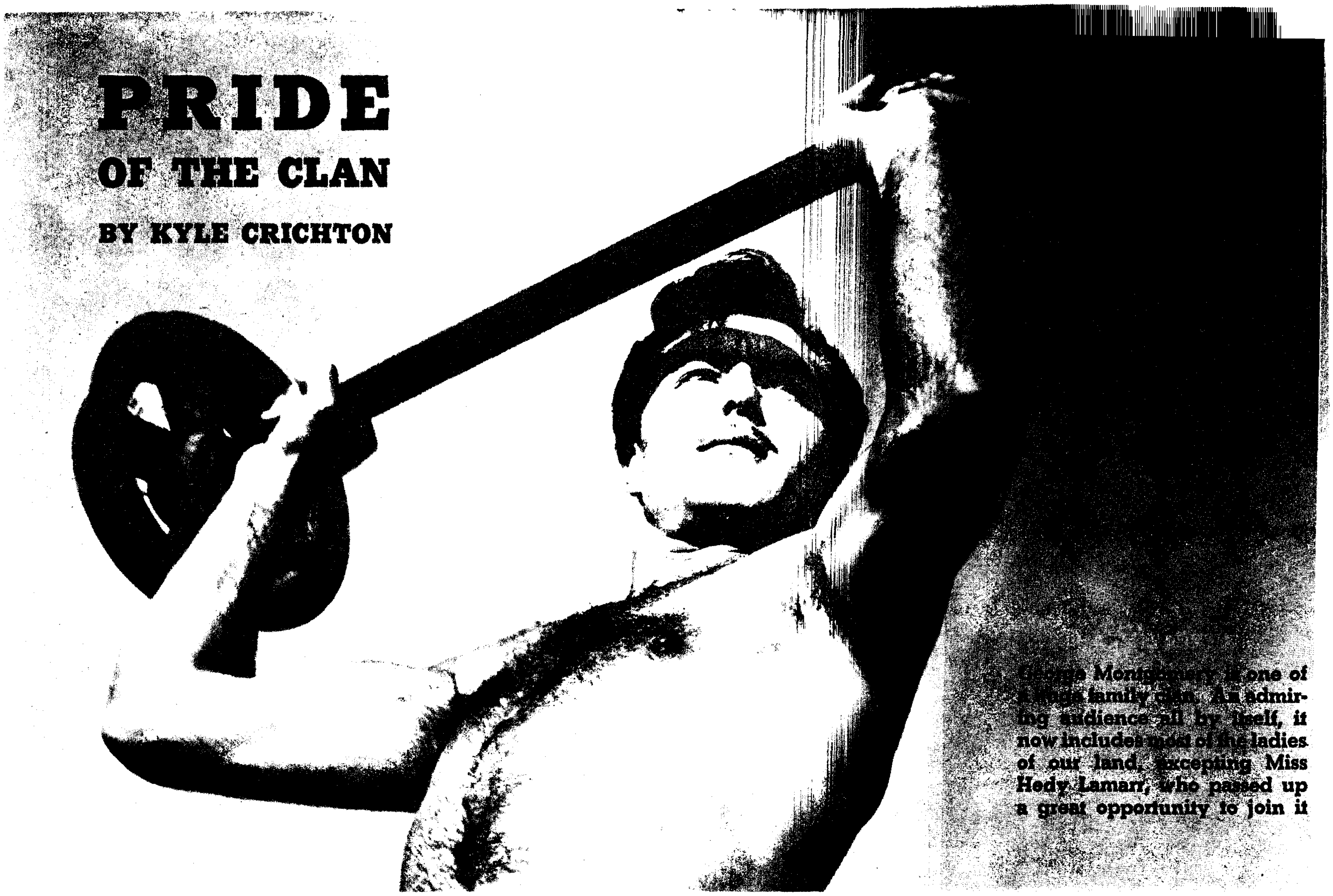
Each manufacturer was told he would have to decide for himself whether he

(Continued on page 60)

COURTESY AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY

PRIDE OF THE CLAN

BY KYLE CRICHTON



George Montgomery is one of a huge family clan. An admiring audience all by itself, it now includes most of the ladies of our land, excepting Miss Hedy Lamarr, who passed up a great opportunity to join it

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PRESTON DUNCAN

MISS HEDY LAMARR has been trifling with fate. First she got herself engaged to George Montgomery and then she got herself out of it. If she finally decides against it, she will be missing a great opportunity. By marrying that young man, she would have been capturing a new audience which in numbers is practically as large as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. In brief, she would have become one of the Letz clan.

The Letz group migrated from Sevastopol in the Crimea in 1913 and is thus neither White Russian nor Red Russian but simply Russian. In Hollywood, George, the most famed of the line, is known as the Montana Muzhik. This refers to the fact that little Father Letz, George's old man, owns ranches outside of Great Falls, where George and his thirteen brothers and sisters foregather at stated periods, gnaw lustily on a steer, drink interminable glasses of tea, sing endless verses of sad Cossack songs and depart only when Father Letz hints that his supply of food and patience is at an end.

By this time it should be plain that George Montgomery is really George Letz and that the Letz family has ramifications. This latter fact was established upon the appearance of George's first picture with Twentieth Century-Fox, a little dilly in the Cisco Kid series. The fan mail that followed was tremendous but examination proved that it came exclusively from two sections, Montana and Los Angeles. The studio, suspicious, conferred with George on the matter.

"Who do you imagine wrote all these letters, George?" they asked slyly.

"Me," said George promptly, "and my relatives."

From this it was realized that Mr. Zanuck's hosts had something on their hands and the suspicion was verified that same morning when a press agent arrived breathlessly in the office of Harry Brand, publicity boss at the studio, and cried:

"You know what, Harry! I saw two dames come out of a theater last night, go up to a picture of Montgomery in the lobby and kiss it!"

"Did they have a dark, Caucasian cast of countenance?" asked Mr. Brand, backing away defensively.

"No, it wasn't any of his family," said the press agent. "It was two dames from Glendale. I talked with 'em. They looked as if they had just seen the ghost of Valentino."

The Latest Heart-Throb

From such episodes are glamor boys created, and Montgomery is the latest throb in a long line of heart-ticklers. The romance with Miss Lamarr was merely the historical confirmation of the fact that when Mr. Montgomery's physique appears on the screen, schoolgirls begin to squeal. This is fame. It pays off in gold ingots.

George, being a natural-born bulldogger, started in Westerns but was soon advanced to such as playing opposite Ginger Rogers in Roxie Hart, and just recently with Maureen O'Hara in Ten Gentlemen from West Point. The natural tendency of American males to resent movie gentlemen who are pretty has been tempered in Montgomery's case by the circumstance that he was once collegiate heavyweight champion of Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. An irate husband who tossed a junior aspersion on Montgomery's manhood several months ago in Hollywood is still rubbing himself tentatively.

"I hadda slug 'im," says George.

At Great Falls High, George was good at football but his real sport was baseball. He pitched for the American Legion team that twice went to the semifinals in their region and later he played semipro ball with success. When he went up to the University of Montana, the family was going through one of its financial crises and George worked for farmers during the summer, pitching hay, harvesting, milking cows.

During the college year he worked nights, tending bar, cooking hamburgers, washing dishes. He was overgrown, awkward, red-faced. The fraternities kept well away from him, the coeds tossed a haughty brow. Some wit suggested that he try out for the varsity show but the dramatic coach merely led him to the door and shoved him gently forth.

"George, please," she said in mild protest.

Next summer he worked on WPA with pick and shovel, earned ninety bucks and went down to Hollywood to visit his brother Mike. He was really headed for Jim Jeffries' barn and a career as a pug, but after several sessions in which he was bashed smartly about the temples, Mike called a halt.

"The teeth," said Mike, pointing.

"What about the teeth?" demanded George.

"You get 'em smashed, you can't be an actor," said Mike.

The Letz family is clannish and is operated on the patriarchal principle. The old man bosses the kids; the older boys boss the younger boys; everybody bosses the girls. If Mike said be an actor, George would be an actor. Mike knew a guy that knew a guy who knew somebody at M-G-M. George got a job as a double, riding a horse down a cliff and collecting $16.50 for the day.

That was soft but he didn't get another job for six months. In the meantime he worked as a carpenter, building a Russian night club called Bublichki in Hollywood.

George had then and still has the Russian capacity for remembering slights. There are many people in Hollywood who are never going to be Montgomery favorites for that reason. At this particular period, things were not good. Mike had taken a job in South America and was soon to leave. George had managed to get a dialogue test at Republic but this seemed to promise little for the reason that George had never read a line aloud in his life. He read like a blind man who has suddenly regained his sight and thinks that he is still working in Braille. Mike had horned in on the test and now saved the day.

"The kid's nervous," he said, butting in hurriedly. "There's been an accident in the family. I'll settle him down and bring him back after lunch."

"Anything serious, the accident?" asked the casting director, anxiously.

"I'll say!" cried Mike. "The girl he has loved since childhood has just married a lawyer!"

The casting director tched-tched sympathetically and Mike dragged George away and belabored him with pep talk and insult. He reminded him of his two years in college, he spoke of the honor of the Letz clan and old Russia. He finally threatened him.

"I just want to say one word to you, George," he said, harshly. "Cows."

George cringed and begged and then studied his lines. He was so successful that when he went back the casting director was pleased and George was taken on as a double for the Lone Ranger with firm instructions to keep his mouth shut on the screen. He accordingly rode uphill and downhill at a furious pace. Finally, in one chapter, they

(Continued on page 61)

Diary of a Dead Jap

By William Munday

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

BY RADIO FROM CALCUTTA, INDIA, VIA SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

This is the diary of a Japanese artillery lieutenant of the division that led the Japanese advance into Burma, who was killed by British bullets in the fighting for Rangoon. His diary was taken from his body by the author, who found him sprawled beside the road blockade his men had erected near Pegu. It chronicles his experiences from the time he landed on the coast of Burma until he died at Pegu, more than 400 miles away. In this, the official British translation, the Japanese soldier stands clearly revealed as ruthless, cruel and indifferent to the suffering of his enemies and captives

MAYBE you thought the battle for Burma was a picnic for the Japanese. It wasn't. The Japs made mistakes. They crouched with fear when the British bombers roared over them, and they wondered, as a British Tommy did later, where their own airmen were. They complained of hardships and the heat and were at times depressed and despairing.

A Japanese officer-gunner subaltern with the division that led the Japanese advance into Burma put it all down in a diary that I took from his pocket when I found him sprawled, dead, near Pegu.

British bullets had killed the Jap officer; you will be glad to know it as you read extracts from the diary, for in it he tells with brief indifference of the brutal murders of helpless prisoners of war, of the "requisitioning" of Burmese and Indians to be slaves of the Mikado's war machine, of the inbred conviction that it is Japan's mission to conquer the world—the conviction that inspires this brown-skinned horde of Nazis in the Far East.

The Jap officer began his diary on November 11th, the day he sailed for Burma. He does not say from which port he left. He began:

"It is well known that the English and Americans have been preparing for war secretly for a number of years. We cannot afford to give them any information which will assist them. A division must not allow the whole army to suffer because of unpreparedness or neglect in the custody of military secrets."

There are pictures of his mother, his father and a pretty smiling Japanese girl in the front of the diary. On the first page is written:

"They must be forgotten, all must be subservient to the Imperial Army, all must resolutely enchance the power of the Emperor across the four seas. A soldier must transcend such material things as life, death, gain and loss, and forget all personal matters. Discipline must be strict; for in battle, victory is dependent upon it. It is the well-disciplined units that always obtain the most glorious results."

Then were set out three maxims for a good soldier—salute correctly, don't have dangerous thoughts (that is, think only as the army decrees), and do not harm peaceful inhabitants who are ready to co-operate with the Jap army.

On December 6th, a Japanese convoy, which according to the officer consisted of 500 ships, arrived at Tenasserim on the coast near Kurathuri on the southern tip of Burma. When the Japs prepared to land, "English planes flew over us all day long at about a thousand feet. They were reconnaissance planes and did not bomb us."

Dec. 7th—"Again, all day long, we were worried about enemy bombers." (Japs are no more stoical than anybody else when enemy bombers are over them.)

Dec. 8th—"Four A. M. We started disembarking about three kilometers from shore. This took about two hours. We lost three men by drowning; eleven were killed by enemy fire as we landed. This was not very many but they were our first casualties, and many were upset."

Dec. 11th—"We were to leave today but motor arrangements broke down." (There was already evidence that the Jap organization was not always perfect.)

Dec. 12th—"We saw many elephants and long-tailed monkeys as we journeyed to Kurathuri. Tonight we had our first bath for a long time."

Dec. 15th—"We went to Maliwun using collapsible boats on the river."

Dec. 16th—"We took bullock carts from the natives and requisitioned some Indians as coolies. They did not want to come but a first-class soldier, Hamauchi, a fellow graduate of mine at Arioka, took some to the edge of a rice-field, and the remainder saw that it was necessary to do as they were told. The Indians are cowardly people, fit only for slaves. We rode in bullock carts and at 4:30 P. M. reached the A. & M. rubber estate near Pakchan. The lady of this place could talk English and Hindustani fluently. She chatted foolishly and told us many interesting things. Yesterday's march was thirty miles which, for the Torrid Zone, was remarkable. On the road today we requisitioned some Burmese to help with the transport of ammunition and the gun carriage."

Dec. 19th—"When we reached Victoria Point, the petrol tanks were afire and the enemy had escaped. Immediately we reached Kosun we requisitioned all we needed and slept at the inn. The natives left behind did not show themselves but we had some fun pulling out some of the native girls."

Dec. 22d—"I met the Domei reporter at the Kosun jetty. He gave us all the news of Guam, the Philippines, etc., because the wrecked boat's sailing was still delayed."

Dec. 24th—"Under the command of Lieutenant Making of headquarters, we at last sailed as planned."

Dec. 25th—"We 'celebrated' Christmas Day. The original occupants of the barracks, wherein stayed both Burmese and Englishmen, had been captured by our infantry scouts. They were terribly surprised at the change of affairs. Some were killed immediately; I suppose others are to be killed later."

After this pleasant Christmas Day of murder, the Jap officer and his unit were ordered about thirty miles across the Isthmus of Kra to Jumbhorn in Siam where they were entrained for Bangkok. Though the engine burned wood,

(Continued on page 29)

EUROPEAN

British prisoners at Singapore (above) face the bayonets of their Japanese captors with hands raised. Below: Accompanied by one Jap, British officers go to surrender Singapore to General Yamashita. The officer at the right is Lieut. Gen. Arthur Ernest Percival, the commander of the famous fortress

EUROPEAN

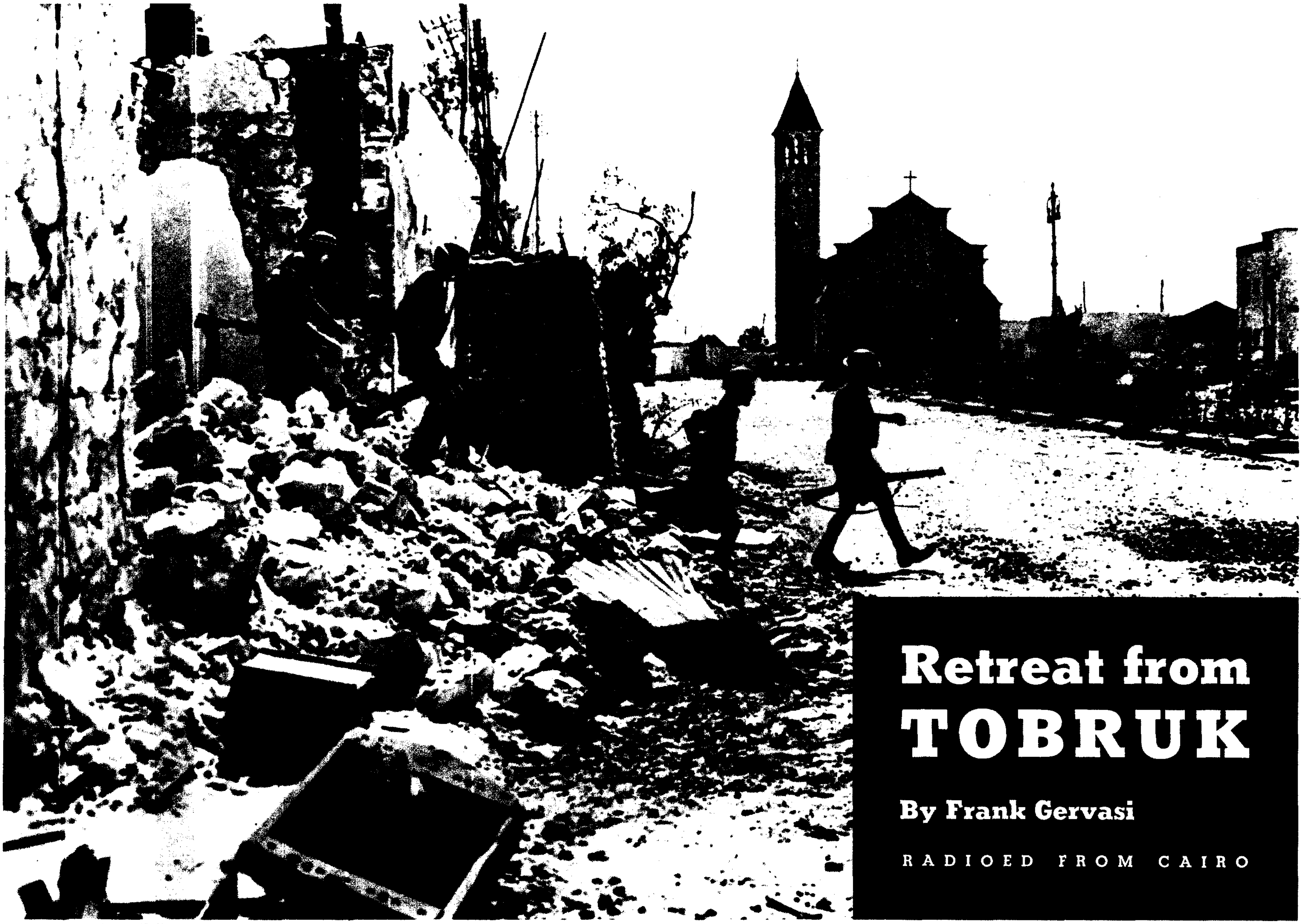
According to the Japanese memo on the photograph below, it shows the first American prisoners taken by the Mikado's soldiers in the Philippines. But the appearance of the Americans indicates that they are survivors of some ill-fated merchant vessel that has fallen a victim to Japanese torpedoes

EUROPEAN

Retreat from TOBRUK

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO



INTERNATIONAL

Heaps of rubble and tottering walls mark the former shops and cafés of war-torn Tobruk. These British and Australian soldiers have been replaced by Germans

This is the way the tragic Battle of Libya looked to one caught in the toils of desert warfare. Frank Gervasi takes you into the stifling arena where mechanized armies groped for each other through a mine-sown hell

AN ARAB boy proffered an egg in his dirty brown hand. The hot afternoon wind pressed his loose galabeah to his body and he looked like a small, slim, roadside statue bronzed by the desert dust. Two girls smaller than he but fuller in their bodies to the point of miniature womanliness, in purple dresses that covered them from neck to toe, held up canisters of small bright red tomatoes.

Their father squatted disinterestedly off the road beside a large shallow basket of eggs. He came suddenly to life when we tried to buy from his children with paper money. He wanted silver. He'd heard the British were retreating. Egyptian paper money would be worthless if the enemy reoccupied the region through which we were passing. But the Arab could smelt coins and recover the silver.

We were in the Senusi country on our way to Tobruk. The Senusi were already converging on Tobruk with their camels and donkeys to gather up what loot the Italians and Germans would leave. There was something historically absurd in this. It was at Tobruk that Graziani slaughtered the Senusi tribesmen by the tens of thousands in Italy's "pacification" of Libya after the first World War. To the tribesmen, however, the struggle which was going on over their land had no relation to them personally.

We wondered what the Arabs knew that we didn't know. We knew that the battle to hold what our Allies had gained in Libya in the winter campaign wasn't going too well but as yet there had appeared no sign of danger. Excluding as evidence the carefully retouched pictures of the military position contained in the nightly broadcasts from London which we heard on the radio in the advanced press-corps camp we'd left that morning, there still wasn't any visible sign that we were cracking under the pounding from the Afrika Korps' panzers, Stukas and 88-millimeter guns. On the contrary, our Allies looked strong and quietly confident. Our planes held the skies.

The whole pattern of our movement westward inspired confidence and seemed a design for victory in the early days of the second phase of the campaign. The first phase had ended with Rommel's penetration, in two or three points, of the Allied defensive line from El Gazala on the coast of Bir Hacheim in the south. Rommel had banged a huge bulge in their line but he seemed to be trapped in an area roughly shaped like a big-bellied, spoutless teapot lying on its side.

Trucks, ammunition and supplies snarled forward in endless convoys. Refitted tanks fresh for battle jolted and squeaked along or were borne on the backs of enormous trucks. The traffic tore roads into sticky ribbons of sun-softened macadam, and work parties repaired them almost as fast as the damage occurred. Our Bostons roared overhead in echeloned triads toward enemy targets. Fighters whoomed low, snarling like terriers, westbound to strafe men and planes, or they drew across a sky that seemed as smooth and brilliant as bright blue tinfoil-thin lines of frozen exhaust gases.

The lines of pattern of the Allied effort moved from west to east, converging on where the enemy surged against the El Gazala-Bir Hacheim line, and the power and energy of that effort was reflected in the jaunty manner in which the men rode their vehicles and in their co-ordinated "We know what we're doing" movements.

The Arabs, we thought, as our chuck truck and staff car moved forward along the highway Italo Balbo had built from Tunisia to the Libyan-Egyptian frontier for the conquest of Egypt, must be wrong. Their instincts, we said to ourselves, have played them false this time.

I felt an unaccountable exhilaration. Maybe it was thinking of how we were using his own road to invade Balbo's own domain; maybe it was the fresh current of sea air we caught as we rounded the hump where Bardia lay north of us; and perhaps it was at the first sight, just over the ridge, of the tortured town of Tobruk. On seeing it, I experienced a curious sensation of having seen it before, although I knew I hadn't. And then I suddenly realized it wasn't the physical resemblance of Tobruk to any town or city I'd known but rather a spiritual likeness to something I'd known before.

Yes, cities and towns, like human beings, acquire personalities of their own through suffering and struggle. For this Tobruk I saw might have been Madrid or Barcelona or any other bombed and shelled and fire-tried agglutination of dwellings and shops and churches men build.

Tobruk wasn't much of a town as such. It was built for a population of about twenty to thirty thousand whites. Its architecture was that heavy modern style Mussolini insisted upon, and as we dipped down from the escarpment toward the curve of the deep blue harbor that lay between us and the town, it presented the strangely undamaged appearance of a blob of parallel lines of white, sienna brown and robin's-egg-blue walls, tiered up the brown slope of the hill behind it. A minaret, a church steeple and a tall water tower emerged remarkably from the mass of masonry of the flat roofs.

Men, white and black, bathed in the lukewarm shallow water at the harbor's edge. As we drew nearer we saw dead ships. Nearest to view, on the eastern margin of the bay, were piled hulks of Italian merchant ships, two or three of perhaps ten thousand tons, beached and blasted, three quarters of their hulks in the water, their prows protruding ridiculously onto the shore.

Now we were on the edge of the shovel-shaped bay and could see other ships, perhaps twenty or twenty-five small cutters, one- and two-thousand tonners, which had been sunk in the continual bombings by the enemy while the British held Tobruk, and by our Allies before the Aussies captured the town in January, 1941. At the far northwest end of the harbor, lay the snarled, fused, fire-blackened wreckage of the Italian battleship San Giorgio which they'd anchored there as a fortress to protect the town.

All the while I surveyed that graveyard of dead ships whose masts and superstructures only were visible, their hulls mere shapeless dark blobs in the metal-blue water, we'd drawn closer to the town itself. Then it was that I saw that the minaret was gnawed, that the church steeple was shrapnel-pocked, and that the shell-bitten water tower stood only by some miracle of gravity and physics, for its underpinnings had been all but blown away. The tower itself would never hold water. A ragged patch of blue sky as big as an automobile showed through it. The illusion of an unharmed city was dispelled.

A military cop in a red hat with white gauntlets reaching to his elbows directed traffic at the city's gates. Inside Tobruk we made for the central square. En route, there was too much for eyes to see or mind to register. Streets that looked whole from the paving on the roadbed to the walls on either side turned out to be dead streets, hollow behind battered walls, ragged window casements and doorways, and all roofless. It was remarkable that a town whose population of fighting men was at the moment roughly equal to what it was in peacetime seemed deserted. Then you realized that Tobruk lived underground in great caverns the besieged had dug. A few military police came round the corner, shaved clean and ready for inspection, marching in twos toward the building where was lettered over the lintel in Italian *Carabinieri Reale*, in English Police Station.

Then I began to see other men, a few Indians, numerous sturdy-legged South Africans and a variety of British troops. It was late in the afternoon now, and Tobruk was changing guard for the night vigil which would know bombs and defensive pyrotechnics of ack-ack guns, Bofors and machine guns firing futilely at those damnable flares the enemy dropped at night, the better to kill by.

No one paid any attention to us obvious newcomers, come for water and information about where to camp that night. There was something of a camaraderie of aloofness among the defenders of Tobruk, as though they belonged to an exclusive society of their own creation. In the hallway of the hospital, South African soldiers slept in heaps on benches and on the floor. A few who were half awake regarded us coldly.

We met four or five Americans of the American Field Service in a dormitory in one wing of the hospital. They talked eagerly of the job they were doing, of how they lugged two or three hundred wounded daily to embarkation points along the coast.

Tobruk was the clearinghouse for wounded from the front when our front extended westward as far as El Gazala.

We filled our water tanks from cisterns hung with signs which warned "This water must be chlorinated." We dipped our stoppered felt-covered canteens into spill-over barrels to wet the felt and keep the brackish water inside them cool. It was in the orange-colored moment before twilight when we pulled out of Tobruk toward the spot inside the perimeter of the town to camp for the night.

Tobruk smelled sweetly of sea and heavily of death and pain and of sweat. It smelled, too, of powdery plaster and broken masonry. It had the smells housewreckers make when they tear down a building. Its untraveled streets were newly carpeted with shell fragments and fallen bits of flak and chunks of bombs. In the parking lot were carcasses of captured vehicles and stripped chassis, scavenged by mechanics for parts with which to repair other vehicles.

Madness from Bomb Shock

I for one was half glad, half sorry to leave. I wanted to share with the defenders at least one night of that hell which would inevitably be poured upon them at moonrise. It would have been comparatively safe. While we watered I asked one of the troops whether they'd had many casualties. He told me they hadn't. He said that night after night the enemy would dump bombs on them without hurting anybody. But he said they had a few who had become bomb happy. I was glad to leave, largely for that reason.

You can take death, but madness—that particular kind of madness deriving from bomb shock—is hard to take. If you realize that, you come nearer to knowing what it was the defenders of Tobruk faced those four nights when the enemy went to work on the tortured town. Until then, enemy bombings had been desultory by comparison.

It was almost dark by the time we reached the Emur campsite—a sandbagged dugout in a rise of earth in a wadi just inside Tobruk's defenses—ate our corned willy and dry biscuit and downed the tannic-acid solution the Tommies euphemistically called tea.

The rough ground where we camped was filthy with the excrement of war. A couple of Tommies who appeared out of nowhere warned us that the ground was littered with antipersonnel bombs and not to go about in the darkness, as contact might explode one. George Lait of International News Service, Chester Morrison of the Chicago Sun and I laid our sleeping bags on low cots outside a two-roomed sandbagged dugout. Matchlight had disclosed the dugout to be uninhabitable, and anyhow you get so that you prefer to sleep in the open on battlefields. You feel you see things coming, and there's comfort, too, in being able to look up at the stars and watch them fall occasionally in long bright arcs and you wonder whether they look the same in Bronxville.

We slept with our clothes on. We were awakened about midnight by the bright yellow light of flares and immediately we heard

(Continued on page 53)

Indian allies fighting with the British in Libya examine a captured German 88-mm. gun

BRITISH COMBINE

British troops in action in a well-camouflaged gun emplacement somewhere on the Libyan Desert

PURITY, GRADE A

By D. H. Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

If a movie star makes a dream man out of the milkman, is any of it his fault whatsoever?

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: I am leaving this brief note on your mother's back stoop with the milk and will hope she is a lady enough to give it to you. As she is the snoopy type and will read it first would say it is no use for her to keep telling me over the phone that she does not know your whereabouts and then hanging up hard like all day yesterday. The minute I saw she wanted two quarts today instead of her usual one quart I figured out you had went home to your mother. You always were a great hand for milk. Would say that is where you got your good looks and not from your mother's side. Ha ha.

Now about that lipstick you imagined you saw on my face when I came home from my milk route yesterday morning. How I got it on my face was not my fault whatsoever and I wish you had allowed me to explain instead of putting your coat on over your pajamas and leaving our house crying in your bedroom slippers that way.

Would write out just how I got the lipstick on me and you would see it was not my fault whatsoever but I note that Alfred is wandering off. He has got a very bad habit of grazing along the parking strip and up on people's lawns and sometimes when I get back to the wagon he is practically out of the Los Angeles city limits so must rush now.

However if you would like I will be waiting for you at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp today. We can eat a sandwich at the Brown Derby and I will explain everything and you will see it was not my fault whatsoever and be glad to come home again. Until noon then. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: I was at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp yesterday and the minute you did not come by three o'clock I knew what was the matter. I can see you would not want to go to a ritzy place like the Brown Derby with just a coat on over your pajamas and bedroom slippers and I guess you do not want to come home and get your clothes until you are sure that the lipstick was not my fault whatsoever.

Accordingly I am leaving herewith twenty ($20) dollars to buy yourself a new dress and shoes on your mother's back stoop which you are always saying you needed anyway. I will be waiting for you at the same place at noon sharp today and after the Brown Derby we can go to the Chinese and see a picture and I will explain everything and you will see it was not my fault whatsoever. I note that Alfred is off again so I must be the same. Until noon then. Henry.

P.S.: If you have anything left over from the twenty ($20) you had better hang onto it. The payment on the house is due tomorrow and you know how they are. Until noon then.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: If your mother is holding out on you and not giving you the notes and money I have left on her back stoop you tell her she better watch her step as that is a legal offense.

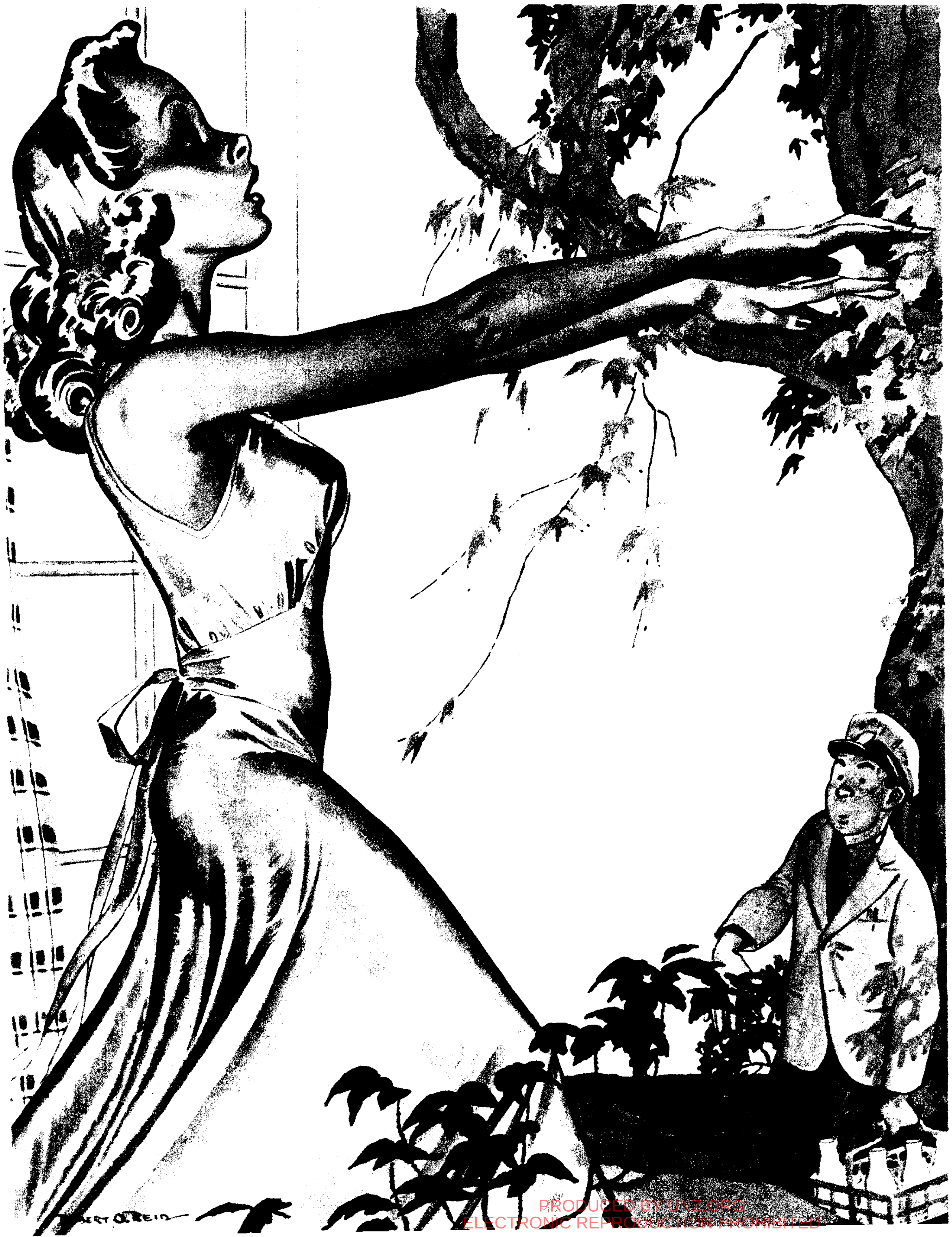
If you are getting the notes would say that you evidently do not believe about the lipstick not being my fault whatsoever and if that is the case I just have one thing to say which is to write out in detail just how it happened and you will see for yourself. I hope I will have time for above before Alfred gets to Santa Anita and wins the third race.

Well part of my route after I finish up in this neighborhood is up on Los Huevos Drive in Beverly Hills in which several of my customers are movie stars. One of them is a house in the seven hundred block on Los Huevos where I leave three quarts of Grade A which is lived in by a movie star by the name of Ann Frommage. I think you have seen her on the screen many times. She usually appears in a sweater with that Robert Gladdings which if you ask me if there is anybody which can call himself a creampuff he is it and why all you dames go for him that way is what I can never figure.

Anyway to get to Ann Frommage's back stoop and make my delivery I go up a path which goes right past her bedroom window. This is one of those French windows with a terrace outside of it and it is always standing open which is all right because nobody can look in at her unless they go up the path like I have got to and I am a gentleman enough not to. Besides she is always in bed and covered up by blankets.

About a week ago I was coming up the above path one morning and I happened to notice that she was sitting up in bed with a very funny expression and her eyes were shut. Well, I was going to pass by as usual but all at once she got up very fast in a pink silk nightgown and started walking towards me with

(Continued on page 50)



I was going to pass by as usual but all at once she got up very fast in a pink silk nightgown and started walking towards me with her eyes shut and her hands stretched out

NECTAR, Unrationed

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MONAHAN

A rare photograph: a bee heavily laden with pollen. Beekeepers say she has "her boots on"

Here is a new hobby and a way to supplement your rationed sugar supply. As a keeper of bees you can have honey for coffee, pancakes and ice cream. You can sell the wax to the government to smear on shells and you can have some fun

UP UNTIL early May, 1942, most of us, asked what a bee does, would have said, "It stings," and ducked at the sight of one. Now, with our meager sugar card clutched in our palm and our sweet tooth beginning to yearn, we appreciate something else about a bee. It makes honey. Sweet, delectable honey, to spread on our bread, to dribble over our pancakes, to stir into our coffee, to turn into honey cakes, to sweeten long, cool drinks. We could grow very, very fond of a hiveful of busy little honeybees.

Commercial beekeepers are trying to keep up with our demand. Uncle Sam called them together this spring and urged them to raise half again as many bees. We need the honey for food and the beeswax for war use—it's valuable as a coating on canvas and on shells. But we can use all they produce and more.. And it's easy to grow our own. So the amateur, who has always counted heavily among the 800,000 beekeepers of the country, is going stronger, too. Neat sectional boxes that constitute the modern beehive can be seen sitting in more back yards and on more rooftops than ever before. For it isn't even necessary to have a country clover field to raise your own sweet. Bees will live and make honey anywhere, so long as there's plenty of forage in parks or other back yards, within their two-mile flying range.

If you want to start your own backyard honey factory, write your state agricultural college asking how to go about it. Nectar-producing blossoms and seasons vary through the states, so local advice will be your best. Maybe you can go ahead now in your part of the country. Maybe you should just poke around and learn about bees now, to be bright and ready early next spring.

Beekeeping can take little time and simple equipment. You need spend only a few minutes a week on a hive, and invest under $20, for hive, bees, veil, smoker, and a few odd items. Country week-enders are beekeepers. So are busy lawyers, doctors, engineers, factory workers, farm women, city housewives.

But there's a catch. It isn't the work that takes the time. We've talked with beekeepers of forty years' standing, and beekeepers who've been at it only a month, and they're all alike. They are all nuts about bees. They read volumes about bees. You could do the same, now, preparing to be a beekeeper. They join bee societies and go to meetings. So could you this summer. They spend hours watching and marveling at bees. They tell you bees have the most wonderful, the smoothest running organization in the world, and they'll prove it to you on the spot.

You can't be a beekeeper, either, if

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Here's Where You Come In

By Quentin Reynolds

When Uncle Sam needs your talent, your special skill or even your labor he'll call on you. It's your war, too, and manpower at home is just as important as fighting power at the front. This is what you can expect

JOHN PALMER SMITH, who is State's attorney of Queen Annes County in Maryland, was real mad. Farmer Jones in Centerville had just told him that he couldn't find a couple of farm hands to plant his corn and take care of the ten cows he had on his 175-acre farm. Smith had just been talking to the folks who ran the munitions plant at near-by Elkton and the one at Chestertown, and they'd told him that they were shorthanded too. State's Attorney Smith kept getting madder. We'd been at war two months now; men were needed on the farms in Queen Annes County and men were needed in the munitions works. And the State's attorney knew that there were a lot of loafers in the county doing nothin' but sitting on their porches and watching those pleasant Maryland sunsets. State's Attorney Smith remembered that there was a vagrancy law on the statute books. Maybe—

"Fight, work, or go to jail," mild-mannered State's Attorney Smith said one day to his neighbors. "If you won't fight and won't work you're a vagrant and you go to jail for thirty days."

His men scoured the county and bobbed up with 200 able-bodied men who were doing nothing. He put it up to them. They'd have to help on a farm or if they didn't like that they'd have to go to work in the near-by munitions plants. Otherwise, it was the clink.

"We're at war now," he told them curtly, "and nobody has a right to sit back and read the news. It's our war down here on the eastern shore of Maryland just as much as it's MacArthur's war. Fight, work, or go to jail, boys!"

They all picked work as the least of the evils. In fact, up to date, Smith hasn't had to evoke the old vagrancy statute once. The erstwhile loafers turned out to be pretty good citizens when it was put to them the way Smith put it to them. They hadn't meant no harm, they told him, they'd just never figured they could help the war any by planting corn or working in a factory.

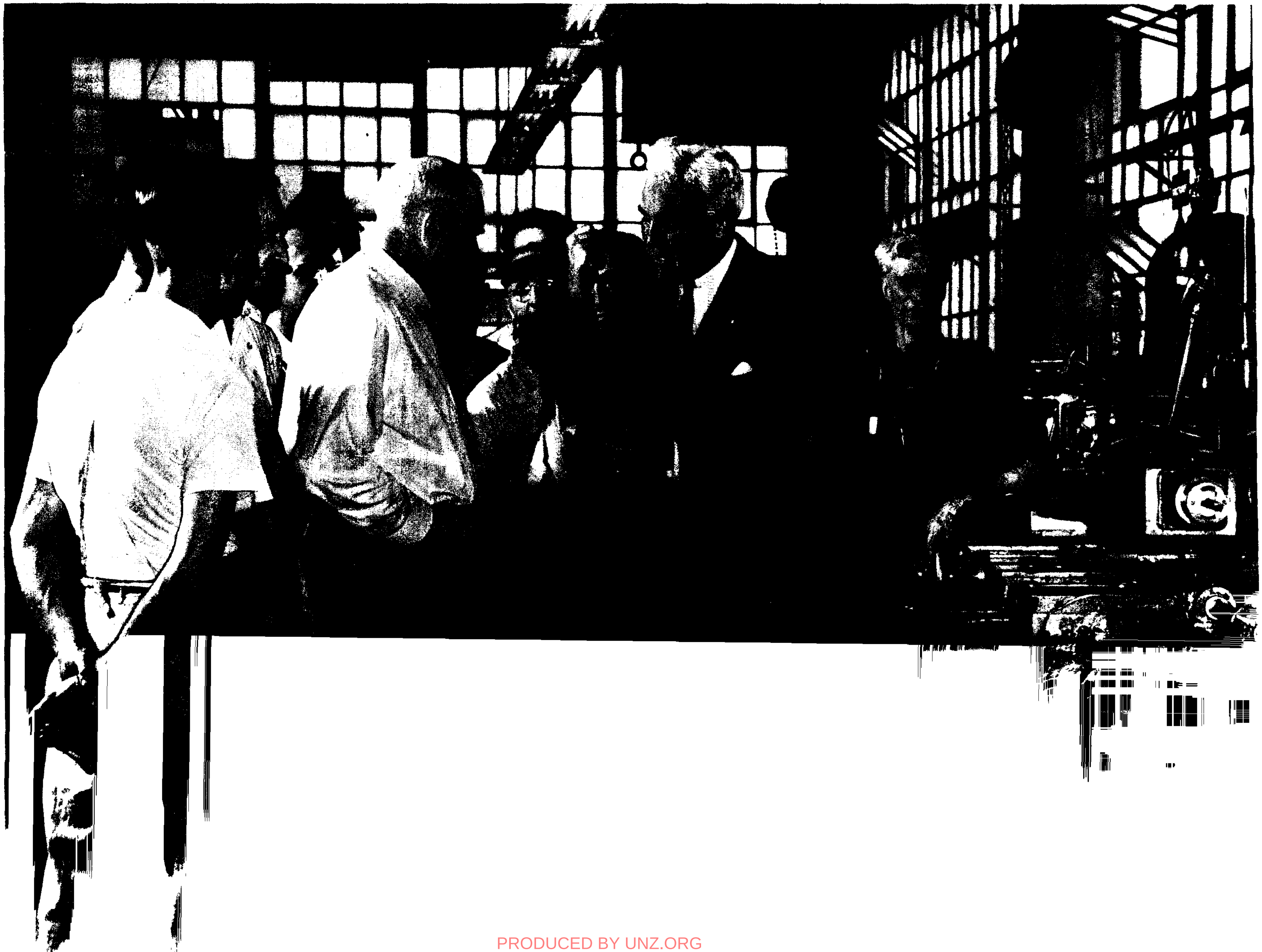
People living in smaller communities sometimes have a knack of straight thinking which is denied to city folk. The term "total war" has merely been a rather vague phrase to most of us. John Palmer Smith knew that total war meant a war in which every civilian would eventually be a military objective, as was the case in the conquered countries, as is the case now in Britain and in Russia. He knew too that every civilian in a total war had a responsibility. He knew that each one of us was a stockholder in this hitherto profitable and enjoyable enterprise of being an American, and he knew that for generations we have all drawn fat dividends on our stock in the way of liberties and privileges.

For a time the dividends would have to cease. The country in which each of us holds stock was in danger and every stockholder, if only to protect his investment, had to help. That was Smith's conception of total war and that is how war came to the eastern shore of Maryland.

It was inevitable that the rest of the country follow suit. In April, President Roosevelt by an executive order did nationally what John Palmer Smith had done locally; he created the War Manpower Commission and he gave Paul V. McNutt what amounts to complete control over every man, woman and child in the country. In his executive order the President tersely and clearly stated the reason for this unprecedented act, when he said that the commission was

(Continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY FENN-PIX

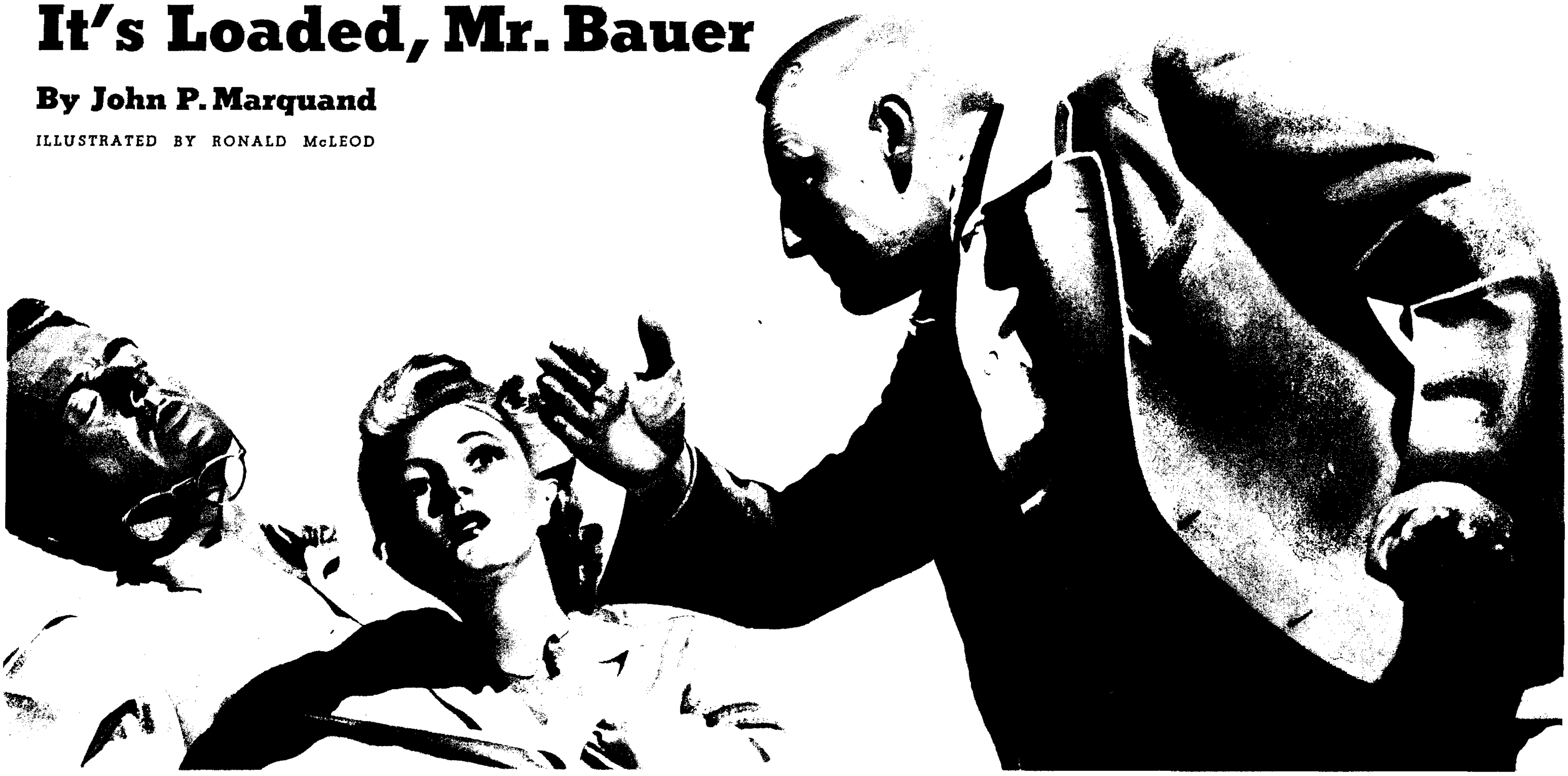


War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt congratulates Master Mechanic Robert M. Carnahan and his men on their record gun production

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Herr Bauer's hand shot out and he struck Greene a blow across the cheek. "Let's see you stand up, you swine!"

The Story Thus Far:

HENRIETTA SIMPSON, an attractive girl who is to work in the offices of the Boca Grande mine for Jim Walters, the manager, reaches Santa Rosa (a South American port) on a boat from New York. She is met by Winslow Greene, a shy and likable young American, one of the Boca Grande geologists. That evening they dine together.

Fascinated by the newcomer's beauty and charm, Greene promptly falls in love with her. And, after making arrangements for her journey to the mine, and plunging into the interior prospecting for gold, he cannot forget her. Nor can he forget a curious experience he had had in Santa Rosa: Just previous to meeting Miss Simpson, a stranger had stopped him on the street, *introduced himself* as Eduardo Lopez of the secret police and warned him to beware of two men—Gruber and Martinez—who had been drinking heavily with Milton Bird, a Boca Grande metallurgist, and a handsome, self-assured fellow.

A few hours later, a man (who happened to be wearing Lopez's hat) had been assassinated in Santa Rosa. . . .

Following his prospecting trip, Greene rejoins Jim Walters, who says that he must go to Santa Rosa and that he, Greene, must pinch-hit for him in his absence. The mine manager says, furthermore, that Henrietta Simpson is flirting disgracefully with Milton Bird (a married man) and that Greene must discharge her, order her to return to the States!

Greene is still in love with the girl. So, when he sees her—alone with Milton Bird and apparently having a glorious time, in a valley near Boca Grande—he is anything but happy. Even so, when he obeys Jim Walters' orders (he does so most reluctantly), he is far from certain that the girl deserves to be sent away.

A day or so later, however, he has an experience that makes him decidedly suspicious of her. Herr Bauer, a German—a very mysterious person—offers to escort her to Santa Rosa; and Miss Simpson accepts his invitation without hesitation. She ignores Greene's protests because she is furiously angry with him and starts toward the coast with the German! . . .

While a Nazi raider hovers off the coast, Greene leaves for Santa Rosa with a number of boxes loaded with gold. He is armed with a "blowgun" (a hollow reed that shoots poisoned darts) and accompanied by a military guard, and all is well until—

Suddenly Henrietta Simpson steps out of the jungle, halts him, insists that "there has been an accident" and that he dismount and help her.

Puzzled, perplexed, Greene dismounts. He hears shots; he sees two members of his guard fall; he is seized from behind and knocked unconscious.

VII

WINSLOW GREENE was aware of the vibration of an engine blending with the throbbing in his head. He was passing through one of those nightmarish interludes between consciousness and unconsciousness when it is impossible to separate fact from illusion. He recalled that he had been knocked unconscious on the trail about five miles from the river landing.

First as his memory came back, he felt a sense of shame at his complete stupidity, and then surprise at the pulsing vibration beneath him. It was exactly like the vibration of the light draft boat which had been going to carry him to Santa Rosa, and the smell around him was familiar, a musty smell that rose from the yellow waters of the river. He could have sworn that he was on one of the boats belonging to the Boca Grande Exploration Company, which carried supplies from Santa Rosa to the trail leading to the mine. He could have sworn that he was aboard the very river boat, the Shageras, which he had ordered to wait for him, and when he opened his eyes, he saw that he was right.

He was lying on the single berth in one of the staterooms which were customarily reserved for company employees. The blind was drawn over the stateroom window, but daylight came through the cracks, filling the little room with dusky light. He could not understand the daylight through the shutters for he had not expected to board the Shageras until nearly dark, and now the light gave him the impression that it was afternoon, but there was no doubt that he was aboard the Shageras, because the proportions of the stateroom were unmistakable.

There was a bench in the corner of the boxlike room exactly where it should have been. Upon the bench were the four wooden boxes which contained the gold from Boca Grande. He closed his eyes and opened them, believing it to be his imagination, but it was not. The boxes were there and beneath the bench was his bedding roll and on top of the boxes were the gourd of poison and the bamboo quiver of poison darts—everything just as he would have arranged it himself.

Then he turned his head, with difficulty, because his neck was stiff and the back of his head was aching. Henrietta Simpson, still in her riding clothes, was standing at the foot of his berth, and Herr Bauer was standing beside her. Winslow lay staring for a moment, and when he tried to speak, his voice was not much louder than a whisper.

"What," he heard himself asking, "what is it?" A blanket was over him and when he tried to move his hands, he discovered that they were tied. The figures of the man and girl in front of him grew blurred, and then came back into sharp focus.

"Are you with us again, Mr. Greene?" he heard Herr Bauer ask. Herr Bauer smiled and spoke to Henrietta: "Give him some tea."

She leaned over him, holding the cup. "Don't talk," she said, "drink this." But Winslow spoke again.

"How did you—get here?" he asked. "What—what is it?"

HE HEARD Herr Bauer laugh softly. She had put her arm around his shoulders and he struggled to sit up.

"Put a pillow behind him," said Herr Bauer. "Wait, my friend, I shall untie your hands." Herr Bauer's face showed no concern. It was impersonal, professionally watchful, and what Herr Bauer saw appeared to reassure him.

"You are as weak as water—what? It is better for you so."

Herr Bauer had been perfectly right. When Winslow sat up, he was seized with such an attack of giddiness that the whole small cabin whirled about him. As he fought against his weakness, he felt his face grow clammy with perspiration.

"Feeling bad, eh?" he heard Herr Bauer say. "Here, let me look." Herr Bauer's thin nose and steely eyes came closer, and he heard Herr Bauer's voice again through the ringing in his ears. "Pupils still dilated and still concussion. No trouble from you, my friend."

Winslow struggled against his dizziness by sheer force of will, and when Henrietta Simpson put the cup to his lips he drank mechanically, forcing the lukewarm tea down his throat because he knew he needed it. He was doing everything he could to pull himself out of that humiliating weakness, and the grimness of Herr Bauer's voice helped him. When he finished the tea, he felt better. He leaned back on the pillows, drenched with perspiration, staring at them, and then he found his voice again:

"Will you tell me what happened? How did you get here?"

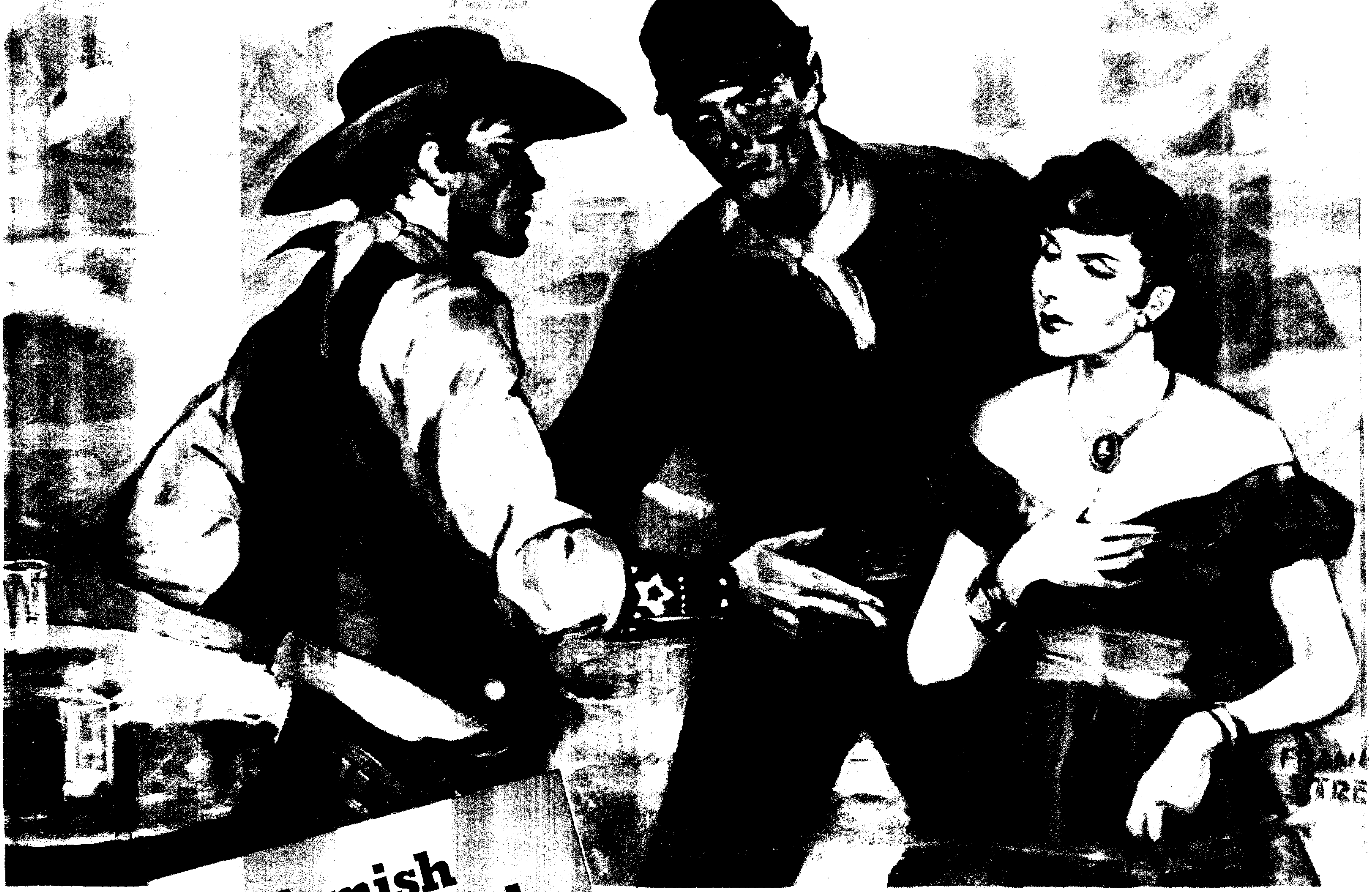
"Don't!" It was Henrietta Simpson speaking. "Don't bother him." And he heard Herr Bauer's laugh again. Herr Bauer was seated at the end of the berth. He pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and lighted one. He inhaled deeply and blew a cloud of cigarette smoke toward Winslow.

"I hope smoke will not make you sick, my friend," Herr Bauer said. He spoke with an elaborate courtesy which Winslow supposed was intended to be amusing.

"Don't," he heard Henrietta say, "oh, don't." But Winslow's attention was riveted on Herr Bauer. The cigarette smoke had increased his dizziness, but he would not have mentioned it if it had killed him. His whole mind, as he struggled with his weakness, was intent in trying to understand.

"Surprised, are you not?" Herr Bauer said. "I should be, too, if I were you. I'll tell you where you are. You're safe aboard your own boat. It was an idea of mine. You are going down the river, just the way you wanted, Mr. Greene. There is no trouble. Your own captain, your own crew, are taking you down the river. I have told them that you have a bad tropical fever. I have explained to them that Miss Simpson and

(Continued on page 42)



"Ride on," the cowpuncher said. "I threw my rope first." "Maybe," said Bob, "you missed your throw." The girl was standing close to him and that made him feel strong

Skirmish at Dry Fork

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

The sergeant warned him to be careful, but the young recruit was—fortunately for the girl—too wise to listen to the voice of experience

IN 1875 the Army of the United States was a thing of fragments all along the Western frontier from the Rio Grande to Montana—a battalion stationed in this desolate and scarcely habitable post, a company in that one, a sergeant and six men guarding some stage relay station far out on the old Butterfield route, a jaded brevet major general once commanding his tens of thousands at Gettysburg now leading a skeleton half-regiment across Dakota's bake-oven plain in search of Sioux, who maneuvered as shadows before him. The Army was a thin and ragged bulwark separating the discontented plains tribes from the slow advance of ranches and raw new towns springing up beside the cattle trails.

Squatted beside the sands of the inch-deep Arkansas, Fort Sumner was such a post, garrisoned by four troops of cavalry; and Dry Fork, two miles east of it, was such a cattle town, newly born of the cattle trail's trade and lush with a sin no newer and no different than the sin of Babylon.

The paymaster this day had visited Fort Sumner for the first time in three months and now the enlisted men of the four troops of the post, made gaunt and salty by long abstinence, considered the pleasures of Dry Fork and prepared to move upon it. Supper was done, the sunset gun had sounded as hot twilight faded into hot dusk, and in D Troop's messroom First Sergeant Maurice O'Boyle lectured the dozen troopers who had secured passes to town:

"Dry Fork is full of cowpunchers, stoppin' off for the evenin' on their way up to Montana with cattle—and there never was a cowpuncher that liked a soldier. It is likewise full of scoundrels and thieves waitin' for our pay and meanin' to get it. Those ones hate the sight of us, even as they hide behind the shelter we make for 'em. The night marshal is nothin' but an outlaw with a star on and he will be waitin' for us, rememberin' the fuss we made last month. We will have our fun, but we stick together and we start no quarrels alone. I want that understood."

He was talking to an odd lot: to veterans of the Civil War, to raw lads from the East, to men with inglorious pasts well hidden, to men like Jem Chatto who had been in the Army since the year of the flood. He was talking also to Bob McIntyre, the newest soldier in the troop and a boy with the rose-blush of youth still upon him, innocently honest of eye, and knowing little enough of sin. And, particularly, the sergeant was talking to himself, thoroughly aware of his own weakness. After twenty years of pay days the sergeant looked forward to this night with mixed relish and apprehension.

"Mind me now," he said, "or you'll be doin' thirty days, and that is my promise."

HE LED the group out of the messroom doorway, casting a quick glance above him at the mud and pole eaves where the tarantulas liked to hang poised in sinister furry balls. They set out through the post and took to the town road, other groups from other troops moving before them in the deepening dark. Two miles forward the town lights made a sultry glow through the shadows. Sergeant O'Boyle fell back and came upon Jem Chatto, the two walking together.

"Now the lad," murmured O'Boyle, indicating Bob McIntyre, "is entirely new at this and we must be bearin' an eye upon him. It is right he should wet his whistle and howl at the moon and maybe have a word with a girl. All this we'll be showin' him for the first time. But he has got an honest face and the scoundrels will see it at once and rob him. We keep by him tonight, Jem. He knows nothin' of the rough ways. We must be teachin' him a bit at a time. A pair of old dogs workin' on a pup, hey, Jem?"

"I will keep as close as you keep," said Jem Chatto, and grinned out of his scarred and tough-cornered face. "And I will get no drunker than you get."

"Ah," sighed O'Boyle, "I am dry clear to the linin' of my shoes and I dread this night—I do indeed." They were a pair of wise, leathery, half-tamed men with twenty years apiece in the Army, scarred by a hundred honorable engagements and by countless barroom brawls, cool and resourceful and worth their weight in gold to any company commander under fire, but mortally weak in the soft hours of pleasure.

Sergeant O'Boyle observed Bob McIntyre's stolid shape in the darkness

(Continued on page 33)

FLIGHT TO THE SUN

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

BETWEEN air battles in Greece, John Quayle, a Royal Air Force flight lieutenant, sees much of Helen Stangou, a charming Greek girl to whom Will Lawson, an American war correspondent, had introduced him. For a time, his intentions are anything but serious; then, having discovered (to his amazement) that he has fallen in love with the girl, he asks her to marry him.

Helen is sensible. She realizes that at any moment she and Quayle, whom she adores, may be separated—perhaps forever; and that her services as a nurse are badly needed by her country. She feels that marriage is out of the question until the war is over. So it is not until the British begin to evacuate Greece that, overcome by her emotions, she consents to become the young flier's wife.

Meanwhile, Quayle has had a long series of thrilling adventures, narrow escapes; he has seen a number of the members of his squadron die, and he is no longer the lighthearted youth who only a few months before had left England. John Quayle, flight lieutenant, R.A.F., has developed into a man who takes life—and love—seriously.

Not so, Tap Finchley, who has flown with Quayle in many a hot aerial combat. Tap is still a carefree, happy-go-lucky boy; and, not conscious that Quayle really cares for Helen Stangou, unaware that they are soon to be married, he is friendly toward the girl. These attentions Helen ignores; she likes Tap, makes allowances for his shortcomings. . . .

As the evacuation of the country gets under way (while German and Italian bombers strafe the seacoast areas) Helen is fortunate enough—thanks to the co-operation of Will Lawson—to reach Suda Bay, in Crete. There Quayle presently rejoins her—not, however, until after he has participated in one more hopeless air battle, during which Hickey—his squadron commander whom he worships—is shot down.

Shortly after their reunion in Crete, Helen and Quayle are married. They board with a Greek couple at Suda Bay. And they are ecstatically happy—much to the surprise of Tap, who at last knows the truth about them! . . . Early one morning, following constant enemy bombing raids, Tap and Quayle are together at their airdrome. Tap hears a faint droning sound. He looks up, points to the northwest. The air is full of planes. "Now we're in for it," he exclaims. "Look—thousands of them!"

Conclusion

AS FAR as Quayle could see, there were the black shapes of formation flying planes. There was an inconceivable number of them and they were at less than five thousand feet.

"What is it?" Quayle said, half to himself.

"They'll blow this whole place away. Come on!" Tap urged.

There was the general confusion of people running up the slope to the slit trenches. The threat of such a large number of planes caused high shouting and quick carelessness. Quayle was confused too. The nearer they got the less he could understand it, because small concentrated groups of planes could do a better job than this large wide-spread-out group. They were coming directly over. He was with Tap in the slit trench, watching the tracers from the ground machine guns falling short.

"They're three-engine Junkers," he said to Tap.

"Are there fighters behind?"

"Gliders. They're towing gliders!" Quayle replied.

"What's that group way ahead?" Tap asked.

"Junkers."

"Gliders! They must be loaded with bombs or something."

"Or troops," Quayle said. "Maybe this is your invasion."

He had hardly said it when the tail group wheeled off the lead formation and came directly over the airdrome. They were all three-engined Junkers transports, as Quayle could see them. He was straining his head back and trying to keep the light of the hidden sun from blotting out the planes. He saw the first group of parachutists suddenly burst white in the sky. Then another group of white bursts like the white bursts from antiaircraft.

"Parachutists. Here it is, Tap!"

"Say—look at that!"

THE white bursts had suddenly appeared here, there, there, here, over there. They were coming from the down-wind direction directly toward the airdrome. As the Junkers in the tail end of the group passed over, more parachutes burst in the red-blue sky. They were thick and uneven. There were white, red, green and striped parachutists, and some fell quicker than others. There was the continuous shriek of machine guns all around now, and the path of tracers toward the parachutists. As the parachutes got lower, the machine guns lowered their fire and there was suddenly a complete cross fire over the whole airdrome.

"Keep down! Those bloody machine guns are getting low. Have you got a pistol or something?" It was Tap shouting at the top of his voice.

"Come on! Up higher!" Quayle said. "The machine guns!"

"That's the safest place. We'll take a chance. Come on!"

They ran higher up through the fire of the machine guns from the other side of the field. They could see the first parachutists reaching the earth behind the woods, then the next group—one, two, three, four and then two, five, four, hitting the airdrome but not getting up because the machine-gun fire was too deadly and it ricocheted from the field over Tap's and Quayle's heads as they climbed the slope to where they found one of the machine guns.

"The silly fools! They'll kill us!" Tap shouted.

"That's bloody good cross fire," Quayle shouted.

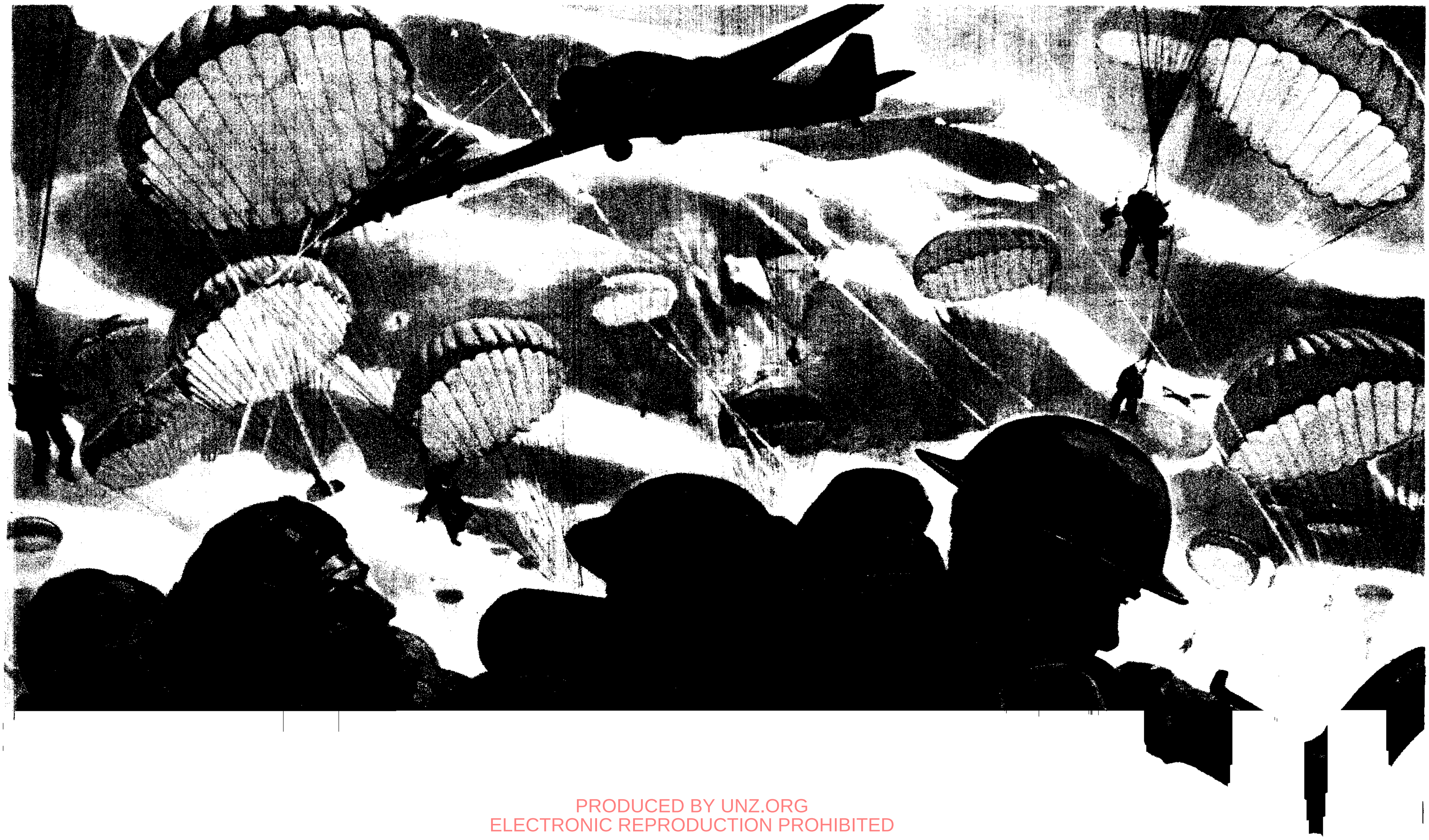
The parachutists were coming down all around now, but the largest group were coming down on the field and not getting up as the machine guns poured it into them. Quayle could hear the distinctive crack of rifles and the short mark of the pistol above the short burst of machine guns all around.

As they crouched under the noise of the Bren gun, they could see the top row of parachutists coming down and the fire tearing some of their parachutes and some of them catching fire and the black smudge as the figure went hurtling to earth.

"They haven't got a chance," Tap was shouting again. They had been silent watching one side, then another, then another group getting killed, then some of them running.

"What happened to the others?" Quayle asked.

As the parachutes got lower there was suddenly a complete cross fire over the whole airdrome



"They went over toward Candia. There's the gliders now!"

Quayle saw the uneven group of gliders coming around in wide sweeps—trying to keep their noses down and coming into heavy nose glides and slow movement . . . and the tracers trying to find them but falling short. Quayle watched a group of three-engined Junkers coming lower.

"Are they going to try to land them?" he asked Tap.

"They're crashing them into the mountainside."

They watched a pair of Junkers come low, then level out over an area they knew to be mostly timber with no clearing. They saw the Junkers' flaps go down and the flat sinking as the planes came level over the earth and disappeared.

"Crash-landing them. They must be filled with troops."

Now they were watching the gliders which were coming in near the airdrome and sloping to land. The first one came down too soon. It slid along the green earth very fast, hit one of the craters and toppled over. There was the mess of men and the crumpling of the plane and the noise; then the machine guns pulling up the earth around them, and some running and some getting into the craters on the airfield; then the burst of red fire from a machine gun from one of the Germans in the craters.

"If they get this place, we're sunk," Tap said.

"Look at that Gladiator standing out there."

"Look at those gliders coming in now! Look at that!"

THE second and third gliders were flattening out over the field and landed. The black-clothed figures were swarming out. Some made for the edge of the field, others dropped in the craters. There was only the continuous noise of the machine guns from both sides now. Quayle could see the concentrated fire coming from the timber behind the Gladiator.

"Come on!" he shouted to Tap. "We'll head down toward the timber!"

"That bloody Gladiator's still there."

"Come on!"

They crouched, and Tap found running awkward because of his arm. Quayle helped him along. They fell into a ditch behind the Gladiator near a machine-gun crew who were firing at the dip at the north end where most of those who had escaped from the gliders had run to.

"Keep down!" someone shouted to them, as the machine-gun bullets splashed the earth. Quayle and Tap crouched into the ditch, then crawled along to the Bren gun crew.

"Who are you?" It was a small, dark and quick-jawed New Zealand captain in smock and khaki battle dress.

"We're from Eighty Squadron."

"Can I see your papers?" He had to shout as they crouched into the ditch, as the Bren gun on the high tripod shook with firing.

They both showed him their papers. He looked at them quickly and handed them back.

"All right," he said. "Something round is the sign you're not a German."

"Did any of that last lot get away?"

"There's quite a nest of them the other end of the field." The New Zealander spoke abruptly and he was quick and certain in his movements over the ditch to see what was happening.

"We lost a couple of machine guns up there," he said. "My name's Cox."

"What's this?" Quayle asked.

They were looking up as a group of Heinkels came low over the field. They swept from the north end, held their fire until they nearly reached the ditch, then opened with the machine guns. The Bren guns kept firing at the Heinkels as it strafed them and the woods behind.

"They must have wireless up the other end," Cox said.

"Where are those Blenheims?" Tap said aloud to himself.

"They ought to be here," Cox said. "I don't know what they're going to do when they get here. Your crowd is in the timber."

Quayle was looking at the Gladiator to the left of them close to the ditch.

"Has anything hit that plane yet?" he asked Cox.

"Nothing. If only you could get it into that timber."

"Why the devil didn't they fill this ditch in?" Tap shouted above the machine gun again.

They crawled out on the other side of the ditch and ran, crouching, into the timber. They found the operations officer and some of the aircraftsmen near a small tent camouflaged with leaves and dirt. The Blenheim squadron leader named Arnold called to them as they came.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes," Tap answered him. "When do the planes get here?"

"Any minute."

"WHAT'S happening?" Quayle asked Arnold.

"The Germans have got a foothold up at the north end. There're isolated parachutists around the whole field but they're no danger. We've still got the road to Candia. A lot dropped between here and the village. They were crashing Junkers."

"What about the Gladiator?"

"I don't know, John. You'll have to wait for the Blenheims. You can't do much on your own. They ought to be here any minute."

"They're going to look nice sitting out there," Tap said.

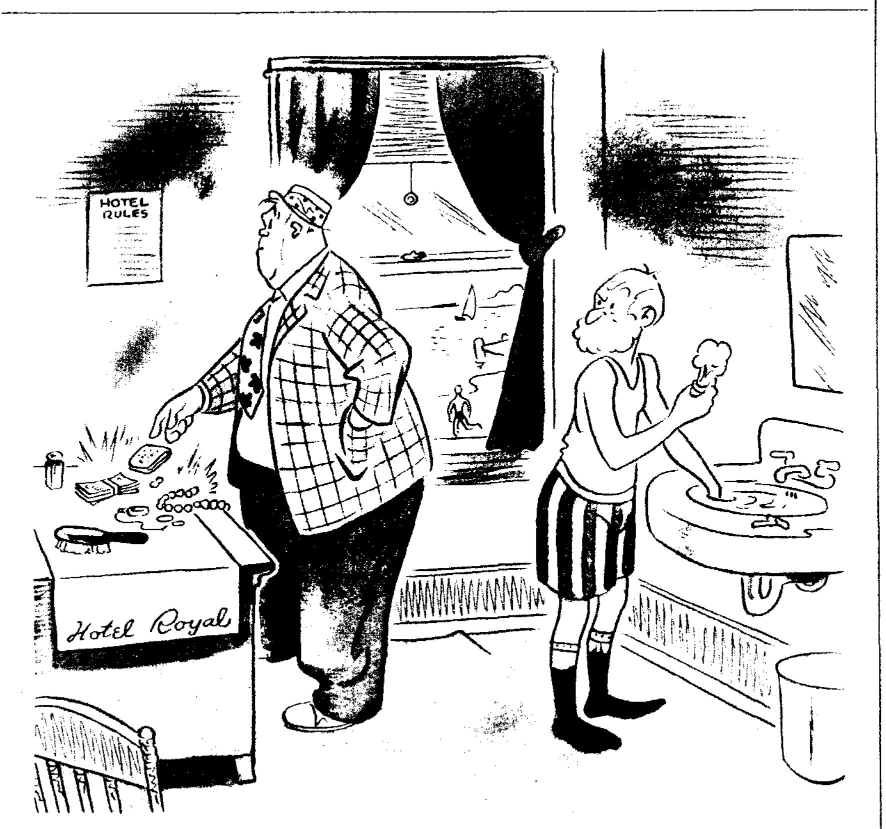
"That bloody ditch!" Arnold exclaimed. "We could get them here if it wasn't for that."

"Here they are now," Quayle said, looking up. "Did any drop near Suda Bay?"

"Thousands. They're everywhere," Arnold said.

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"This's just to ease my conscience. I couldn't take a month's vacation without doin' some work"

Quayle was quickly feeling that this thing was not conceivable yet. He did not believe that there could be an end to the whole thing so quickly. He was trying to think clearly about Helen but he could not because of the intensity of everything around him and he was concerned with the Blenheims now as they came over the field.

"I hope they come across-wind this way," Tap said.

"There's a signal on the field," Arnold said.

They were all watching the Blenheims. There were five of them. They came down in a low sweep and settled in from the north end in singles. The leader chose a section between the craters, and the others followed him. The German machine guns from the north end were firing intermittently at the Blenheims as they came in and taxied to the shelter where the mountain started from the field near the ditch. The crews got out and one of the aircraftsmen in the ditch stood up and shouted to them. They ran toward the timber. There was no fire from the north end.

"They must have cleared that lot of Boches out," Arnold said.

"What are these boys supposed to do?" Quayle asked him.

"I don't know . . . Stuart! Are you there? Stuart!"

A sergeant came out.

"Get Captain Cox for me, will you?"

"It's all right." It was Cox, small and dark, walking toward them through the light timber.

"Did you clear that lot out from the other end?"

"Yes," Cox said. "We sent in bayonets." Quayle knew that Cox understood what he was doing.

The Blenheim crews came up then. There were fifteen of them. The flight lieutenant reported himself to Arnold and said it was pretty hot around here. Arnold told the sergeant to get the planes wheeled closer into the mountainside and have them refueled and fitted out.

"What do we do?" the young Blenheim flight lieutenant asked Arnold.

"I am waiting to hear from HQ," Cox answered him instead of Arnold.

Working parties had gone out to fill in some of the craters on the field to make a clear runway. Twice they were fired at by snipers on the slopes.

Quayle was certain, now that the Blenheims were here, that it was going to be difficult doing something about Helen. He knew there was nothing he could do but go over and get her or see that she was all right or that she could get out. But he would have to stay around silently now, waiting to be told what to do. It was that sort of situation.

It was quiet except for the intermittent machine-gunning and the bombing on the other side toward Candia and Suda Bay. All afternoon it was like that. The quiet was threatening but toward evening the bombing on the other side became thick and continuous. Quayle heard Cox saying that Suda Bay was getting smashed to bits and Candia was just about surrounded by parachutists. They were watching anxiously for night. Quayle knew that when it was dark enough he would make for Suda Bay. And as the sun started down, he reported to Arnold and told him he would like to see about his wife in Suda Bay.

"It's thick with Germans," Arnold told him.

"I know. Can we get along the road?"

"There's trucks coming in at dark," Arnold said.

"Thanks. I'll be back in a couple of hours," Quayle said.

HE DID not tell Tap but walked through the woods between the bottleneck of the mountains. He was continuously challenged but held up the coin in his hand. Then he found the road and started walking until one of the trucks picked him up.

"How far do you want to go?" the driver asked him.

"The olive grove beyond Suda Bay."

"I hope you get there. That was cut off this morning."

"How far can you go?"

"The other side of Candia. I only go to Candia."

"I'll go that far," Quayle said.

At Candia he was challenged continuously by guards and anybody who saw him. He hurried through the streets, completely flattened by the bombing, and went out along the road to Suda Bay. Another truck came by and he got a ride to the outskirts of the village. It was smashed too and as he walked he could see the damage all around the place. When he was challenged he could see the nervousness of the men, who had fixed bayonets and wore their steel helmets.

He walked clean through the smashed village with the cobblestone square a scrap heap of craters and stones. There was rapid movement of troops and trucks passing through. He ignored it all and set out along the road leading to the olive grove. He was walking along the middle of it and noticed that there were no trucks on it. He could hear machine guns ahead somewhere near the olive grove.

He was suddenly challenged.

"Who is it?" he heard the voice. It was an Australian.

"Quayle, flight lieutenant."

"Come forward." He stepped out toward the guard whom he could see dimly with a bayoneted gun held before him.

"I've got a coin here," Quayle said.

"All right," the Australian said.

Quayle thanked him and went to walk by him. The Australian called to him. "Sorry, you can't pass here."

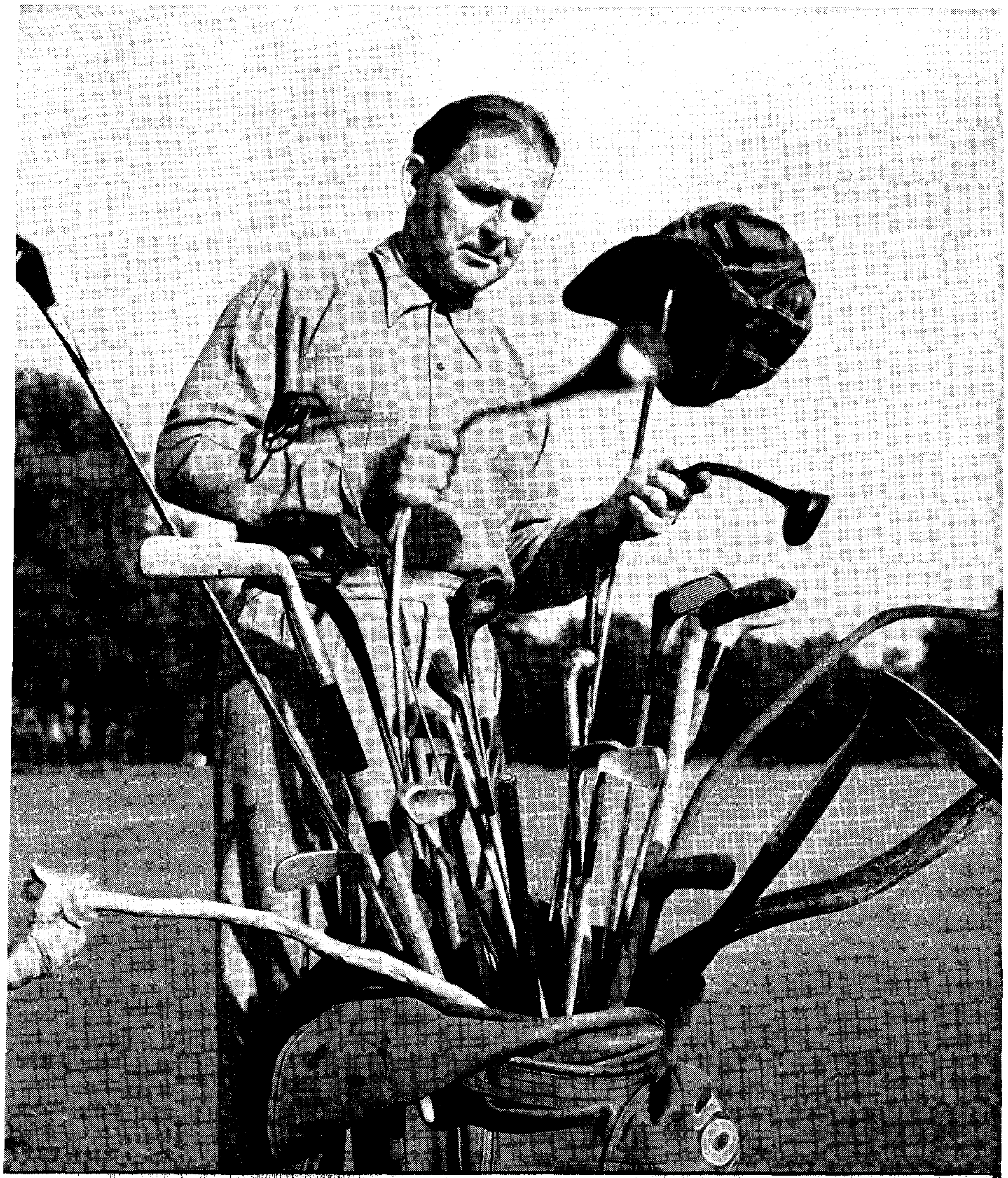
"Why not?"

"This is the end of the road."

"I want to get to the olive grove down the road."

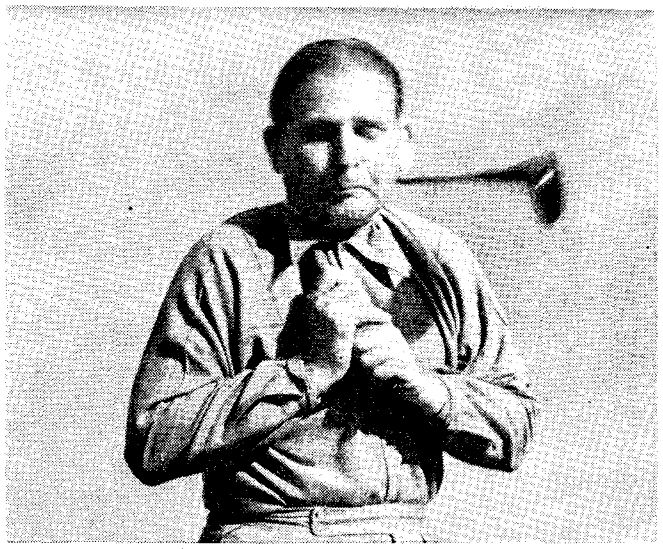
"Not this way," the Australian said.

(Continued on page 65)

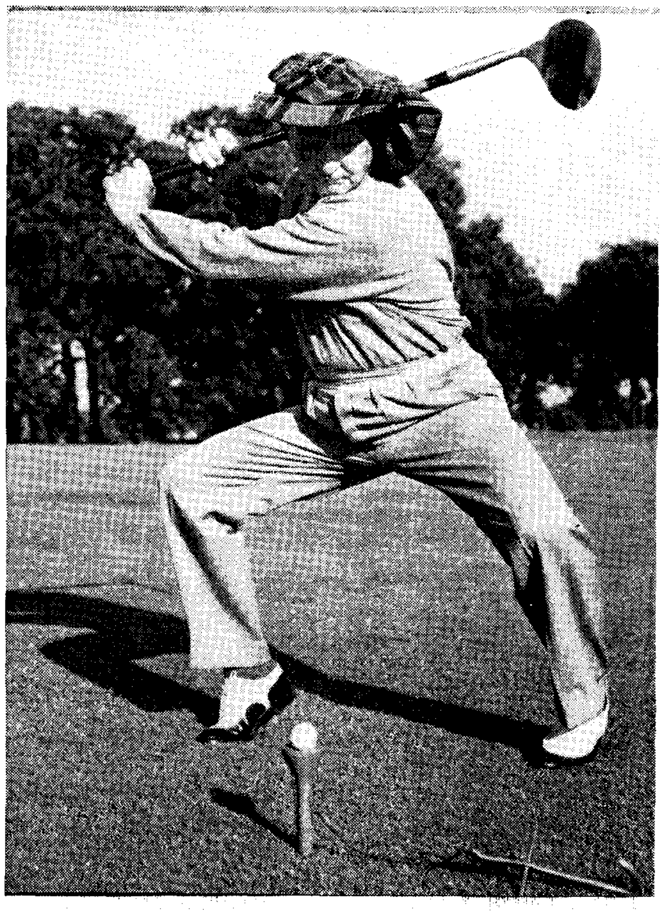


Chief stock in trade of Joe Kirkwood's successful golf business is his bag of clubs. It contains the usual assortment, plus the special golfing implements he uses for his trick and comedy shots

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED KORTH



This club, with its rubber shaft, always raises a laugh when it curls itself around Joe's neck



Anchoring a huge tee to the green and using a giant niblick, Joe shows how not to play golf

Funnyman of the Fairways

By Robert C. McCormick

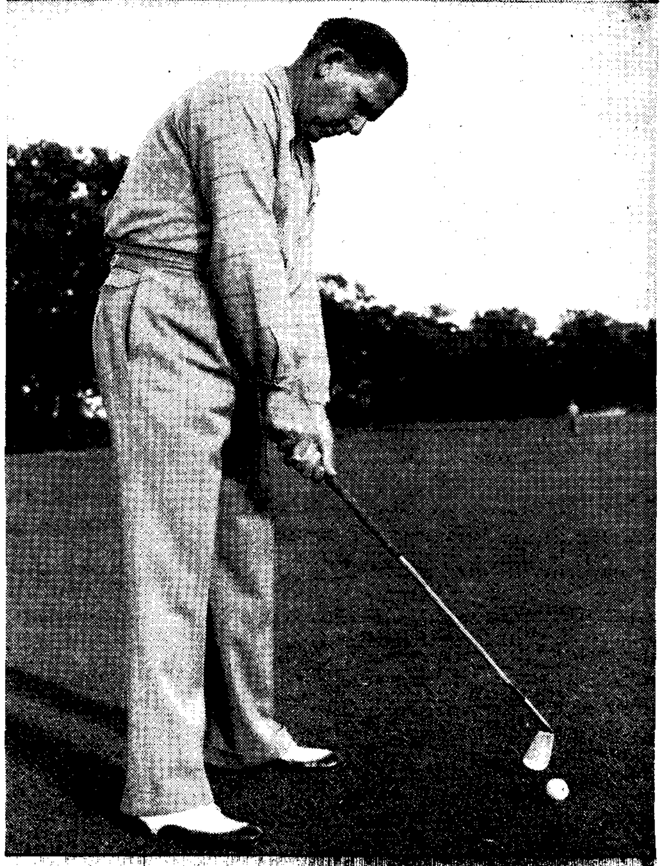
Joe Kirkwood might be a golf champion if he weren't the world's No. 1 comedian of the greens and tees and sand traps

LONG-SUFFERING duffers stand around pop-eyed when Mr. Joe Kirkwood comes to town. For one thing, Mr. Joe Kirkwood thinks nothing of plunking a golf ball into a catcher's mitt at seventy-five yards, using only his driver. A few shots like that, and the boys and girls are quick to demand:

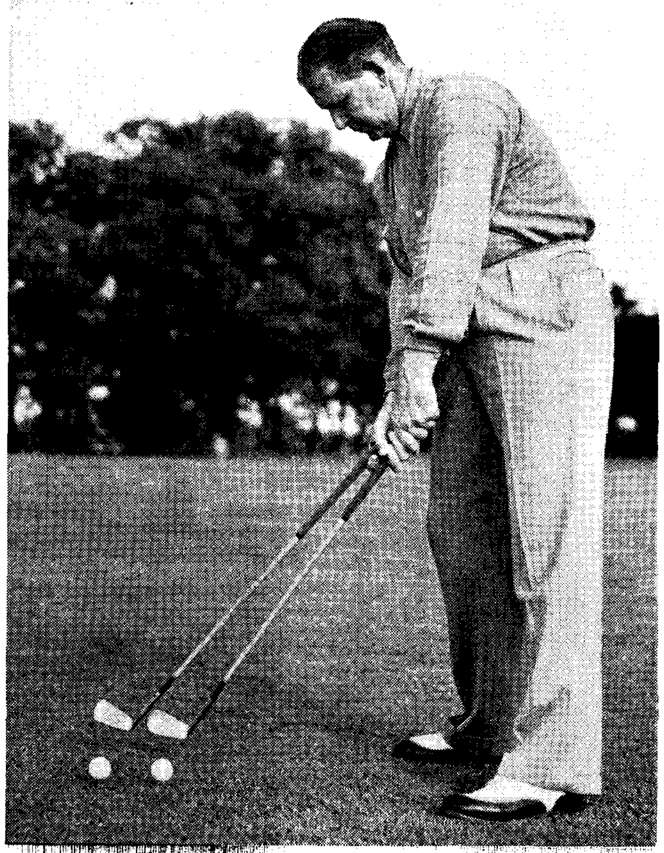
"When you can control a ball like that, why don't you win every tournament in sight?"

This is an old story to Golfer Kirkwood, the eminent trick-shot artist who bounces around the country giving exhibitions and maybe beating the home-club pro a round or two at the same time. He has a stock answer.

"Ben Hogan, Sam Snead *(Continued on page 63)*



An exclusive Kirkwood act, he claims, is to play left-handed with a right-hand iron



Joe hits two balls at once, driving one down the fairway, the other one popping up into his hand

Four Fliers from Midway

Continued from page 11

The raid started on the night of June third, but for several days before that, the PBYs had spent long hours over the Pacific west of Midway, looking for enemy ships. They didn't fly in formation; each was a lone scout, and each patrol plane commander was on his own with orders to "search section assigned and report on contacts of enemy aircraft and surface ships sighted, giving position, course, speed and disposition."

A Minneapolis boy, Lieutenant Forrest Roby, made the first plane contact —a Jap medium twin-engine bomber. They opened up with their guns on each other but the enemy, a greyhound in comparison to the PBY, scooted out of range.

The morning of the third, another PBY pilot made history by sighting the first enemy surface ships. Ensign Jack Reid, who hails from Paducah, Kentucky, nosed his ship out of a cloud and looked down on a beautiful target—half a dozen Jap transports escorted by as many heavy cruisers. It was a bombardier's dream picture.

Ensign Reid circled around, had a good look at the toy ships below, then reported by radio to the base at Midway what he had seen. Cruising westward a half-hour later he spotted another task force fifty miles away: four heavy cruisers were protecting a train of large merchant ships, several transports, tankers and a seaplane tender.

Ready for Attack

That was a good morning's work, and when Reid got back, the base was bustling. On the strength of his report and similar information gleaned from other PBY pilots just returned from patrols, elaborate plans were made for a midnight foray. Other patrol pilots had spotted small groups of Jap ships which apparently were to join up with the main fleet during the night. Four PBYs were selected for torpedo attack, and "Red" Richards, a slim wiry lieutenant ten years out of Annapolis, was designated flight leader.

It was dark when Red and the other three pilots lifted their huge boats off the water at Midway base. Red held his ships beneath low-lying clouds until he saw the fourth ship clear the water, then he climbed up into the night.

We'll follow Richards' ship now. First off, coffee brewed aboard on a hot plate was passed around to keep everybody awake. Seven hundred miles is a long haul, and it's easy to drowse off. The navigator took several star sights to check position, and the time of moonrise was eagerly awaited because that meant better visibility.

Finally Richards sighted his quarry—a dozen dark objects in perfect formation off the port bow. He waggled his wings to signal start of attack to other ships, peeled off to the right in the same motion and said into the interphone, "Here we go, boys."

Back came the answers: "We're right behind you! Let's give it to 'em!"

"Hot stuff! Look at those pickings!"

The Catalina swooped down from a height of several thousand feet through broken clouds as the navigator at intervals called off the rapidly changing altitude. "Fifteen hundred feet—eleven hundred feet—seven hundred feet—three hundred fifty feet—"

Her guns cut, the Catalina glided quietly toward a large transport on the port beam without being detected. The big plane was perilously close to the water when a pulled lever launched a torpedo. Immediately the Catalina's nose was pulled up into a steep climb over her victim. Seconds later, there was an explosion, and one of the waist gunners reported clouds of black smoke rising from the transport. Richards was too busy to take a look. By this time the sky was ablaze with antiaircraft fire from transports, cruisers and destroyers. The attackers had been discovered.

Meanwhile, two of the other three Catalina pilots, seeing Richards wing-waggle a signal, had fanned out and picked their own targets. One pilot ensign, "Dagwood" Propst, had left his job in the fuselage assembly of a Douglas Aircraft plant a couple of years ago to take up the business end of flying. Dagwood saw what he thought was a battleship, so he peeled off, cut his guns and went into a glide. As he closed in, however, he saw it was a troop transport. Dagwood aimed his slanting Catalina directly at the ship's port beam.

"He has a date tonight. Do you have any more numbers?"

FRITZ WILKINSON

When he was only a few hundred yards from his target, Dagwood still had not released a torpedo. Suddenly he felt a shove from the copilot beside him: "When are you going to let it go?"

Dagwood, looking straight ahead and down, replied quietly, "Well, as long as they're not firing at us we might as well get in close."

Then, nimble as a boxer, he feinted the plane to the right and pulled off in a tight turn to the left. An instant later he dropped the "tin fish." Gunning his engines, he pulled toward the moon over the stern of the transport and out over the protective screen of cruisers and destroyers. Just after he had cleared these hurdles they all began spouting ack-ack.

The copilot, looking back, yelled, "Just saw two big flashes—think we got him!" Confirmation followed from the aft station: "Hell of a big explosion and it wasn't antiaircraft."

The AA show that followed immediately was, in Dagwood's own words, "Just like the Fourth of July at Coney Island. Pom-poms opened up from all directions and, to make it more interesting, an enemy fighter plane suddenly appeared from nowhere and gave the PBY a burst. Dagwood saw cumulus clouds above and headed into them. That started a game of hide and seek, with Dagwood taking an occasional dip out of the clouds to see if the fighter was still there. It was—every time—so back in he went to hide a while longer. During all this he managed to get off a radio report to the base: "Large enemy force bearing two sixty-one true, ——— miles from Midway. Made torpedo attack and am being attacked by enemy aircraft. Attempting return to base."

After about twenty minutes of patient waiting for the Catalina to come out in the open, the Jap pilot, realizing his gas supply was waning, gave up the game and left. Dagwood decided that was a good time for him to leave, too, but in the opposite direction.

Dawn was cracking when he sighted Midway, but there was something else cracking there, too. Clouds of black smoke rose from the island, and the Catalina crew could see intermittent explosions. The radio cut in to explain what was happening: "Air raid on Midway. Planes take off and make rendezvous announced."

Dagwood knew his gas was getting low—in fact, he had been running at a gas-economy speed when the smoke over Midway was sighted. He also realized that there would be no landing at the regular base if it was being bombed, so he changed course and headed for the auxiliary base set up for just such an emergency. But getting there would take more gas than he had, and Dagwood knew he would never make it. He didn't stop after he had hastily written out a message to be radioed: "Going down at sea."

The engines coughed their last, and the big boat made a rough landing in the long swells. When it first hit the water it bounced up about thirty feet and was slammed down again in a series of bounces that knocked out rivets, wrinkled the hull and cracked the starboard wing. Dagwood's seat broke loose and, still hanging on to the controls, he was slapped around the cockpit.

"Everybody down in the bilges!" The whole crew went to work plugging rivet holes in the hull with pencils and using their steel helmets to bail out the water the Catalina was shipping. The rubber boats were inflated, and all hands prepared to abandon ship. Dagwood collected all his confidential material and was ready to toss it overboard. He hadn't heard from Midway in some time; he did not know whether it had been captured or not and he didn't want a surprise visit from the enemy.

Adrift in the Pacific

For two days and two nights they stayed in the plane, riding the waves of the Pacific, eating their emergency rations and waiting to be picked up. By constant bailing they managed to keep the plane afloat but they realized they would never get it into the air again. It was a long, lonely wait until another Catalina sighted them and took them all off. The plane, hopelessly swamped, was sunk by gunfire.

Red, the flight leader, was luckier. When he approached Midway he also saw the bombing attack, headed his ship for the other base and eventually made it. But the remaining two Catalinas in the torpedo attack had troubles. Their skippers, Doug Davis, a junior grade lieutenant of Webster Groves, Missouri, and Ensign Allan Rothenberg, of Washington, D. C., can tell you that.

Doug, for all his twenty-three years and his twenty months of flying experience, is a veteran of the wars. From January to April of this year he had been pushing a Catalina around on the Dutch East Indies and Australian fronts.

Now here he was, a little closer home, still performing miracles with a PBY. When he saw Flight Leader Richards dive on the first transport, Doug still hadn't seen a target ship that satisfied him, so he climbed up to look over the situation.

There was a flock of transports below and he and the copilot went into a huddle. From a height of several thousand feet they saw in the half light of the moon what appeared to be a carrier, and down they went. Gliding over the screen of destroyers, they approached close enough to see it was a large transport. Her decks were crowded and they could even see her gun crews manning the antiaircraft. Their approach was made on the transport's port beam, but as they got closer, the ship swung to starboard in a frantic effort to escape. She couldn't turn fast enough, however, and when the Catalina was within hailing distance of the water, a torpedo was launched directly at the transport's stern.

Machine-gun and antiaircraft fire from the transport raked the big flying boat as it pulled away in a sharp upcurve. Foster, the bow gunner, had his goggles shot off his face by a blast of machine-gun bullets through the bow turret, but not one nicked him. Somehow the plane was maneuvered through a second barrage of antiaircraft now being thrown up by the flanking destroyers, and, when he was high enough, Skipper Davis circled around to see what damage he had done. A red glow rose from the stern of the transport. That was enough. Doug decided to call it a night.

Race with the Enemy

On their return trip they heard by radio about the Midway attack and that more enemy bombers were expected. At first, Doug tried to race this invasion force back to Midway, but his gas was running low, so he also turned southeast and legged it for the emergency base. For half an hour he flew on instruments through rain squalls and, with just fifteen gallons of fuel left, he brought the Catalina in for a rough landing on the open sea. Six hours later he was picked up and towed into base by a motor launch.

That accounted for three of the four moonlight raiders. The fourth, Ensign Rothenberg, had the toughest luck of all. He missed the fun completely when he became separated from the others in bad weather on the way out and spent the better part of an hour trying to find the transport force. Finally, when he knew he had just about enough fuel for the return trip, he sadly turned back, his torpedo cargo still intact. Coming in for a landing at Midway, he saw Jap bombers plying their trade and he realized that his slower ship was no match for them.

There were no clouds to hide in, so he decided to wave hop away from there. Flattening down so close to the ocean that the ship actually climbed and dipped over each long wave, he brought the Catalina in. When he finally taxied up to the reserve base and started to cut his engines he found it wasn't necessary. Both engines quit cold. There wasn't a drop of gas in the tanks.

The ice-wagon boys' mission was accomplished. The first flying-boat torpedo attack in the Pacific war—in any war—had scored three hits out of four times at bat, an excellent percentage in any league. Further, it had proved that the most versatile of all naval aircraft could add still another job to its long list. Now the PBY-boat pilots are wondering what their next new assignment will be. They're ready for it.

THE END

HEINZ
TOMATO
KETCHUP
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY
H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
MADE FROM FRESH RIPE TOMATOES, SUGAR, DISTILLED VINEGAR, SALT, ONIONS AND SPICES.
FREE FROM ALL ARTIFICIAL PRESERVATIVES AND COLORING MATTER.
H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
MADE IN U.S.A.
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Hot Dawg!

Liberally dashed on hot dogs, hamburgers and other economy foods, Heinz Tomato Ketchup adds a *robust,* exciting flavor all America loves—because it's a tempting concentrate of "aristocrat" tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar and racy, aromatic spices!

Try This Thrifty Supper Dish

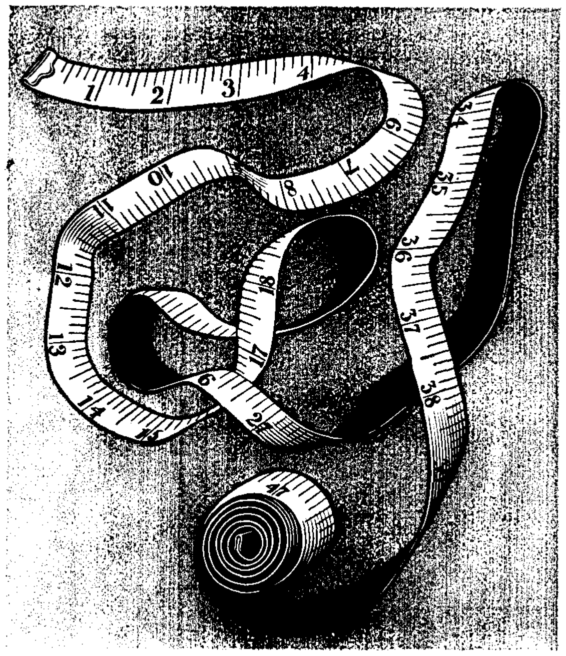
Scalloped Potatoes With Leftover Meat—Brown 2 cups ground leftover cooked meat in 2 tbs. fat in skillet; season with 1 tsp. salt. Place alternate layers in casserole with 3 medium-large, thinly sliced potatoes. Season potatoes. Combine ¾ cup water and ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup in skillet to collect browned meat particles. Pour over top of casserole. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 50 minutes.

RICH with marvelously mellow flavor and zesty old-time goodness that make a man . . . or a hungry boy . . . sit up and take notice, Heinz Tomato Ketchup has dozens of thrifty uses that delight today's budget-wise housewives! Hashes, casserole dishes and less expensive cuts of meat benefit *wonderfully* from just a dash or two of this glorious condiment. For it brings to everyday foods the zest of rare, exotic seasonings—the deep, rich savor of "aristocrat" tomatoes, the tang of Heinz Pure Vinegar . . . all artfully blended to a treasured old farm recipe.

Keep a bottle handy on the table. And try Heinz Ketchup in your economy cooking—for that luxurious flavor that belies your penny-saving!

Heinz 57 TOMATO KETCHUP

Know your M's



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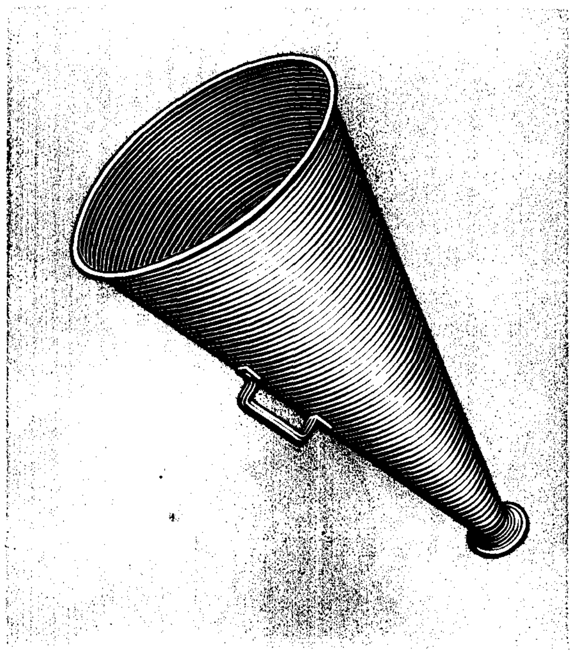

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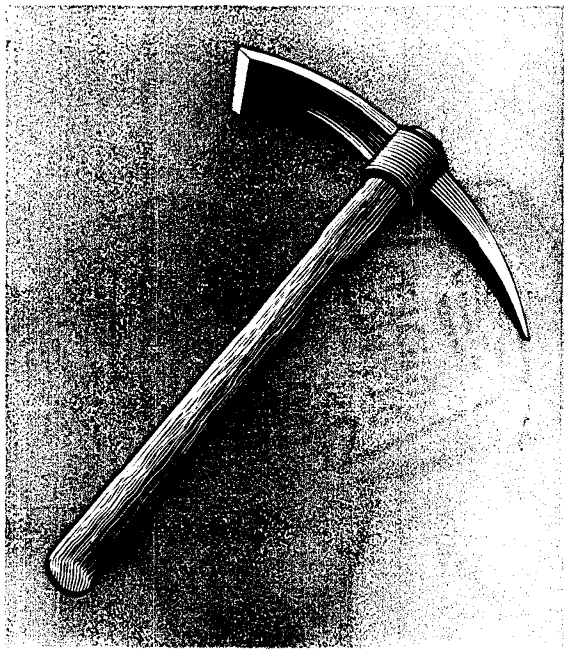

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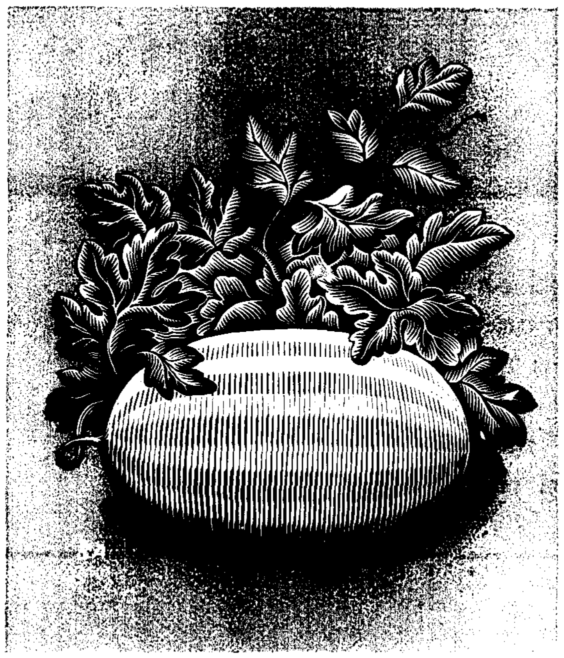

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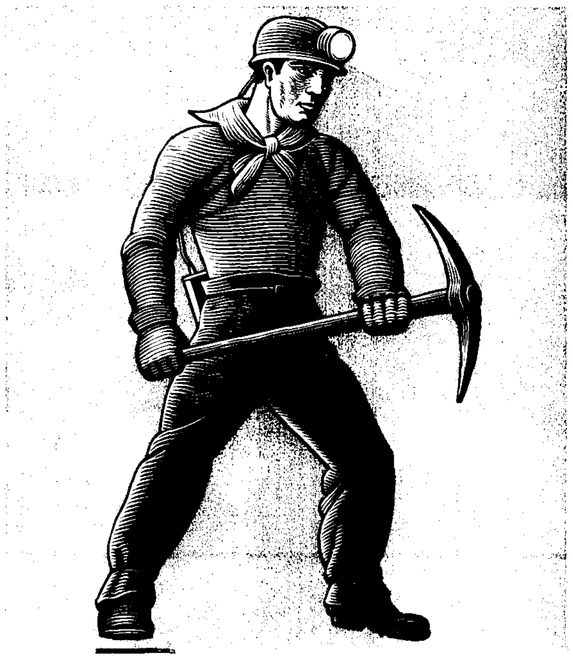

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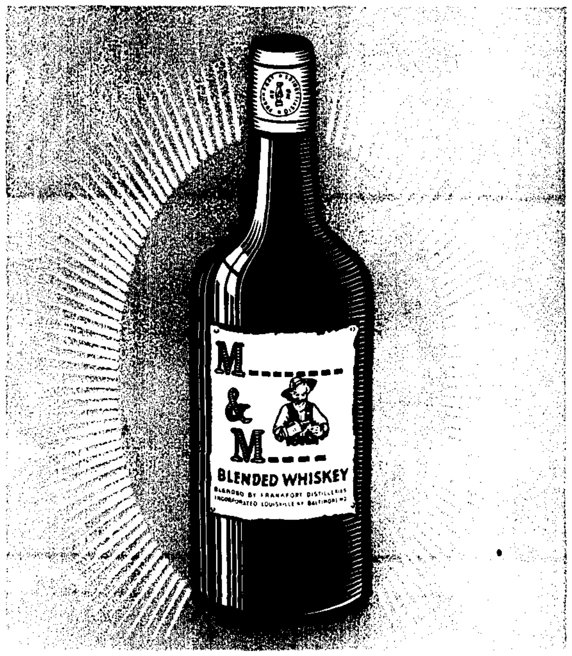


6. *This is M_________ & M____*

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

DON'T LOOK NOW and we'll tip you off to the answer to number 6. And if you got it right, you're a man of wisdom and sound judgment, regardless of the rest of your score. It's *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

Now here's how to score:

All six right, you're a superman; five, amazing; four, superior; three, above average; two, average; one, you could do better, unless, of course, it was *M & M* you picked right. Here they are...

ANSWERS: 1, *Measure;* 2, *Megaphone;* 3, *Mattock;* 4, *Melon;* 5, *Miner;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore, probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—60% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Blended Whiskey—72½% grain neutral spirits, 86 Proof (also 80 Proof). Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Diary of a Dead Jap

Continued from page 15

it was an extraordinarily fast train. He chronicled the next four days which he spent sightseeing in Bangkok. January 1st was marred for the Jap officer, however, by a tiff with a Thai naval officer.

"Today we welcomed the New Year of 2602," he wrote. "At noon we faced the east, paid our humble respects toward His Imperial Majesty and the emperor's palace in Tokyo. In the afternoon, I took the soldiers to see the inner temple at the Siamese emperor's palace. In the park we were joined by a Thai naval officer and we conversed in English about the connection of Thailand to the Japanese empire. I argued that ultimately and for her well-being Siam must be absorbed into our great empire. Perhaps this is not wise. We parted angrily."

His unit entrained at 11 P. M. on January 2d, but the train did not leave Bangkok until five the next morning, and again an "extraordinarily fast" wood-burning train bore them farther north to Bhisanulok.

On January 5th, he wrote lazily, "At least we are on our way to the front line, now under command of Colonel Kobarazawa. Today we covered 26 kilos and are sleeping tonight in a Buddhist temple." On January 10th, they had reached Raheng airdrome, and he wrote, "For three days enemy airplanes came over. I wondered whether we would ever reach the front. We stayed a night in a native village in the midst of coconut trees. Fearing an attack by the enemy planes, we dug slit trenches but immediately we had finished, we received orders to move. We left Raheng and crossed the Ping River by a wooden bridge a thousand meters long, built by us for the Thai army. They are of some use after all! We marched the whole night long."

Camping by day and marching all night, using elephants to carry the guns and heavier equipment, he continued on and on toward the front, and on January 16th, he recorded jubilantly, "Today we reached Meento and rested for the first time. We slept till even after dawn, and the soldiers recovered from their fatigue."

The diary continued:

January 17th—"Today, as the inspecting officer and I had a look around the Mesoht airdrome, three of our planes were defeated. The enemy planes were American with American pilots and their skill was admirable."

January 18th and 19th—"I spent these two days writing postcards to everybody and wondering how long it would be before they reached their destination. It is hot here, terribly hot."

January 20th—"The day for the attack has come! The advance began at 4 A. M. After a whole day's fighting, we camped the night near a small village called Panchung."

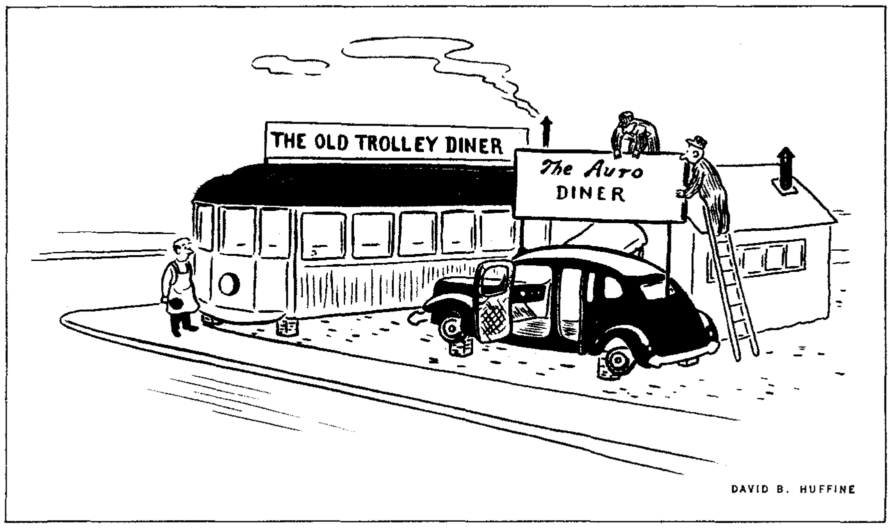
January 21st—"We started the march early in the morning and although we put in an attack at Thinganninang, there was no enemy there."

January 22d—"We moved on at 5 A. M., the roads being both dangerous and difficult. The horses, heavily loaded, were very tired. Many horses died, their loads such as mountain guns having been left in the road. I myself fell down and hurt my chest."

January 23d—"All night we traveled along a narrow mountain road, making camp at dawn. Later we marched on to Myobaung, where a detachment of the Burma army was defeated by our cavalry. We found the body of a British lieutenant and strung it from a tree for all to see. Many jokes were made. We were all dog-tired."

January 26th—"Our rest at Kawkareik was disturbed by five enemy bombers and three fighters who came over at 7 A. M. and dropped about ten bombs. This is the first time in this war that we have been bombed by the enemy."

January 28th—"We reached Thamindut where the villagers gave us a welcome, picked coconuts and gave them to us to drink. Everywhere the Burmese have been friendly, and seldom has it been necessary to give them the paper money which had been printed to pay them. The money was printed in English, which satisfied the natives that it is good. This is very amusing."



January 29th—"We marched the night long again and reached Myaikmaraw on the other side of the Zami River and we have since been on a splendid asphalt road. It took us seven hours to cross the river, and then only the horses of the first line battery had finished crossing. We immediately mounted and made for Moulmein, resting in a rubber plantation on the outskirts of the city. A hail of shells and bullets was dropping in the vicinity, and the noise of small arms and artillery shook heaven and earth."

January 31st—"4 A. M. With the battalion headquarters and regimental headquarters of 112th Infantry regiment. We struck the north edge of the airdrome and seized the landing ground. We waited for daylight, and at the first light the enemy machine guns swept us with fire above our heads and made a terrific din. The battery commander received a burst of bullets in the stomach and was in critical condition. For this, an American prisoner of war was killed. First, Hosogawa bayoneted him in the behind, which gave the men much amusement. Then he stuck him in the belly. He did not die at once but of course it is not permitted to waste bullets when killing prisoners of war. Straightaway, we carried on the advance to Moulmein. Our shells struck a wooden jetty on the other side of the Salween, and we opened fire on the fleeing enemy. I fired ten most useful rounds of loot ammunition. Food provisions came in very handy, and the night battery officers' staff dined from them. We killed three more prisoners of war."

February 3d—"One platoon gave a dinner."

February 4th—"The exhaustion of last night played upon my body and I got intestinal gastritis and was laid up all day long without eating a thing. The battery, dining and wining, kicked up a noise all night long."

February 7th—"We have spent two days cleaning up the battlefield which is thick with dead."

February 11th—"We got up early. The whole battery prayed toward the east in deep respect, today being the anniversary of the accession of the first Emperor Jimmu."

February 12th—"We held a ceremony for those killed in the attack on Moulmein."

February 13th—"Today I was orderly officer and during my round of Moulmein City, I arrested several Burmese and Indians who were looting. They pleaded they were hungry. I had them shot and would have left them where they fell as a warning, but in this Torrid Zone, strict attention must be paid to sanitation and hygiene."

February 14th—"I was inquiring into meritorious achievements but enemy bombardment caused all to take shelter."

February 15th—"I went to Tteyegon to marshal local resources. I bought pork, vegetables, etc., for one yen. We have been instructed to pay, but the natives are afraid to accept the money. The fall of Singapore was announced under the seal of our Supreme Commander, Yamashita."

February 16th—"From morning, enemy planes came over Moulmein seven times, and from six to eight planes at a time heavily bombed the town. Afterward, a large number of casualties were taken from general headquarters. Machine guns and high-velocity automatic guns (captured Bofors) kept up continuous fire but we did not hit anything. Everyone crouched in fear. The enemy put the composite unit into confusion by these many raids and then flew off into the stratosphere."

February 17th—"Because of yesterday's bombing, many of our planes came today to Moulmein airdrome. This, of course, was too late, for today only one enemy plane came over."

February 18th—"One does not know the meaning of the word heat until one has been to India or Burma."

February 19th—"Whenever there are no Japanese planes about, enemy planes arrive without fail. Today the Americans made three bombing attacks against the Japanese armies."

February 21st—"Being pinned down for three days now, continuously on the defensive, we've all become very depressed."

February 23d—"What with the heat and lack of transport, both men and animals began to despair and there is much sadness, but suddenly all is changed. We have received orders that the division is to attack from Martaban in the direction of Rangoon. We left billets at 6 P. M., crossed the Salween in steel folding boats, and after marching all night long, reached Paung, fifteen miles, and Martaban at dawn. The daytime was too hot to march."

February 24th—"Left Banbegon at 8:30 P. M. Reached Yinnyein, ten miles from Thaton by morning. On the road were many houses which had been destroyed and many people who had been killed by explosions. The heat increased and many were ill because of it."

February 25th—"Passed through Thaton during the night. All the big buildings and houses had been demolished. We began to advance to Rangoon."

February 26th—"Slept in a Buddhist Temple in Theinzeik and, starting at 10 P. M., again did a night march, reaching Bilin River at 4 A. M. We could see by moonlight that the bridge had been destroyed by the enemy."

February 27th—"Still marching by night and resting by day, we passed through Kyaikto and Boyagyi."

March 2d—"We sent a large number of English and Burmese native army prisoners back to Moulmein in motorcars before crossing the river. Enemy planes often came and bombed us, and misgivings were widespread. We wondered where were our airmen."

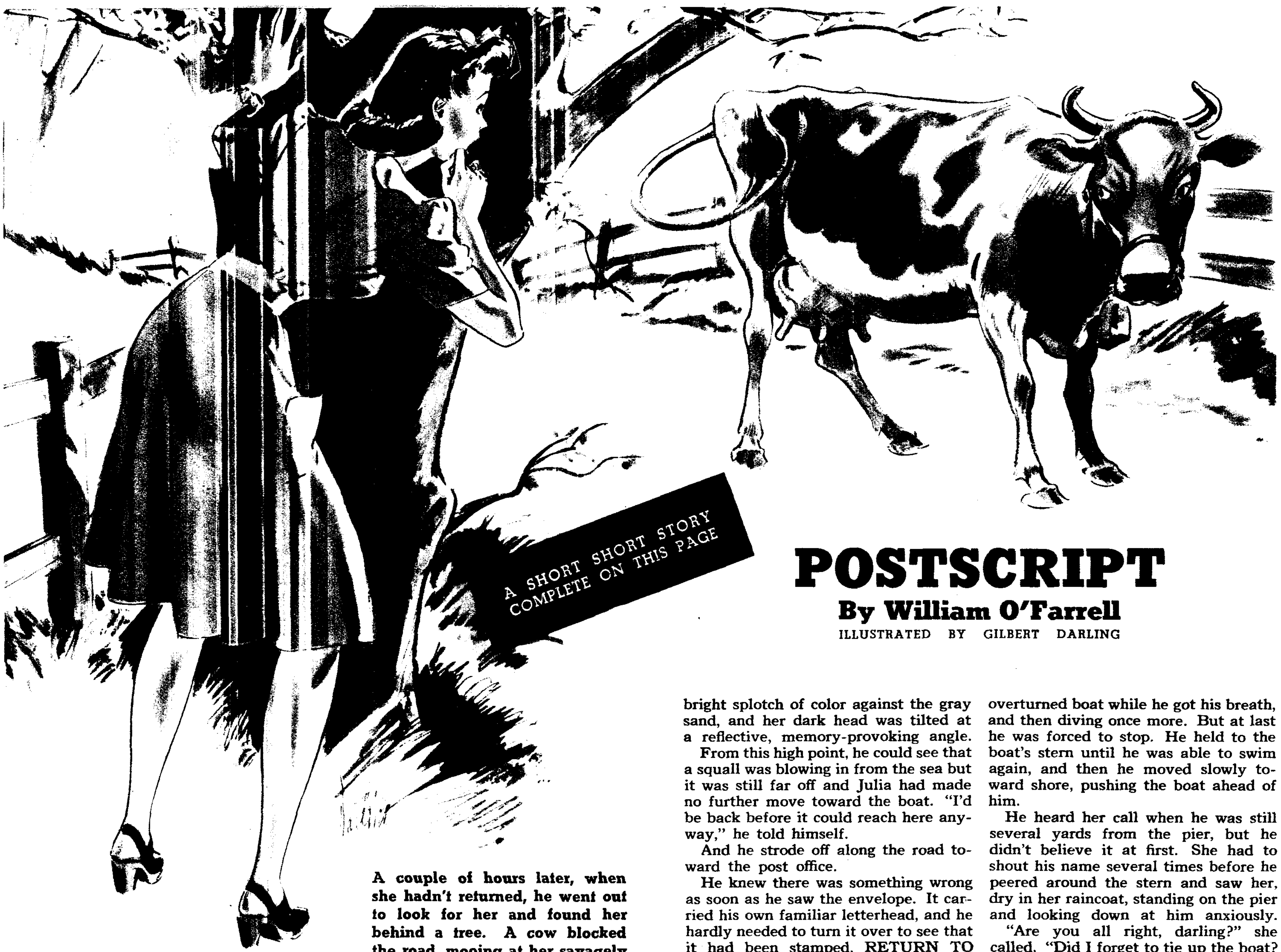
March 3d—"In Japan, early peach blossoms are on the trees but here there is only the terrific heat of Burma. This country is hateful and fit only for its filthy pig-dogs. The natives are unintelligent. At 5 A. M. we began the morning meal but we were unable to carry on because of a bombing attack. We wished that they might be shot down but none of our planes came into the skies."

March 4th—"We arrived in Waw where our troops were having trouble. There were dead bodies of Japanese and British here. We rested until 4 A. M., entered the village of Egayit and immediately attacked Payagyi. Over came a shower of enemy artillery fire. I, myself, was with No. 1 gun of No. 2 section. I fired five rounds at the enemy tanks. Eight of them escaped. They had killed many Japanese soldiers and are terrible in battle."

March 5th—"Midnight. We crossed the river north of Pegu. Natives here gave us a good welcome and things to eat. We passed through some hills. spent the day on high ground north of Pegu. Tonight we encircled the English, who cannot escape. Many meritorious achievements are expected, for it is well known that the English spend the whole night long drinking and dancing and they will be very much surprised. We are impatient to begin the slaughter. Undoubtedly it will be the day of great glory."

That was the last entry in the diary. The day of glory that had been anticipated was the day of death for its author. The English obviously had not been carousing all night long. They shot too straight and true for that. Their tanks lumbered from morning mists, spitting death as they came. It was the English soldiers seeking out the Japs with bayonet and tommy gun who performed those "meritorious achievements." It was they, intact as a fighting force, smashing the way out, from a trap from which his commanders told him they could never escape, who won the day of glory. You wonder before the Jap officer died whether he had time to think any "dangerous" thoughts.

THE END



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

POSTSCRIPT

By William O'Farrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A couple of hours later, when she hadn't returned, he went out to look for her and found her behind a tree. A cow blocked the road, mooing at her savagely

THE first few times Julia burned her hand Tom was sympathetic. But when she kept on doing it at regular intervals, he became a little exasperated.

"You wanted a rustic cottage by the sea," he reminded her, "and we gave up a very comfortable house in town so you could have it. Now you've let yourself be stumped by a simple matter like a wood stove. You've been writing novels about helpless, pampered females for so long, Julia, that you're beginning to act like one of your own heroines."

Julia's reply was characteristically sweet. "There is one great difference," she said. "My heroines invariably marry gentlemen—not hack writers."

That is the way it began. It ended several days later with their collaboration on a letter to Bill Andrews. He was their friend—and their lawyer.

"Dear Bill," the letter read. "Does the invitation to use your guest room still stand? Julia and I have decided to call it quits, temporarily anyway, and she prefers to stay on here. So I'll need a place to live until I can get rid of the people who rented our house. Rush your answer, will you? You'll have this on Monday and I'll be looking for an answer in Friday's mail."

Julia typed the address on the envelope and insisted on taking it to the post office herself. "I'm not as helpless as all that," she said. "I'm as able to walk three miles as you are." Tom let her go, but a couple of hours later, when she hadn't returned, he went out to look for her and found her standing behind a tree. A cow blocked the road, mooing at her savagely.

He shooed the man-eater away and walked silently beside her the rest of the way home.

A week followed then, in which they did little but await Bill's answer. During this period Julia managed to twist her ankle, jab a fishhook into her fingers twice and get severely sunburned by falling asleep on the raft. On these occasions, Tom was studiously polite. But the more courteous he became, the more she bungled things. The second time she tangled with the fishhook he could have sworn to a speculative glitter in her eyes the instant before she jabbed it into her thumb.

The night before Bill's letter was due, Tom got his bags packed. Morning mail was distributed at the post office around nine so, at eight-fifteen, he left the house. But he stopped by the little pier to wait for Julia. "Aren't you coming with me?" he called.

She left the porch and walked toward him, carrying the oarlocks. "Not this morning," she said. "I'm going out in the boat."

"I'd rather you didn't do that by yourself, Julia." He looked at the overcast sky.

Julia shrugged and turned away. "I'll have to start doing things by myself sooner or later," she said. "Goodby, Tom."

He started the stiff climb up the palisades which surrounded their private cove. When he reached the top he paused to get his breath and glance back. Julia was still standing where he had left her.

She looked very lovely down there on the beach. Her yellow dirndl was a bright splotch of color against the gray sand, and her dark head was tilted at a reflective, memory-provoking angle.

From this high point, he could see that a squall was blowing in from the sea but it was still far off and Julia had made no further move toward the boat. "I'd be back before it could reach here anyway," he told himself.

And he strode off along the road toward the post office.

He knew there was something wrong as soon as he saw the envelope. It carried his own familiar letterhead, and he hardly needed to turn it over to see that it had been stamped, RETURN TO SENDER.

Julia had done it again. Ever so neatly, she had typed the wrong address!

It took a second or two before he calmed down enough to buy a fresh envelope. Then he went over to the writing shelf, ripped open the old letter and started to cram the contents into a new one. But something stopped him. Slowly he unfolded and started to reread the sheet of paper.

There was a postscript under his signature which had not been there before. In Julia's angular handwriting, it read, "I guess this looks like the end, Bill. Take care of Tom for me. Goodby." There was an untidy blot of ink over the last word, and the whole note looked as though it had been written hastily—or under stress of great emotion.

He stared at the erratic pen scratches, and suddenly the bottom seemed to drop out of things. He started in a rush for the door and, at that moment the squall which had been threatening all morning struck at last.

TOM'S chest ached with every labored breath, and his legs trembled with weakness, but he didn't stop running until he reached the path that zigzagged down from the palisades. He wiped the rain from his eyes then and forced himself to look.

There was the cottage and, beyond it, the little pier—empty. But fifty yards out in the choppy water was a white, rounded spot that could be nothing but the upturned keel of a boat. Somehow or other he scrambled down the palisades, raced across the beach and plunged headfirst into the bay.

As long as there was any chance at all he kept it up—diving, clinging to the overturned boat while he got his breath, and then diving once more. But at last he was forced to stop. He held to the boat's stern until he was able to swim again, and then he moved slowly toward shore, pushing the boat ahead of him.

He heard her call when he was still several yards from the pier, but he didn't believe it at first. She had to shout his name several times before he peered around the stern and saw her, dry in her raincoat, standing on the pier and looking down at him anxiously.

"Are you all right, darling?" she called. "Did I forget to tie up the boat? Please don't be angry with me!"

She had to help him through the shallow water, and when he climbed up on the beach, his knees gave way and he sat down on the sand abruptly. Julia sat beside him and they waited there together for his strength to come back. As soon as he was able to lift his arms, he put them around her and pulled her head down on his shoulder.

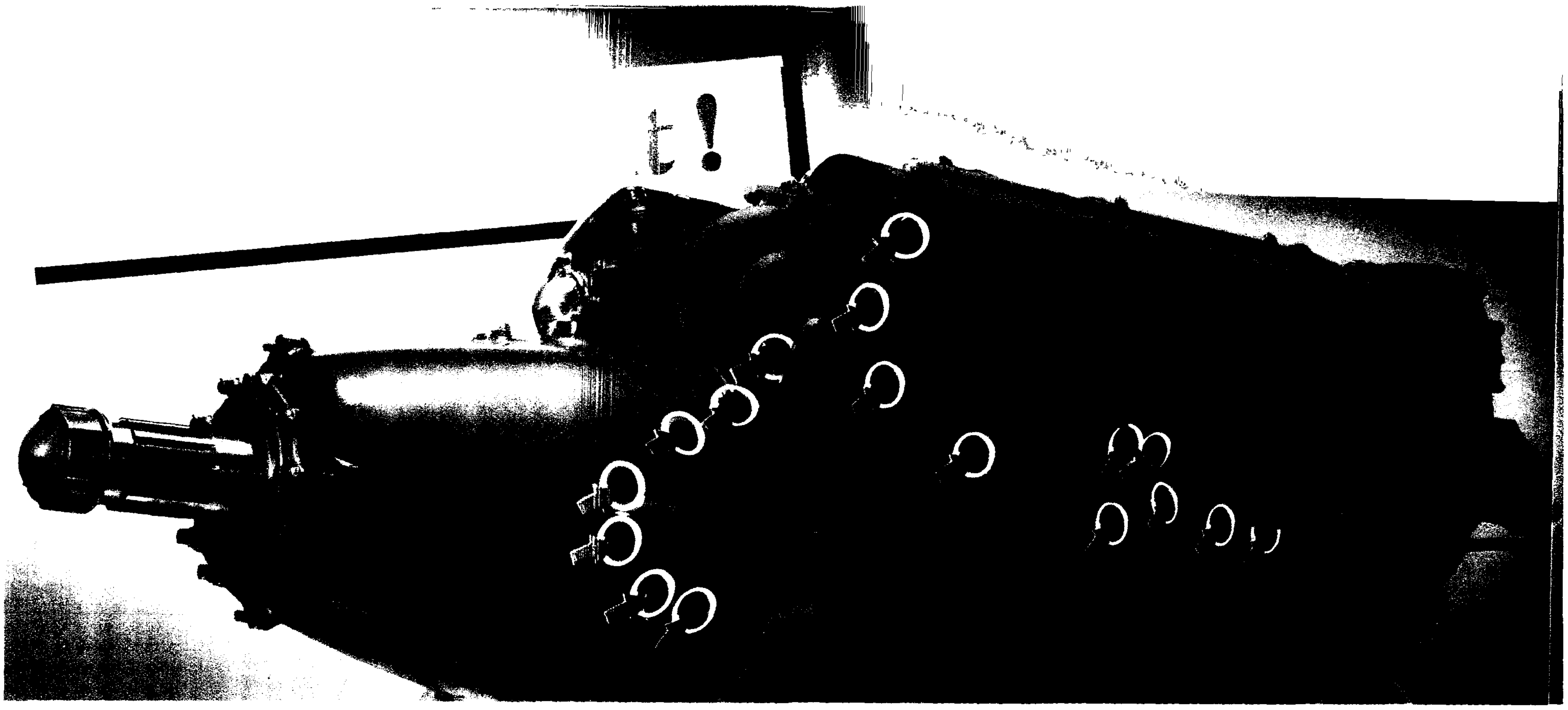
They talked for quite a while that way, but Tom summed up the whole conversation when he said, "You're an awful dope, Julia, but I've got used to you now. And it wouldn't be fair for me to turn you loose on an unsuspecting world."

Julia smiled a little mistily. "But won't Bill be expecting you?" she asked. "Did you get an answer to your letter?"

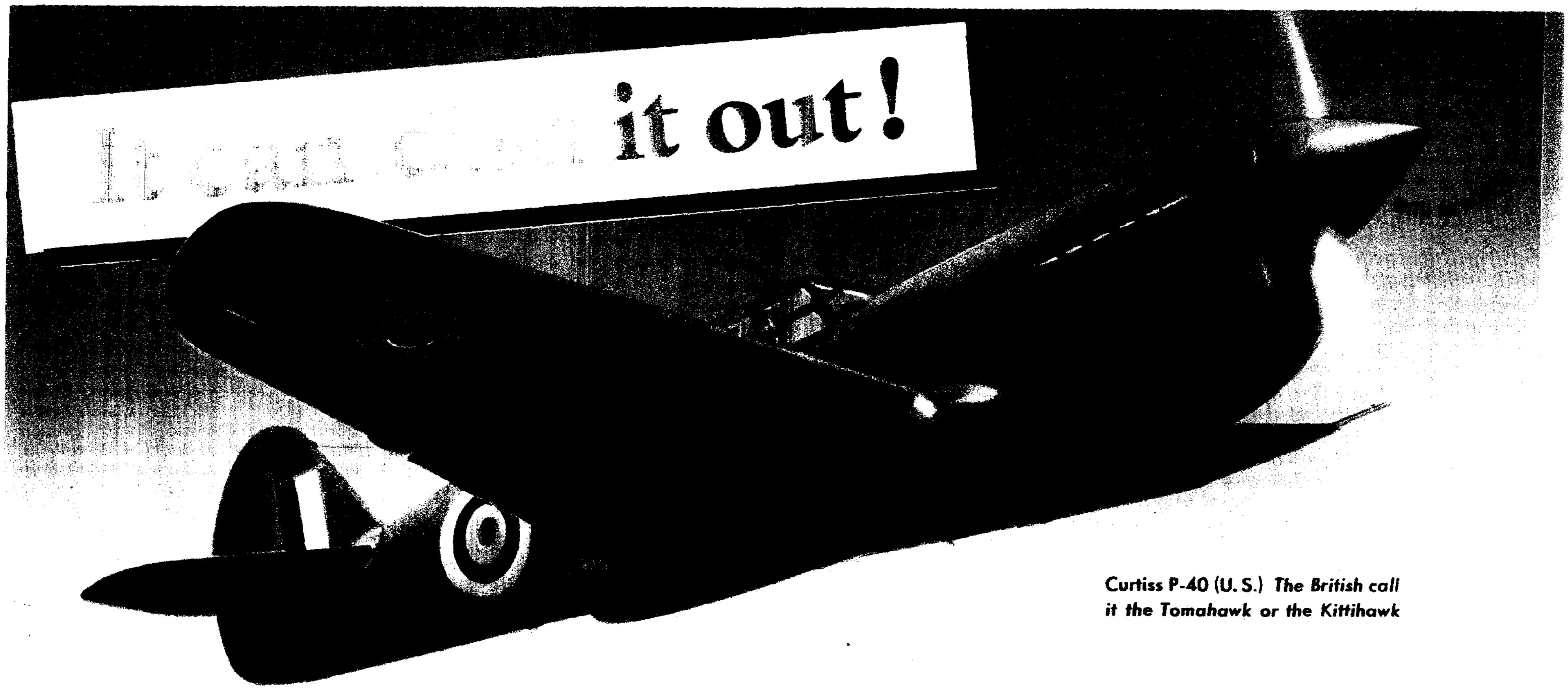
"Well, yes," he said, "and no. Let's leave it at that. What do you say we drop the entire subject?"

They were walking back to the cottage by that time, and Julia was so enthusiastic in her agreement that she tripped over a root, twisting her ankle all over again. And, of course, Tom cheerfully cooked the meals all the time she was laid up.

There was one bad moment later that fall, however, when Julia's new novel was published. The heroine solved a difficult marital problem by purposely sending a letter to the wrong address, thus making sure that her husband would read it. Tom was pretty suspicious for a while but they were back in town then and Julia took the car out and telescoped one of the fenders against a police car. When Tom went to bail her out, she looked so pitifully helpless that he dismissed his suspicions as absurd.



Here is positive evidence of the Allison engine's ability to survive an Axis dogfight — to take a hail of lead and keep flying. Punctured in seventeen places, this engine carried its plane and pilot back to safety at an R. A. F. air base in Libya. This engine, later returned to this country and now in the "Arms For Victory" Exhibit of General Motors in Detroit, gives dramatic proof that when the Nazis shoot up an Allison they can't count on shooting it down.



Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) ***The British call it the Tomahawk or the Kittihawk***

Qualitative superiority counts! From Africa, the Middle East, the South Pacific, Russia, the communiques report that nothing in the Axis air armada can match the sharp-nosed fleetness of this liquid-cooled engine. It's a matter of record that predates Pearl Harbor, how Allison-powered planes can dish it out.

North American Mustang
U. S. and British designation

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bride brings grief to Miss Heddy

MISS HEDDY NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but her shop is sending her to adjust a bridal gown for a noon wedding.

"I'll wait," she tells her sister. "Can't be interrupted this morning."

MISS HEDDY'S FINGERS ARE ALL THUMBS, the bride is a bundle of nerves, and the bride's mother has hysterics.

"Deliver me from weddings," distracted Miss Heddy thinks.

"I love weddings," says Miss Collette

MISS COLLETTE NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She, too, must fit a wedding gown for a noon bride.

But "Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says she, taking gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour.

MISS COLLETTE is a guest at the church wedding.

Feeling more like herself—thanks to Sal Hepatica's speedy help—she beams as everyone says the bride looks lovely.

"I love weddings," says Miss Collette.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

No need to put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning . . . not if you know about gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

Millions depend upon this refreshing saline, because it acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract, with neither discomfort nor griping.

Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too; helps counteract excess gastric acidity.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative!

TUNE IN *"Those We Love"*, **by Agnes Ridgway, starring Nan Grey and Donald Woods—Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EWT.**

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

give his ship the gun, recovering some of his dwindling speed. He either soars and circles his field again or, if there's enough field ahead of him, sets her down later and taxies back to the spot he missed.

EVERY combat-airplane manufacturer employs a staff of field-service representatives. They are mechanics, but through training and experience, plus qualifications approaching those of engineers and executives, they are given the heavy responsibility of going to far-off places to carry the flag for their company, to use their best judgment and to operate without the security of calling up the boss every day and asking him what to do.

The service representatives know the airplane from nose to tail. American planes can go through weeks and months of tests over here and be pronounced perfect, but not until actual war conditions are encountered will their true net worth stand revealed. Hence these service representatives, equipped as they are with detailed knowledge of the plane, often make changes on the spot and shoot the word back home for these to be incorporated in the new models coming off the assembly line.

So when reports of good performance of American combat planes come from abroad, and you're itemizing the credits, don't forget to give a prominent place to the field-service representatives.

WE'VE just been talking to an Army air base commander who is feeling much better. Until recently, tires and brakes were being consumed by his ships at a rate far in excess of other airdromes and he was hearing about it from above. His airdrome is lucky in having a mile-long runway in the prevailing wind. The young pilots had a habit of putting their wheels down at the end of the runway, jamming on their brakes and, halfway down the runway, turning off and taxiing into the parking line. In the process, their brakes screeched and their tires smoked. The wear and tear on both was consequently prodigious. The colonel decided that the kids were making these short landings because they were plain lazy. Therefore he ruled that brakes must not be applied, but that the entire length of the runway should be used except in an emergency. The kids griped a bit but the Old Man was right. He has cut exactly in half his airdrome's replacements of tires and brakes.

Out on a practice flight in his performance fighter plane, a young officer found himself over the famous Mt. Wilson Observatory. In his college days he had frequently hiked up the long trail and from the mountaintop had looked down the jagged canyon to the city of Pasadena. Often he had dreamed of floating down in a sailplane. As he recalled those days, a thought was born and just as suddenly he rolled over, went into a dive and roared down the canyon. At the bottom he pulled up into a chandelle, yelled "Whee!" and flew on his way, feeling fine.

A fortnight later he was back at Mt. Wilson, this time on the ground. As he stood on the brink of the canyon he turned white when he saw, for the first time, the heavy cables of a high-tension power line slung across from great steel towers on each ridge!

He can't remember whether he flew under them or over them. Would you?

F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

spinsterhood and lives of loneliness and unhappiness because (1) the census shows several thousand fewer men than women of marriageable age between twenty-one and thirty-five years and (2) many thousand marriageable American men may be killed in the war and (3) while American-Australian marriages may bring the two continents closer together that is not as important as the happiness of American girls." We might not have mentioned this had we not had a letter from the brother of one of our soldiers in Australia. He wishes us to notify our W. B. Courtney in Australia to look up a family named (deleted) whose daughter, our correspondent hears, has recently been married to his warrior brother. "Please tell Mr. Courtney to tell this family that if my brother was only half as unreliable as a married man as he was single, their daughter is now the wife of a guy who's about as dependable as an arrested-development cuckoo. So okay. Let them sue the government."

IT IS only because this list comes from an officer who is censoring the outgoing mail of what he calls "an unnamed American institution which is growing by leaps and bounds" that we give a bit of space to the somewhat unusual names of many of our fellow citizens. The censoring l-e-t-n-nt has jotted down the names of a variety of persons to whom the lads are writing. We shall let you in on a few: Miss Rushie Quick, Miss Learie Longo, Miss Iwana Nation, Miss Tittle Underdunk, Miss Alto Rumph, Miss Dishie Dusmuke, Mrs. Goldie Queen, Mr. Polite Smith, Mr. Fortify Trimmins and Mr. Oncommon Mann. No, you're wrong. All but one of these letters was from and to a white.

WE'VE had some complaints about the lack of humor produced by this war. Even grim humor seems to be absent. And Congress, always the last stand of the relentless laugh hunters, is unproductive. Of course we've had a great many letters about the tribulations of Congress-pensions, X cards and five-cent restaurant tips but they leave us deep in our current dismals. Perhaps we shall have to take Mr. Ronald W. Rhodes' tip and go back to old American sources—Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward and Bill Nye. From Omaha, Nebraska, Mr. Rhodes informs us that he's an authority on Nasby, Ward and Nye and on Joe Miller, too, although that patron saint of radio comedians was English, not American. Anyway Mr. Rhodes urges us to lose no time because the ghosts of the American trio still walk. He offers as proof the written answer to the question Why Should We Study First Aid? turned in at his wife's Red Cross class. The writer is a Czech: "The first ait is wery gut ding what hep peepl in anny kint excident the main ponts is bleading wunds bresher punts and sumtime onkunchus yet so okay then." . . . W. D.

Skirmish at Dry Fork

Continued from page 22

before him. "Fresh from a farm in Ohio and burnin' for adventures. He's still got the plow walk on him. Once I was like that, but it would have been better had I stayed with the farm."

"A woman?" said Jem Chatto.

"It was," grimly agreed O'Boyle.

Young Bob McIntyre moved with his companions along the road to Dry Fork. He blushed a little at the talk of the men around him, which was the hungriest kind of talk, and he remembered what everybody had said of this town's danger and wickedness and sharp needles weaved excitement all through him. Not that he was afraid; a little fun and maybe one drink and the sight of something new would be all right.

THE town was one long street beside the river, backed by dark alleys. They came upon the street and went forward until somebody called out with a voice as smooth as butter, "One minute, soldiers." The group stopped, O'Boyle and Jem Chatto immediately advancing to the front. A man stood beside a water barrel, underneath the overhanging gallery of a building; he was half in the shadows, lean like a cat and with a set of great tawny mustaches and a long face with big cheekbones and eyes that had a soft yellow glow in them. A star hung loosely on his shirt.

"Boys," he said, "you got any guns?"

"No guns," said O'Boyle.

"That's fine," said the night marshal. "I'm rememberin' last time. Have your fun and let it go like that." He moved on at a soft, prowling step.

O'Boyle said, "We'll try The Bucket first," and moved on to the next building and to the next door. Out of The Bucket came the warm and lively racket of men talking, of women's high voices, of the plunk of a piano and a guitar. The smell of whisky and tobacco and dust and heat all rode together and the smell was good but the thought of the women in The Bucket embarrassed Bob McIntyre and he blushed and would as soon have gone on to a straight saloon. *There was no chance of that.* O'Boyle and Chatto were to either side of him, grinning. O'Boyle said, "Now, my lad, we'll show you the tiger." D Troop moved solidly into The Bucket.

It was as big a room as he had ever seen; half of it was a dance floor—on which couples swung like dervishes to fast music—and the other half was the saloon proper, with a bar maybe eighty feet long, a string of pool tables and poker tables and other gambling rigs, all in full go. He counted six barkeeps standing against the flash and glitter of the back bar and smoke hung through the place like a prairie fog and the racket was something tremendous. D Troop made a solid rank at the bar, shoulder to shoulder, crowding the other customers somewhat and producing the first spark of untimely feeling. Bob McIntyre was still between O'Boyle and Chatto, and the sergeant was greatly amused, but young McIntyre saw an expression reach the sergeant's face—thirsty and struggling—as the bottle came before him. "We will all have one," said the sergeant in a hurried voice, "and then we will be about our sight-seein'. Nothin' like this in Ohio, hey, Bob?"

There was *not*, young Bob agreed, and shuddered from shoulder to instep as the liquor went its scalding route down his throat.

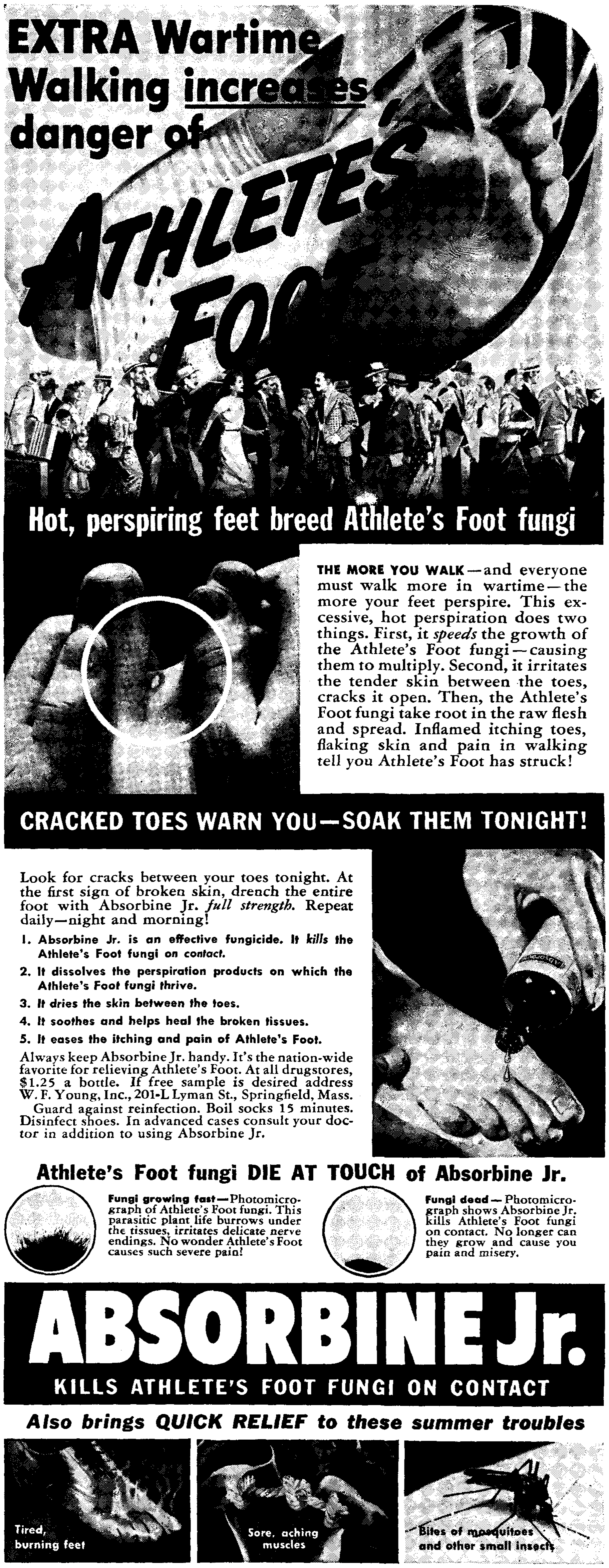
The music stopped and the girls promenaded their partners to the bar. D Troop had somewhat scattered, so that one girl brought her man to the space beside Bob McIntyre and suddenly close upon him and around about him was a fragrance like nothing else. She wore a black dress with a gold crust along its low front and her skin was an ivory shade and her body round and full and strong. He looked up to very black hair puffed out on her forehead, into a pair of eyes that casually came to him and then looked at him with interest; he saw light dancing in them, and she smiled and her teeth were white against the redness of her lips.

She had ginger beer while her partner drank a whisky. The music began again, the announcer bawling, "Choose your partners!" She turned away, fragrance moving with her. A cowpuncher came across the floor toward her, his spurs jingling and scraping and at the same moment O'Boyle murmured, "Now, lad, could you be spendin' four bits a better way than with Ed Taggart's girl?"

Maybe it was the lift in the sergeant's voice and maybe it was the fragrance that turned a key in him; but he did

"Just be careful how yuh land, that's all"

JAY IRVING


EXTRA Wartime Walking increases danger of ATHLETE'S FOOT

Hot, perspiring feet breed Athlete's Foot fungi

THE MORE YOU WALK—and everyone must walk more in wartime—the more your feet perspire. This excessive, hot perspiration does two things. First, it *speeds* the growth of the Athlete's Foot fungi—causing them to multiply. Second, it irritates the tender skin between the toes, cracks it open. Then, the Athlete's Foot fungi take root in the raw flesh and spread. Inflamed itching toes, flaking skin and pain in walking tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!

CRACKED TOES WARN YOU—SOAK THEM TONIGHT!

Look for cracks between your toes tonight. At the first sign of broken skin, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.* Repeat daily—night and morning!

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi *thrive.***
3. ***It dries the skin between the toes.***
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. It's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. If free sample is desired address W. F. Young, Inc., 201-L Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast—Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!

Fungi dead—Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow and cause you pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles

Tired, burning feet

Sore, aching muscles

Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects

this on the turn of the moment, moving to her and reaching her at the same moment the cowpuncher arrived. "If you're dancin'," he said, "I'd be obliged for this one."

The puncher said, "Ride on, dragoon. I threw my rope first."

"Maybe," said young Bob McIntyre, "you missed your throw." The girl was standing close to him and that made him feel strong. He heard the puncher say, "I won't miss this one," and he saw the flash and explosion of the puncher's temper. He put up his palm just as the puncher struck; he pushed the blow aside and he delivered a young mule kick straight upon the puncher's face and saw him fall back and down.

He felt wonderful. He took the girl's arm, and he was smiling, and he led her toward the dance floor. She wasn't smiling. She said in a hurried whisper, "Watch out—he has friends," and behind him was Sergeant O'Boyle's calm growl: "That was the lad's private fight and don't nobody pile on him unless they expect fun."

The cowpuncher rolled on the floor and he gave a whoop as he rose; it was a war cry that lifted through the house and made its impelling demand upon all men from Texas, and at once Texans rose from the poker tables and piled off the dance floor and rushed from the outside. D Troop, under the command of Sergeant O'Boyle, dressed ranks and received the attack frontally.

Bob McIntyre bore down upon his first antagonist who had risen from the floor; the puncher had a blind way of fighting that did him no good. Young Bob sidestepped two wild charges and moved into action before the third one started. He took a pair of light blows on the chest, cracked the puncher in the side of the neck in about the same manner he would have jolted a horse out of its desire to buck and watched the puncher settle like a tired man.

HE THOUGHT this was all and was mistaken, for somebody reached him with a stunning whack on the back of his head, throwing him a yard forward. He stumbled around, saw his man and felt unjustly used. "That wasn't right," he said, and anger made him righteous and he went at the second rider without bothering to duck or sidestep. He simply whaled into the fellow, his chunky fists shaking the other one substantially, driving him toward the saloon wall.

It looked as if half of Texas had immigrated to The Bucket. D Troop was a thin blue line against which the Texas tide broke; a rebel yell went harrying through the place and the fight split into pairs of men circling and parrying and ramming home quick punches, and circling again. Chatto went down under a sudden drive by two Texas men, but as he fell he swept one man with him, rolled and kicked him in the head with both heavy shoes, rolled again and went roaring at the second puncher and drove him against the bar. A file of A Troop came quickly into the saloon and deployed to study the scene. O'Boyle's voice halted them where they were: "Keep out of this! We're doin' all right!"

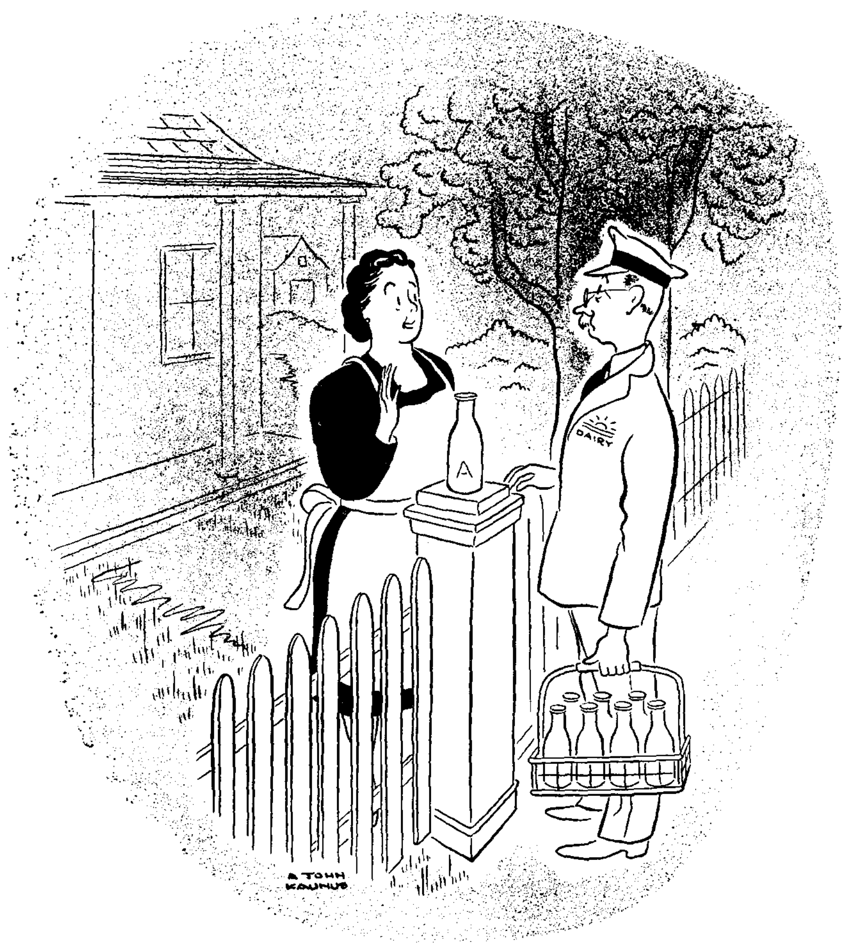
Young Bob's new antagonist was a stout one and got at young Bob's face. Young Bob's anger became a white heat in him. He marched ahead, driving the other one backward; he hammered him full on the jaw, left hand and right, and watched him sink away.

There wasn't as much noise in the place. Turning, he saw that everything had quit. The punchers had simply sworn off, having had enough, and D Troop stood by, somewhat worse for the wear but still in command of the field. O'Boyle said, "Right dress on the bar, boys, and we'll take the sting out of this."

The music came on, reminding young Bob of something he had started. He walked over to the girl, smiling again. "I guess I got initiated."

She was entirely serious: "You're new, aren't you? Never did this before?"

The way she said it—as from an experience and a maturity he could not reach—caused him to blush and feel his youth. She was as young as he was, but she made him feel younger. "Dancin'," he said, "ain't so much my line. I'd like to sit and talk." He saw a door standing open at the back end of the saloon, and beyond it a private poker room. The elation of the fight continued in him, the feeling of confidence still stretched his chest. He smiled and he took her arm, leading her toward the room. As they passed into it she gave him a darkly troubled glance and lifted her eyes across the room to a poker table and to one man there—to a long and pale and inexpressive gambler who now watched this.



"I imagine the cows must find it hard to get accustomed to giving milk every other day" A. JOHN KAUNUS

O'Boyle and Chatto both witnessed the closing of that door upon the girl and young Bob. Chatto said, "He picked Ed Taggart's girl. We better get ready for trouble."

YOUNG Bob stood in the backroom, watching her. She circled the room, she came to the table and sat down, her eyes shining in the lamp's light. She wasn't smiling; she was grave and her glance held trouble. She was a pretty woman, her skin smooth, and her shoulders trim and strong.

She said, "You are new, or you wouldn't have closed that door. Likely you'll be shot for it."

"I heard O'Boyle make mention of you and Ed Taggart. Who's he?"

"The tall gambler at the end poker table."

"I had one look at him," said young Bob. "Gamblin' ain't a healthy trade. I could snap him in two with my hands."

"You would never reach him with your hands," she said. "Don't you know his kind? How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," said young Bob. "You ain't quite that, are you?"

"Twenty-one," she said, and now she gave him a full survey. He was a heavy-legged boy, square on his feet, with a big chest and dark short hair and his face had that bright ruddiness which reminded her of a frosty winter morning. His eyes were a youthful blue and innocent, and yet he saw her as a woman and was very pleased.

"YOU married to him?" he asked.

She said, briefly, "No," and added: "Maybe we'd better go out and dance."

"I don't want to dance," he said. "I want to stand here and watch you." He was quiet about it and in his quietness was a grown man's certainty. He walked around the table until he was by her chair, and his presence made her rise and face him. The quietness left him and he was smiling and he felt reckless and bigger than anything in the world and his heart was in his eyes. He looked at her as many men had looked at her, but back of the look was something that made her want to cry and run away, because it was nicer and deeper than the way other men looked. He lifted his arms to her and brought her shoulders forward and he kissed her and for a moment she was motionless, letting him have his kiss but giving him nothing back. He stepped away, showing his disappointment.

"Why," he said, "I didn't mean it cheap. Outside of my mother and sisters, you're the first woman I have ever touched. That's the way I meant it."

"It won't be the last," she said. "Now you're another trooper, like your friends. You'll be coming here, or some place, every pay night."

He said, "I guess I didn't make you understand."

"You ought to have a nice girl," she said. "A nice girl somewhere in the East. You ought to marry."

"Maybe so," he said. "But first I'm goin' on west until I find a place I can stand and look a hundred miles any direction. There's where I stop and build my log house and start my cattle. And they'll just grow until they crowd over the edge of the distance."

"Write all this to some girl in the East," she said. "Some nice girl." She heard a scuffling beyond the door; she heard voices rising, and concern darkened her expression. She turned down the lamp and beckoned young Bob toward the room's back door. She opened it and led him to the street. They walked along it, past The Bucket's front and past the sign in the window of the stage office. He stopped her here. "If I had a wife I'd go to Rainwater station. That's west—that's gettin' closer to where I'm goin'."

She pulled him on and turned the corner, into an alley. They came to a building huddled in the dark, to an outside stairway rising to a second floor. He looked at it and he looked at her. "You live here?"

"You get back to the fort," she said. "You don't know these gamblers and townspeople. They stick together. Taggart will have them all looking for you."

"You like him well enough to stick with him?" he asked.

She went upward three steps and turned to look down. "Don't be so young," she whispered.

"What good would a nice girl do me?" he asked. "She'd never leave the East. If she did she'd cry for carpets and curtains. The dust would make her miserable and she'd always be wantin' to go back home. I like the dust, I like everything here. The kind of a woman I want is one who ain't goin' to cry where I take her, who'll like it where I am, who'll sleep where I sleep. Niceness and neatness ain't for this country."

SHE sat down on the steps, long watching him, closely listening. "You're very practical," she said.

"Maybe I am," he said. He pointed at the darkness westward. "I want to go out there. I want to see it all—and take the best of what I see. But I don't want to go alone and I want somebody like I am."

She put her cheeks in her hands, silent and studying. Her glance remained with him, dark and strange and absorbed. Suddenly she rose and stood above him on the steps. She lifted her shoulders and let them fall and her voice was small. "Go back to the fort before Taggart finds you," she said, and walked up the stairs.

He watched her pause at the landing, look at him once again, and go through the doorway.

He turned through the alley to the street, nothing settled in him, everything churning around. He had never felt like this before. It was like being hungry and seeing food but not being able to eat it. He turned toward The Bucket, deep in thought. The girl had said, "You are very practical." He studied that and he wasn't sure how she had meant it. Maybe it was approval; maybe it wasn't.

The sound in The Bucket grew louder. D Troop came out of the place, O'Boyle and Chatto holding Taggart between them, with Taggart twisting against their grip, his hat fallen away and his lank black hair dropped down across his eyes. He was breathing from the bottom of his shallow lungs and when he saw Bob McIntyre he stood still.

"You," he said, sighing out the words, "get away from here or I'll kill you!"

"Where you been?" said O'Boyle to young Bob. "We waited half an hour and opened the door. You wasn't there."

Young Bob said, "Let him go and we'll see about the killin'."

O'Boyle drew his arms away from Ed Taggart. The gambler took two steps forward. "Get out of here," he said.

"You got no gun," observed young

Wanted: Future Faradays and Curies

ALL OVER AMERICA there are high school seniors . . . boys and girls . . . who have potential scientific ability and budding creative genius of a high order. These talents are latent . . . awaiting the opportunity for further development through higher education.

To provide this opportunity, Science Clubs of America, sponsored by Science Service, conducts an *Annual Science Talent Search* . . . made financially possible by Westinghouse. This Talent Search has three major objectives:

1. **To discover and foster the education of boys and girls who possess exceptional scientific skill and ability.**
2. **To focus the attention of large numbers of gifted youth on the need for perfecting their creative and research skill . . . as future contributions to winning the war and the peace to follow.**
3. **To help make the American public aware of the role of science in war and in the post-war reconstruction.**

High school seniors, who enter the Science Talent Search competition, take special examinations in their local schools and submit essays on "How Science Can Help Win the War."

Each year, forty winning contestants are given all-expense trips to Washington, D. C., where they meet some of the country's foremost scientists, visit scientific institutions, and take part in interesting scientific programs. While at the Nation's Capital, these embryo scientists are given additional written and oral examinations.

The first year's competition was completed this July, when the 40 winners of trips to Washington were chosen from 10,000 entrants, of whom 3,200 completed science-aptitude examinations and submitted essays.

Judges then selected the two most talented youngsters . . . a boy and a girl . . . who were awarded Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarships of $2400 each. Additional Westinghouse Science Scholarships . . . each valued at $200 . . . were given to eighteen contestants.

By aiding the education of these gifted boys and girls today, we hope to help develop the scientists of tomorrow who will lead the way in the advancement of research and engineering.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Bob. "Maybe you could try your hands."

Townsmen came from The Bucket and they had drifted forward from other parts of the street, gamblers and hangers-on from the saloons and dance halls, all noisy up and down the street. O'Boyle saw that, and murmured to D Troop, "Spread a bit and pick your pigeon."

"Kid," said Taggart, "if you ever come back here again you're a dead one."

The night marshal moved softly and casually out of the alley; he stopped and saw the scene and said, "I warned you, soldiers. Pull out of town . . . and do it now."

"Your friends here," said O'Boyle coolly, "are a scummy lot."

"They pay my wages," said the marshal, almost lazy with his words.

O'Boyle was the coolest of men in time of trouble; and he knew the odds were not good. The marshal was armed and so were the townsmen, and no D trooper carried a gun. It was time to retreat. He made a motion with his arm, he grinned at the marshal. "Sure," he said. "But maybe we'll come back."

O'BOYLE gave the forward signal and moved down the street with his crowd. He took young Bob's arm and led him along, and he was still grinning as they marched out of the street's light into the darkness of the prairie. "Lad," he said, "you saw the town, did you not? You'll be seein' towns like that all the rest of your soldierin' days. There's none of 'em different for a soldier. You did well. You have got an eye for the girls and we'll have some fine fights as paydays come and go. But don't ever go back there alone. They mean what they say. Chatto, it is a lovely night and I did not get drunk."

"You never had a chance," said Chatto, "or you would've."

All along the low horizon the eyes of trail-herd fires winked a bloodshot red, and now and then, camp-bound punchers raced past, lifting a yell. Young Bob said, "A married man can always buy his way out of the Army, can't he, sergeant?"

"It is the regulation," said the sergeant. "But why should a man want to buy himself out of a good life into marriage?"

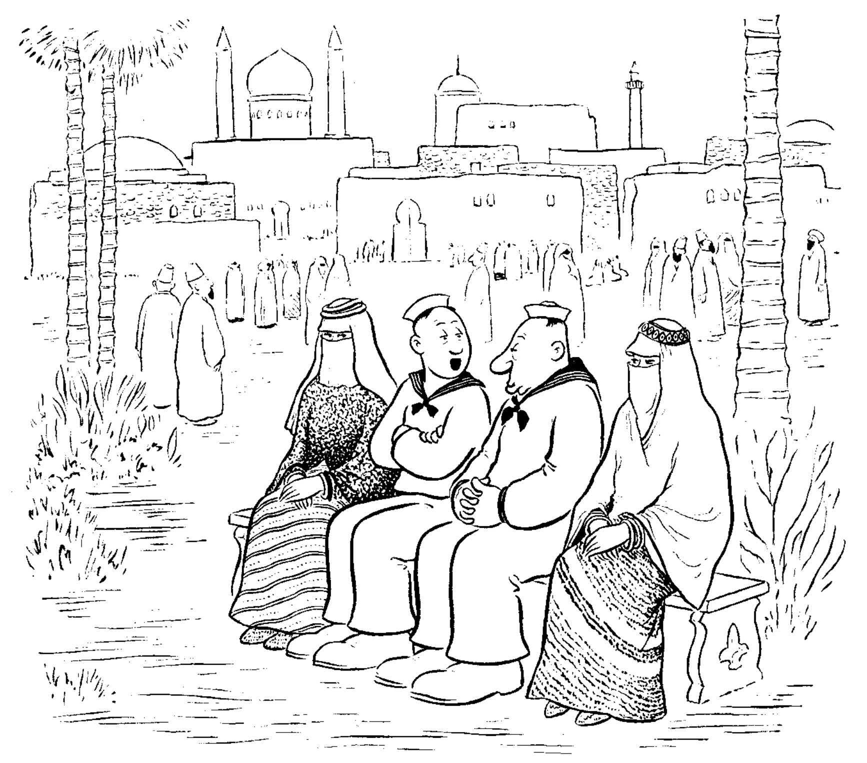
Young Bob made no comment. He lagged a little as he thought of the girl, until at last he was at the tail of the straggling procession. She had said, "You are a very practical man," and then she had moved up the stairs. The sound of it was like a compliment, but the meaning didn't seem that way. He came to a full stop, hearing the shuffle of feet and the murmuring of talk grow dim as the D troopers moved on toward Fort Sumner. And then he blushed and a warmly embarrassed feeling went through him. He had not made her understand what he meant. He turned immediately around and headed for the lights of town.

Before he got to the street he angled off through the shadows, passed along the edges of dark houses and so came to the alley and to the rooming house with the outside stairway. He stood off from it and he studied the alley carefully and saw a pair of shapes not far from the foot of the stairway; he saw the butt of a cigar glow. She had called him a practical man and now he guessed it was not praise.

He catfooted through a deep, soft dust, making no sound at all, and he came within a yard of the two men before they heard him or saw him. It was his shadow that drew a grunt out of one of them. "What's up?"

A couple of townsmen, he figured, posted here by Taggart just to keep him from coming back. He wasted no time on answering the question. He hit the man with the cigar one full-sized blow in the pit of the stomach and heard his mortal gasp of agony; that one dropped down and sprawled on his knees. The other reached for his gun and tried to back away for a shot. Young Bob caught him by the neck and spun him and clamped a strangle grip upon him, reaching down and seizing the gun before it was fired. He got the gun and he hit the fellow over the head with it and went up the outside stairs, two at a time.

THE upper doorway opened on a long hall; and from the loose edge of another door down the hall he saw a light shining. He went softly to it, touched the knob and flung the door open. When he raised his gun it pointed straight at Ed Taggart standing in the middle of the room. The girl was at the window.



"I'll bet she is, Alfred! I'll bet my girl is every bit as pretty as yours is, probably"

"I don't blame you guardin' somethin' you hate to lose," said young Bob. "I know how that is. But you got me figured a little too green. When I'm on a huntin' trip I never give myself away by crackin' a lot of sticks or makin' a lot of noise." He saw that the gambler had not yet possessed himself of another gun; and so he tucked his own into his trousers. The girl was behind the gambler and her glance came to young Bob, bitter-black with fear. She made a motion, pointing through the window at the alley—and maybe she was trying to warn him of the men down there, not knowing he had taken care of them. The gambler suddenly ran for him and hit him with both fists.

The man was light and didn't much know what to do with his hands. Young Bob batted them down and landed a punch and felt pretty confident; the next minute all the wind went out of him as the gambler's knee drove right into his crotch. He saw the gambler's face as a pale blur for a moment, and he stood paralyzed and could not move. The gambler yelled aloud, "Foxie, come up here!" Then he hit young Bob hard with his fists and grasped him at the throat.

Young Bob took him around the waist and hung on until some desire to fight came back to him. He flung the man around, caught him at the shoulders and ran him down the hall to the doorway and the landing. He gave him a full-armed pitch and flung him at the railing of the landing. The railing gave way and the gambler went plunging fifteen feet down. Young Bob heard him strike and heard the dull out-pour of wind. He didn't hear the gambler get up. He went back to the room, feeling bad because of the blow in his crotch. He stood still, a little bit sick, and looked at her.

"You called me practical," he said. "Maybe that was the way it sounded when I said I wanted a woman who wasn't afraid of a little dust. Maybe you figured I just wanted somebody to help me work."

"Ed's got a couple men watching. They'll have the marshal here in a minute. He's a friend of Ed's."

He smiled. "You think I'm practical now?"

She stepped forward until she was directly before him, looking up; he saw the color of her eyes, he saw things moving in her eyes, and the fragrance came around him again. "When I saw you," *he said, "I wanted you. It's never been that way before."*

"You're mistaken about me," she said gently. "Your people would never let me inside their house. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"My people are a long way off, at home in bed, thinkin' of nothin' we think. They live one kind of a way in one kind of a land. It may be I'll never see my people again, for this is my country and I mean to see it all and find what I want. I'd figured to travel alone, but then I saw you and I didn't want to travel alone any more."

"You're older than I thought," she said.

HE WATCHED the turning of her shoulders, the soft, ample sweep of her breasts. He took hold of her and drew her forward and watched her lips stir as they lifted. "Don't make dreams about girls like me," she said in a swift, warning, desperate voice. She had been still in his arms, in the saloon, when he had kissed her. She was not still now. He felt her resistance leave. Her kiss burned him and shocked and roused him and when he drew his head back he saw the fire-glow of her eyes.

"There is no mistake at all," he said. He drew a breath, wishing for words he didn't have. "The truth is I love you—and there is nothin' in the world to stop it."

He noticed strange things in her eyes, a heaviness and a wetness there—and that was a puzzle to him. He saw how her eyes seemed to open and let him in where he had not been before. He said quietly, "A man can buy his way out of the Army if he's married. Would you mind Rainwater Station?"

"If there's nothing I can do to stop it," she said, "you can take me anywhere you want, whenever you want. I will be what you want, if that is enough for you—if you won't remember where you got me."

The answer went like liquor through him even as he heard the light run of steps along the alley—one man's quick, easy steps. She made him big, she made him feel sharp, great, fine things. She made him smile simply because he could not help it. "Maybe," he said, very gently, "you could smile."

She smiled and he saw what he wished to see—the strange thing which had drawn him from the bar in The Bucket to claim her. He didn't know what it was, but he knew the wanting of it would never leave him. He would always be coming back to her and expecting to see it, wherever he was. Nothing else made any difference at all; she did this to him and therefore it was enough.

"WE WILL go to the fort," he said. "I think the major can do the marryin'. If he can't I'll find somebody who can. We can be out of the Army in a month, on the way to Rainwater. You can come back for your things later."

"There's nothing here I want to take. I won't come back."

"That's it," he said. "Never go back. That ain't our direction."

"Bob," she whispered. "Give me your gun. I hear Taggart on the stairs. He's too fast for you, but I can take him by surprise when he comes in."

She was alive, she was a fighter, straight and pretty and defiant in the room. That was what he liked—and maybe that was what he had seen; the life in her, the good, common depth that had nothing to do with being nice or ladylike or genteel. He smiled and moved softly into the hall. He heard steps come up the stairs and he reached the doorway and placed himself in a dark corner and stood still with his gun poised overhead. The marshal paused outside—if it was the marshal—and *then the marshal stepped softly inside* and young Bob's gun cracked down across his hat and drove all light out of him. The marshal made no sound except when he hit the floor.

The girl ran down the hall. "Bob!" she said.

"He figured I was green and he wasn't careful," he said and took her arm and went down the stairs. There wasn't anything in the alley that he could hear or see; and he cut beside the houses and went straight into the prairie's darkness. Here he stopped. He said, "What is your name?"

"Louisa."

"Louisa," he said, "I'm takin' you to a hard place. Maybe you'll regret this. Maybe I'll be makin' you cry."

"We can't always laugh, can we? I could cry now."

"Why, I'm mighty sorry if I'm makin' you sad."

"It is not that—not that at all. Everything will be so good!"

"That's it," he said, and was quietly laughing in the dark. "The good of just bein' alive. That's why we're alike and that's what I saw in you, standin' in The Bucket. Everything's good, even the worst of it," and he felt the round-shaped print of her lips, and their heat.

THE END

Know your neighbor

In this wartime, you have a lot of problems in common with those folks who live around you . . . and sharing your recreation hours with them pays dividends to you—and to Uncle Sam.

You get the recreation you need . . . recharging your strength for the tasks of VICTORY . . . and your country benefits by the savings you make.

That's why it's such a pleasure to see America turning back to the fundamental recreation—having a good time at home, and enjoying it with the neighbors. Saving tires and gas—and money for War Bonds—they're a natural part of this trend.

* * *

And we are glad that playing cards are having a share in this return to fundamentals. Over four-fifths of your fellow Americans play cards.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of BICYCLE and CONGRESS playing cards

Recreation is precious now

"Recreation," says Mr. Webster, "is a refreshment of strength and spirits after toil."

And in these days a lot of us are finding that recreation doesn't need to be expensive—nor do you have to look far for it.

The pleasures that we used to drive around for have been right at home all the time!

83% OF THE PEOPLE OF THIS
NATION TURN TO CARD PLAYING
FOR INEXPENSIVE RECREATION

Nectar, Unrationed

Continued from page 19

you're afraid of being stung. Bees, like horses, can sense your fear. Swat at a bee, or run away from it and it will sting you just for that. But move slowly and deliberately, know when to open a hive and when to leave it alone, and bees may settle chummily on you, but they won't sting.

If ducking is still your instinct when you meet a bee, it's reassuring to watch young Ernie Graner handle bees. He treats them with all the caution and respect your timid soul could wish.

Ernie grew up with his father's bees in the Graner back yard in Hempstead, Long Island. Ernest Graner, Sr., true to beekeeper form, is also a student of bee history and secretary of the Long Island Beekeepers' Association. Exposed so intimately, his son caught an interest in bees. Such an interest that he is now the family beekeeper, and has earned enough money from the sale of his honey to pay his pre-medical school fees. He has won blue ribbons with his honey and beeswax and shown his scientific bent by raising his own queen bees. But in spite of this familiarity, he wears a bee veil and gloves when he handles his bees.

Danger: Bees at Work!

He picks the middle of a warm, sunny, preferably windless day to open a hive—that is when bees are happiest. On cold, rainy days, or when little nectar is flowing, bees are cross and you leave them alone. With smoker in one hand and a flat tool in the other, he approaches the hive (which looks like a wooden box with a lid on it) from the rear. Approach from the front, and you're apt to collide with a bee making a beeline out of the hive. He puffs a little smoke into the entrance. Smoke, for some complicated reason, makes bees eat honey. Eating honey makes them quiet. He pries up the lid of the hive, puffs in a little smoke, lifts off the lid. *The hive is full of vertical and removable frames containing honeycomb covered with bees.* A puff of smoke over the frames. Careful not to squash a bee, he lifts the frames out and puts them back, one at a time. And that's how you inspect a beehive. No commotion, no stinging, no trouble.

Selecting an extra busy frame, glinting with honey, Ernie stuck it into a glass observation case, and gave us a close-up of bees at work. They make a golden brown mat on the comb, these Italian bees, which are among the best for honey making. There are hundreds of squat worker bees, an occasional lusty drone, and in the thick of the mat, with her attendants in a worshipful circle around her, the bigger, long-bodied queen, on holiday from the brood she has left on other frames in the hive, for nurse bees to tend and feed.

Some of the bees settle back to comb building—an almost motionless process of building up cells with the wax that is handily exuded onto a bee's abdomen in the processes of digestion. Other bees discover the sugar syrup provided for them in a drip arrangement at the side of the case, and rush greedily in and out of the supply chamber.

Bees can get tipsy on sugar syrup. Bees can also starve to death. That's why you have to watch their honey stores and feed them sugar syrup when honey is low—sometimes in the spring before blossom time, and again in the fall to make sure they have enough food laid in for the winter. Feed your scanty sugar store to bees? Don't worry. Honey bees rate their own ration card—thirty to forty pounds per hive per year.

A bee's first obsession, the minute she's hatched, is housekeeping. She bustles around, polishing out cells for the queen to lay eggs in, picking up bits of debris and carting them out of the hive, *even serving as pallbearer for deceased* members and depositing their carcasses in the open. She makes bee gruel out of pollen and feeds it to the young; she concocts a royal jelly for the queen's delectation. Since there are no windows to throw open, she airs the place instead, and keeps it cool by fanning her wings—thousands of bee wings, fanning. She takes her turn as sentinel at the hive entrance, to ward off any robber bees that may be after her honey. For her final, life-long obsession is food.

Worked to Death

Graduated to field work at the age of ten days, she'll lug in nectar and pollen till she drops. A bee, unlike a human, has no powers of recuperation. She becomes more frayed and frazzled till she dies, which may be in six weeks at the height of the honey season. The drone, fed and pampered all summer on the chance he may be needed to mate with a new queen, has a longer life. But he meets a sudden violent end in the fall when the workers, unwilling to support him all winter, give him the bum's rush out of the hive and leave him to starve to death. No family sentiment here.

A hive may have a population of anywhere from 30,000 to 75,000. But if it's a poor honey season, and the workers are worried about the food supply, they'll cut down on the family by feeding the queen less so that she'll lay fewer eggs. If, on the other hand, there is plenty of nectar for the taking and the queen isn't providing enough helpers (she may be aging—past two years), then the workers will turn to and raise themselves a new queen, which they can do by feeding a larva the right food and building a larger cell around it. Comes a split in the family. The old queen flies out, with most of the colony following, to found a new household, leaving the rest of the bees to carry on with the young upstart queen.

This flight is called swarming, and it is the bees' way of increasing their holdings. Beekeepers don't like it much. Though it's generally possible to capture a swarm and coax it to take up housekeeping in another hive, neither colony is strong. Beekeepers try to prevent swarms by destroying new queen cells as they appear, and substituting a new, young queen if the old one isn't doing so well. If the trouble is lack of space, instead of lack of a vigorous queen, the beekeeper provides more space by adding upper stories, called supers, onto his hive.

There is seldom any inter-hive trouble. Half a dozen hives in one back yard are half a dozen separate communities. They mind their own business and even divide up the forage territory. Occasionally a bee will drift from one hive to another. If she comes toting nectar, she's welcome. Anything for more food. But occasionally a bee turns robber. She gets a taste of honey spilled on the ground, or somehow comes by a meal she hasn't worked for. Then she's no longer a busy model bee. So she bums her way from hive to hive, trying to sneak in and steal a bite. Hence the sentinels at every hive entrance.

There are other little services you can do your bees. You can build up a weak colony by adding more bees to it. You buy them, as you generally buy all your bees, by the pound. They are shipped to you by express in a wire cage.

You cannot only see that your bees have plenty of honey left in the hive to winter on, but you can wrap the hive warmly for the winter, with tar paper and a stuffing of wood shavings, and protect it from the wind, so that your bees won't freeze and won't burn up their energy struggling to keep warm.

When you first start honey raising, begin with only one hive to try it out. A wise way especially at this time of year will be to buy this hive, a going concern, from a near-by commercial beekeeper. Then your bees won't have missed the spring blossoms, and so will be well on their way to a good season's honey supply. (Ask him for a certificate of health with the hive. Commercial hives are state inspected, and bees do have diseases.) Also, you can pester him with questions, and he'll show you the workings on the spot, to supplement your book learning. Maybe he'll extract your first crop of honey for you, or you can do it yourself by squeezing the comb and letting the honey strain through cheesecloth.

Wax for Your Country

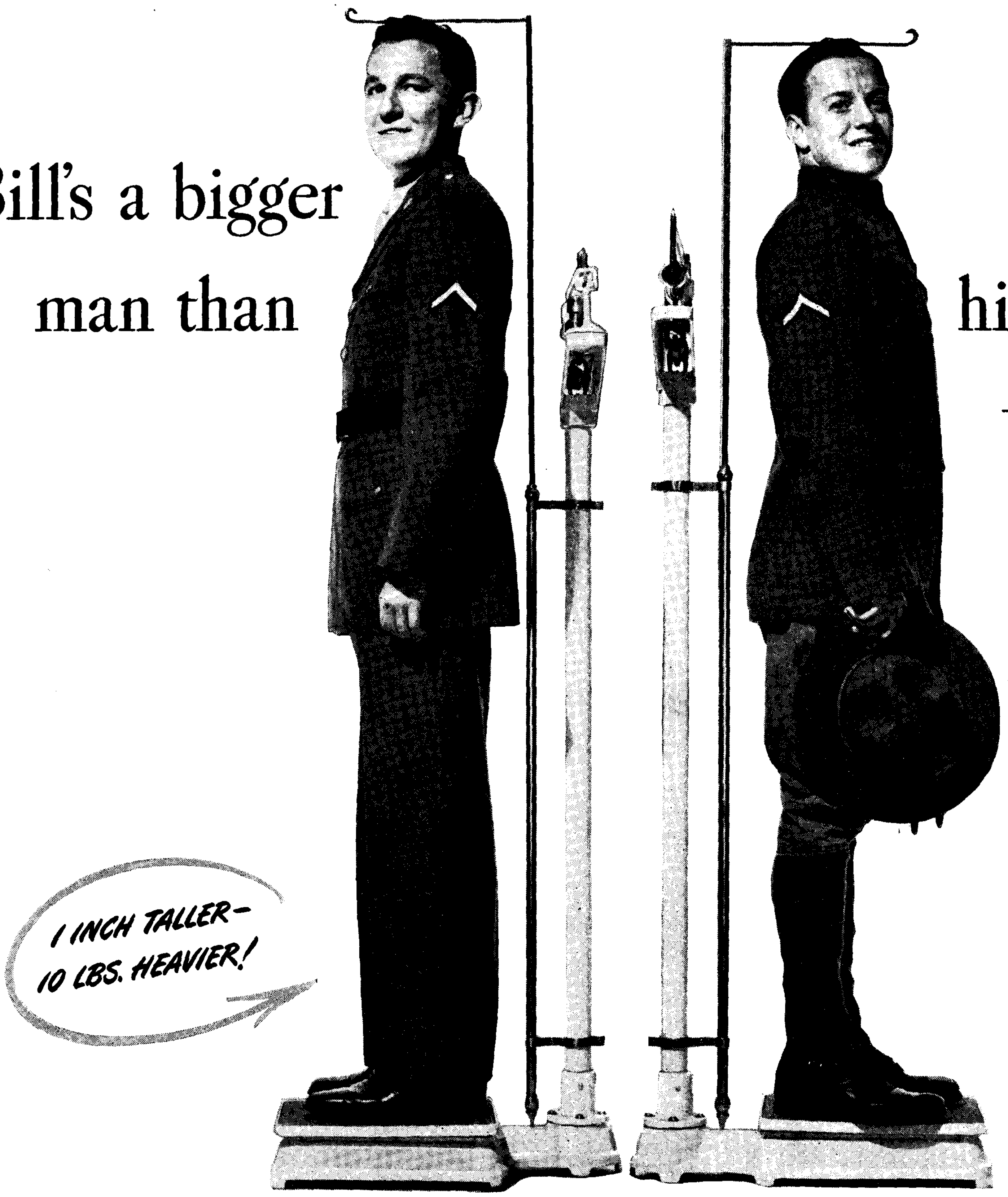
But once your honey factory is a going concern, the most economical way is to have an extractor of your own. An extractor is a small machine that works on the principle of a cream separator, whirling the honey out of the comb by centrifugal force. You can slice the caps off your filled honey combs, spin the honey out, and give the comb back to the bees to fill again. Saves them time and energy building comb. And you soon collect enough cappings and extra comb anyway to be a help to the country's beeswax supply.

You can get from thirty to a hundred or even two hundred pounds of honey from a hive, depending on the season's bloom and the vigor of your bees. Most honeys are mixed and vary from year to year because the bees take whatever nectar comes easiest, and that varies with the weather. Chances are yours will be a mixed floral honey. Though if you live where much sumac grows you can get a sumac honey, and there's goldenrod honey the eating of which, superstition says, will cure your hay fever. If there's a buckwheat field anywhere around, your honey is going to take on some of its dark color and smoky flavor. But whatever the flavor, you're bound to like it. You raised it. Store it in jars in a warm, dry place, and it'll keep forever so long as no moisture gets in to turn it sour. Don't fret if your honey thickens and crystallizes in the jar. It's easier to spoon out this way, and many people prefer it; though you can liquefy it by setting the jar neck-deep in warm water.

You may start like the Graners, who years ago decided to raise bees because they liked to use more honey than they were willing to buy. You may end up like them, too, deep in a hobby . . . and with more and better flowers and fruits in your garden, thanks to bees mixing up pollens. That's a dividend honey factories pay.

THE END

Bill's a bigger man than his dad was in '17



War Department figures show that today's average soldier is nearly an inch taller and ten pounds heavier than in 1917.

That's a great gain for one generation — and a real tribute to the men of science and the men of industry who helped build Bill's husky frame. We're glad the electric industry had a hand in it.

While food experts were discovering new vitamins and better balanced diets for Bill, electric research was working out ways to refrigerate his food so it would be fresher, safer, cheaper — and more varied.

While doctors were developing new serums, new drugs and new healing techniques, electric laboratories were improving X-rays, diathermy lamps, electric knives, and a long list of other devices.

Even before Bill was born, electric servants freed his mother from much of the work of washing, cleaning, cooking, sewing and *seeing* — so that she and her children could all be healthier and happier.

Actually, these advances can be credited to the American Way at work — free men creating and producing the things that other men want and need — for *everybody's* benefit. The electric industry — all industry — grew that way. A few men organized a company. Many men and women invested their savings. Good business management, under government regulation, multiplied jobs, extended service, lowered rates.

Today, the average American home pays only 10¢ a day for *all* electric service — and gets about twice as much electricity for that dime as it did 10 or 15 years ago. More important still, thanks to business management, America's war industries have the world's greatest electric power supply on tap — *power to produce the planes, tanks and ships that will take two-fisted fighting men like Bill to Tokio and Berlin* — and bring 'em back victorious!

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Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

Here's Where You Come In

Continued from page 20

established "for the purpose of the most effective mobilization and utilization of the national manpower." Boys and girls, now we're at war too!

President Roosevelt knows how to manage a ball team. He is quick to learn from the mistakes of others and, like any good baseball manager, he is quick to pick up any new dodges his opponents are using successfully. During the past two years he has kept a weather eye on Britain's defense measures. He knew that during the first several months of the war the manpower of Britain was not utilized to its maximum. This was through no lack of enthusiasm or willingness on the part of Britain's civil population; it was entirely the fault of too many overlapping organizations, none of which had supreme power to harness the manpower of the country. At one time there was a great scarcity of dock workers in Hull while Bristol and Liverpool had so many longshoremen that all of them couldn't be used. Factories in Southampton were shorthanded while men stood in line waiting for jobs in Manchester. Thousands of adaptable, intelligent men were frittering their time away in nonessential jobs while industry cried for skilled machine labor.

Then Churchill settled everything by making Minister of Labor Ernest Bevin a virtual czar over the civilians of Britain. One could be technical about it and say that this amounted to an abrogation of all the civil liberties which the Magna Charta had given the people of Britain back in 1215. The people of Britain laughed when some meddlesome troublemaker reminded them of this; they laughed and cheerfully looked toward Bevin to tell them how best they could be used in the war effort.

Direction, Not Dictation

On the day Bevin was appointed, I had dinner with him at the hotel in the Strand, where he lives. I asked him just how far his powers went under his appointment. Bevin, a smiling man at heart, looked grim for a moment.

"It means this," he said. "If I found that we needed men in a Spitfire factory up north I could walk into the Dorchester or the Savoy bar, ask every man there what he was doing and if I wasn't satisfied that he was helping to win the war I could grab him by the back of the neck and send him up to that Spitfire factory. I could go into a bank and grab as many cashiers and tellers as I wished, send them to a technical school a few weeks, teach them how to run a drill press or lathe, and then send them into factories. I could do the same with the women of Britain. However," he added, with a smile, "I don't think it will come to that. Our people don't have to be driven. All they want is direction."

From 3,000 miles away, President Roosevelt kept a watchful eye on the experiment. His observers in London told him how the manpower of Britain had fallen in line behind Ernest Bevin. Bevin hadn't been forced to use his executive club. Then we were faced with the same situation which confronted Britain. Our huge but ungainly and unevenly distributed manpower had to be harnessed and utilized. Roosevelt acted quickly. He appointed McNutt and an advisory commission of nine and turned them loose. At the moment, McNutt has not quite the broad compulsory powers granted Bevin. It would take legislation to make him the absolute czar of manpower. He has everything that Bevin has except the legislative club. But McNutt insists that he needs no club.

"We are proceeding on the basis that civilians and industry are anxious to co-operate voluntarily," McNutt says. "Our whole program is based on that—not on any compulsory measures. Our people don't need any club over them—we're not that kind of people."

Washington, doubtful at first, is now convinced that the people of America are fighting mad and are behind the war effort a hundred per cent. Washington also believes that it is merely a question of telling us how we may best help, of directing our efforts into proper and useful channels. McNutt smiles when you ask him about the "power" that has been conferred on him.

QUIET
HENRY BOLTINOFF

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"We live in a democracy," he reminds you. "This is a chance for democracy to demonstrate that it can do a better job voluntarily than Fascism does by compulsion. We of the commission don't have to have a slogan such as Work, Fight, or Go to Jail. The people of our country have voluntarily adopted that slogan for themselves; in spirit, if not in so many words."

A Success in Canada

The voluntary method of harnessing and directing manpower is working out fine in Canada. There the problem comes under the Ministry of Labor. Elliott Little, director of the Canadian National Selective Service, is McNutt's opposite number. Like McNutt, he has supreme faith that people only want to know how they can best serve.

"It would be easy to pass a law," Little says, "giving us the power to put anyone we wanted in factories. You can put a man in a factory but you can't make him work and a non-working man in a factory is no help to war production. So we just put it up to our people and they have responded magnificently. Chairman McNutt certainly has the right idea of voluntary co-operation."

McNutt's complex problem can be summed up in twelve simple words. He must see that there are men available for all essential jobs. That is all, and yet the ramifications and collateral issues involved are enormous and so far-reaching that eventually every village, every hamlet in America will be affected by them. So will every factory and mill that is concerned in the war effort. Let's take a look at some of the potential problems—"potential" because, although few of them have as yet arisen, continuing expansion of war production will inevitably give birth to them. Mind you, farsighted Chairman McNutt and his commission are taking a long-range view of things. If the war ends within a year, as some lighthearted optimists believe, there may be very few drastic changes in the present industrial and civilian setup. However, betting that the war will be over in a year is like betting that rain will stop next Saturday's ball game in the fifth inning. It could be, but the President, the Army, the Navy, the War Production Board and Chairman McNutt are all training for a nine-inning game which may well go into extra innings. And already McNutt is preparing for problems that are sure to arise in those extra innings.

Let us say, for instance, that a huge bomb factory is to be built just outside of Carrizozo, New Mexico. Why Carrizozo, New Mexico? For no reason at all, but it takes no economic genius to realize that the larger cities will soon reach the saturation point as far as the building of new plants is concerned, and it may well be that emergency plants will have to be thrown up anywhere, where land is available and railroad transportation handy. Now Carrizozo, New Mexico, is a small town with a population of about 1,200. (Substitute any town you wish for Carrizozo.) This plant we're dreaming up needs 10,000 men, about half of them skilled workers.

The state of New Mexico can't furnish them. All of her available labor is already being used. Now the plant is finished. All the lathes and drill presses and cranes and cradles are ready. The material for the making of the big beautiful bombs is all there. All we need now are those 10,000 workers. This same situation has come up many times during the past eighteen months. The concern making the bombs (or guns or aircraft) solved it very simply—by piracy. It was easy enough to pass word around to all the other bomb factories in the United States that higher wages for the same jobs would be paid at the new plant. Thousands of workmen have chortled, "How long has this been going on?" and bundled their families into the old jaloppy and headed for the greener pastures, leaving their old jobs unfilled. This procedure is in fact going on today. A very recent case aroused the ire of McNutt. A West Coast manufacturer sent labor scouts all the way to Michigan, hired skilled workers away from a plant that was manufacturing parts for his own shop and then found his production line stalled because those parts were unobtainable.

"That," McNutt says sadly, "does not make sense."

No More Labor Pirating

There will be no more of it. It is McNutt's first problem and it is on the way toward solution with, McNutt adds emphatically, the co-operation of all labor organizations and that of most employers. The practice of piracy will be stopped—or else. There's plenty of iron under the suave smiling surface of Paul V. McNutt.

There is in this country an organization called the United States Employment Service. This now comes under the control of the Manpower Commission. When the Carrizozo plant is all set to operate, the men in charge will tell McNutt just what type workers they need. McNutt will go to the 4,400 branches of the Employment Service scattered all over the country to see how many applications there are on file for the kind of jobs to be filled in Carrizozo. Workers in communities where there is an overabundance of labor will be urged to hurry to Carrizozo. This won't be pleasant for them, but it wasn't much fun at Bataan either, and even Lt. O'Hare admitted that he didn't actually yell with joy when he saw those six Zero planes coming at him. Mind you, under the present setup there is no compulsion. There is no law which makes the workers go, but McNutt has great faith in the patriotism of labor and he says stoutly that no compulsion will be needed.

Now let's assume that there are only 5,000 available workers listed with the Employment Service. What we used to call "labor problems" enter the picture. Questions of wages and seniority inevitably crop up. These will be tossed into the lap of Madame Perkins and the War Labor Board. This board has been smoothly and efficiently settling one problem after another right along, giving satisfaction to all parties concerned. McNutt's face lights up when he talks of the co-operation he is getting from labor.

Well, now we've got half of our workers all set in our dream bomb factory. Where will we get the other half? Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, in charge of our Selective Service system, is also a member of the Manpower Commission. His primary job is to select men for the service. He has supreme power over deferment, and he is quite conscious of the importance and necessity of utilizing manpower where it can do the most good, be that in Army or factory. If he wills it—and in an emergency he will have no other alternative—General Hershey can select men about to be inducted into military service and divert them into war industry. At present, there is no indication that there will be a "labor draft" in the near future; we are talking of those extra innings during which the Manpower Commission will be forced to do things not immediately contemplated.

Let's suppose that General Hershey finds 2,500 men whose civilian training would fit them for work in our bomb factory. We still need another 2,500, and they must be skilled workers. McNutt has been urging the installation of "vestibule" training. That is, he is asking industry to train skilled workers from men already at work in factories or from recruits whose intelligence and aptitude would make it likely that their training would be successful. This vestibule training would take place in the factories. McNutt could undoubtedly find a thousand such trained men who would fit into our bomb factory—but we still need 1,500 more. Well, how about women?

Women Make Excellent Workers

Dozens of war production plants have already hired women, and the consensus of opinion as to their worth is that, up to the limit of their physical capacity, they are every bit as good as men. This has been demonstrated in Britain. Virtually all parachutes and barrage balloons in Britain are made by women. There is one parachute factory that employs 900 women. I visited that factory and was amazed to see a small group of women workers at sewing machines making a tiny article of clothing which seemed far afield from parachutes.

"In cutting the silk for the parachutes," the manager laughed, "we always had some waste—small bits left over. Our men workers just threw the bits of silk away. When, out of necessity, we started our policy of having only women work here, they were horrified at the wasted silk. So they conceived the bright idea of making silk brassières out of the small bits. We sell them and the money goes to the Spitfire Fund. Women are fine workers and great enemies of waste."

McNutt has power to enlist women and, in our hypothetical case, he undoubtedly would. He is already beginning a system of training women for skilled jobs, and within a year there will be thousands of women available. When he puts them into our Carrizozo plant, another problem will arise. Should women be paid the same wages as men are paid? Labor says yes; some employers say no. Once more the Labor Board will go into a huddle to decide the question. The chances are that, for skilled work, women will receive the same wages as men.

Now we have our bomb factory all set. Ten thousand men and women have been moved from widely separated areas of the country, and they're all gathered in Carrizozo, New Mexico. Housing facilities have been provided for them. They've all made sacrifices but, to date, the public response would indicate that people don't mind making sacrifices if they are convinced that the sacrifices are necessary.

In a nutshell, that is the job of McNutt and his commission. All he has to do is to see that every essential job in war industry is filled. From now on, the headaches will belong to McNutt, his brilliant deputy, Fowler Harper, and the Manpower Commission. McNutt admits cheerfully that he has bought himself a large supply of headache powders. He knows he's bound to make some enemies.

Yeah, man, it's a tough job that Paul McNutt has taken over and it is one that may make him or break him. If he gets it done capably the country will owe him a great debt of gratitude. Out there on the campus of the University of Indiana they erected a statue of Paul McNutt a few years ago. On the pedestal is engraved a list of the honors which have come to him. At the base they left a wide space in the hope that some day they could engrave the words "President of the United States."

Well, I don't know.

THE END

AN APPLE FOR EVE

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 21

I are taking you from the mine to the hospital at Santa Rosa."

Herr Bauer sat there, icy and imperturbable, observing the effect of his words, and his tonelessness and his accent had a peculiarly grating effect. Although Winslow considered the speech as carefully as he could, he still could not grasp its implication.

"What—what time is it?" he asked.

Herr Bauer smiled.

"Mr. Greene," he said, "that is a sensible question." He raised his hand and looked at a watch on his wrist.

"You Americans and English are good fellows. Yes, I will tell you what time it is, Mr. Greene. It is about one half after three in the afternoon, one day after I struck you on the head. I am sorry I struck so hard." But Herr Bauer did not look sorry. "It was necessary. You have been unconscious for nearly a day—concussion and morphia, Mr. Greene. I myself administered the morphia. It was important that you should be very sick."

If it were important, Winslow told himself, then Herr Bauer had done a first-rate job, and Herr Bauer seemed to read his thoughts.

"Accept my apologies," he said, "but it was necessary. It was an idea of mine—dangerous, but the best I could think of. I unfortunately had no transportation on the river. When Miss Simpson and I brought you to the boat, it was simple to explain that we had hurried ahead of the rest of them—with the gold, of course—because you had been taken ill. Mr. Greene, it was a good story." Herr Bauer's smile grew broad and became quite engaging. "Behind us there must be confusion, but not here."

HERR BAUER paused again, and Winslow gradually began to see that it was possible. If they had brought him unconscious to the river, the crew might have believed that he was ill.

"Yes, my friend," Herr Bauer continued, "your luggage was brought along so that it would look natural—even those poison darts of yours. That blowgun, I regret to say, was broken, as I should have liked it as a souvenir, but I am keeping the little head, with your compliments. I beg you, do not look bewildered, Mr. Greene. The captain and the crew have been anxious about your health. The orders are that you are not to be disturbed. You are locked in, Mr. Greene."

Winslow moved his head slowly from side to side.

"I don't suppose you brought my glasses," he asked. "I could see better if I had them." He had intended his remark to be ironical, and only as an interjection while he tried to get things straight about Herr Bauer.

Herr Bauer laughed.

"I like a good fellow, Mr. Greene," he said, "who can hold up through all things. When I saw you at Villa Schwarz, I remarked to myself, 'Bauer, there is an American who is a very good fellow, someone whom you would enjoy to have a beer with.' Yes, your glasses are right here. They popped off you, but I picked them up. In work like this it is well to think of everything. It would not be like my poor sick friend, Herr Greene, to be without his glasses when he came to the boat. Give them to him, Fräulein. One of the lenses is cracked, but they are clean."

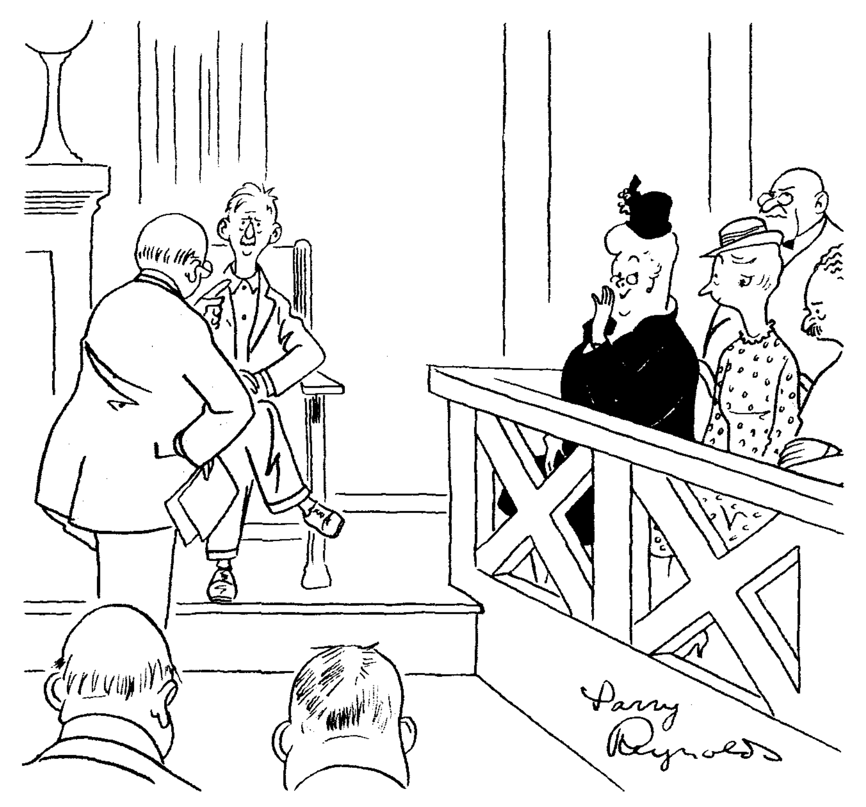
She handed him his glasses and Winslow took them without a word. His hands were steadier when he put them on his nose. Now that his sight was clearer, his dizziness decreased.

"What happened to the rest of them?" he asked. "Pedro—and the men?"

Herr Bauer raised one eyebrow and lowered one corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Greene," Herr Bauer said, and he spoke gravely, like a doctor who brings bad news, "understand first that this is not what you Americans call a monkey business. I had help, of course—some good fellows from Pinas. Two of your mule boys were killed and two soldiers. The rest are back in the bush now, where it will be hard to find them. Give him some more tea, Fräulein."

Herr Bauer lighted another cigarette and Winslow drank the lukewarm tea slowly. To think that he had told Henrietta that most of life was very dull. Here was one of those moments which had come out of nowhere, sickening and terrible. When he thought of Pedro and those other boys, courteous and kind and simple, he wished that he might have been killed with them.



"I like to make my decision early, so I can settle back and enjoy the case"

LARRY REYNOLDS

"I should like to make this clear," Herr Bauer said, "so that you and I can understand each other, Mr. Greene. I think you are a gentle sort of fellow. Am I right about you, Mr. Greene?"

"Yes," Winslow said; "I guess you're right, Herr Bauer."

"So understand me, please," Herr Bauer went on. "There is only one thing I want—" Herr Bauer flicked his thumb carelessly toward the boxes on the bench. "It is those gold bars, Mr. Greene."

WINSLOW could hear the steady throbbing of the engine. He could even hear the soft splash of the river water off the bow. There was no reason not to answer Herr Bauer politely. There was no reason for any display of temper or for any more animosity than Herr Bauer himself was showing.

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" Winslow asked.

"But truly, I do not mind," Herr Bauer said, "I am a naval man—an officer in our Fuehrer's navy, at present attached to the raider, the Sieglinde, which is now somewhere off this coast. Perhaps you have heard of us—no?"

Herr Bauer paused as though he expected Winslow to be surprised, but Winslow was not surprised, for everything that had happened since he had first set foot in the Villa Schwarz, was beginning to explain itself.

"I thought you were a sailor," Winslow said.

HERR BAUER'S forehead wrinkled in a quick sharp frown.

"What?" he asked. "Why did you think that?" Winslow's voice was clearer, but it was still weak. "At the Villa Schwarz," he answered, "there was a sea bag on the bed."

"Ach," said Herr Bauer.

Winslow turned his head slowly from side to side, fighting against his giddiness.

"When we went to our room that night, you were in there, weren't you? You were the one who broke open the box, Herr Bauer."

"Exactly," Herr Bauer said, "check, as you Americans say. But do I fatigue you? I see Fräulein looking worried. If you wish to rest—"

Winslow had closed his eyes, but he opened them again.

"No," he said, "go on." And Herr Bauer went on carefully.

"We have been told," he said, "—we have friends here, many friends—that gold would be shipped from your mine, Mr. Greene. Since there was an attempt to steal it at Pinas, it would surely not go out that way, but down the river—I think I am a type of someone you have never seen, not so?"

"Yes," Winslow said, "that's true."

Herr Bauer dropped his cigarette on the deck, stepped on it carefully and looked thoughtfully at his feet.

"Yes, my friend, I come out of a different world from yours. My generation was born in despair, brought up in starvation and hopelessness, caused by your people, Mr. Greene. It makes us very hard. I have been trained in a school of espionage and sabotage. I know how to organize a revolution or blow up a factory. I shall tell you about the Sieglinde, since it makes no possible difference. We are off-shore, crippled because of shortness of motor fuel. Our supply ship had trouble and it did not meet us at the rendezvous. It is necessary for us to buy a load of oil and German currency is not welcome on the coast.

"I was sent ashore, Mr. Greene, to find the sum of money from our friends. I went to Pinas for the money. My people couldn't raise it, but assure yourself, Mr. Greene, we have ways of knowing everything. There was the gold at the Boca Grande mine, see? We can buy oil for gold in certain quarters. You see, there is no personal animus, Mr. Greene. I do what I can for my country, that is all."

"Yes," Winslow said. "I see." And he closed his eyes.

Although Herr Bauer had stopped speaking, Winslow could not get away from the dry preciseness of his voice. He could see the Sieglinde, one of those gray German merchantmen with streaks of rust running down her sides, rolling on the blue waters of the Pacific, somewhere out of sight of land. He could see the deck awnings, rigged to keep off the pitiless sun. He could see Herr Bauer in the captain's cabin off the bridge, and he could see Herr Bauer climbing down a ladder to a boat.

THERE were some things which Herr Bauer had not told, but Winslow could fill in the blanks. Like everyone else he had heard about Nazi cells in South America, of their propaganda, their subsidized airways, their maps and their radios. He had read like everyone else of German espionage, and now he saw the reality in Herr Bauer, precise, scientific and ruthless. No human considerations would affect a man like Herr Bauer. When Winslow thought of his own position, he realized that he was completely finished. He was responsible for the Boca Grande gold, and he had lost it. He had not obeyed his better judgment, and he had not listened to advice. He opened his eyes and stared at Herr Bauer.

"All right," he said; "you've done pretty well, but I don't see how you're going to get away with it, Mr. Bauer."

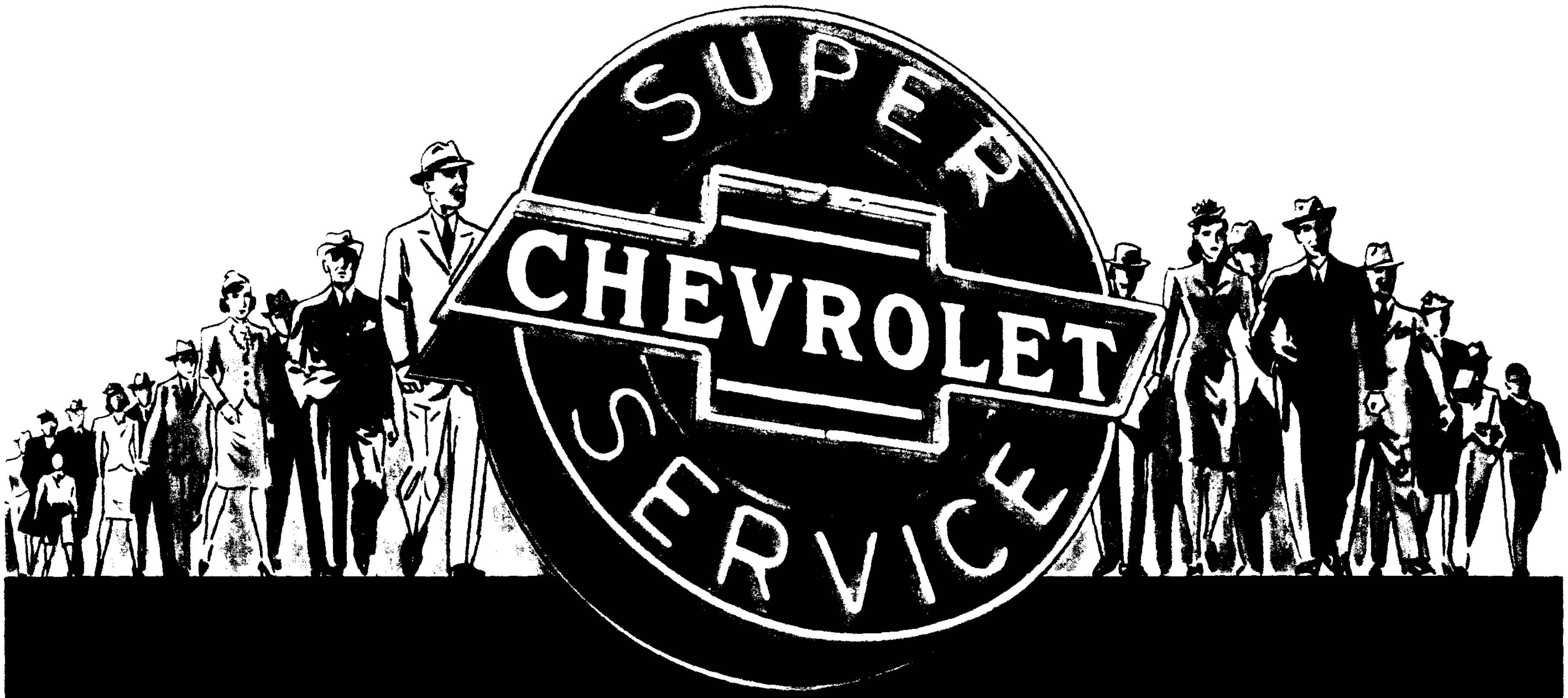
Herr Bauer thrust his hands into the pockets of his riding coat and glanced first at Henrietta, who had been standing all the while without speaking, and then at the closed door of the cabin, and finally back at Winslow Greene.

"It is odd," Herr Bauer said thoughtfully, 'that is what your people always say—we cannot get away with it. When we marched into Norway, the British said we had missed—what was the word?—the bus. When we went into France, we could not get away with it. Believe me, we know what we do, Mr. Greene. Why can I not get away with it? I have done this much already. Why can I not? Suppose you tell me, Mr. Greene."

Winslow thought for a moment.

"Why should I? Suppose you work it out yourself."

"Do you think that is nice," Herr Bauer asked, "when I have been so kind to be so frank, Mr. Greene? But I know what you are thinking, my dear friend. Back in that wilderness where your mine is they have radio communications. They will have heard of all this trouble, will they not, from the boys who escaped? And they will bellow over their radio transmitter down to Santa Rosa that you have been robbed. Am I such a fool that I don't see it? My good



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Originator and Outstanding Leader "CAR CONSERVATION PLAN" friend, I am not going to Santa Rosa."

For a moment Herr Bauer's attention seemed distracted from what he was saying. He appeared to be listening for some sound outside, although Winslow could hear nothing out of the ordinary. Then Herr Bauer's gaze turned back again.

"You look somewhat doubtful, do you not?" Herr Bauer asked. "My friend, I wish I might take you for a day to the Bureau where I have studied for two years. Intellectual and physical fitness most complete were demanded. What we learned most thoroughly were courses in ways of killing and in ways of extracting information. There were the foreign languages, the sciences of street fighting and sabotage. Set one of our scholars down anywhere with a few notes and a compass and he will get along. Recollect that we use the radio, too. The Sieglinde is in communication with shore points—wait, and I shall show you where we are, if you should care to glance through the window."

Herr Bauer rose and jerked down the shutters from the cabin window, and Winslow blinked through his glasses at the light. He could see a wide stretch of yellow water with small clusters of water hyacinth floating upon it. The shore line was a long way off, a low stretch of mangrove and brackish swamp. Winslow only had a glimpse of it before Herr Bauer closed the shutter quickly.

"You see where?" Herr Bauer inquired. "We are not far from the ocean. We shall be in the bay by five o'clock. The Sieglinde's cutter is waiting for us in one of those inlets. She should sight us soon now, and she will come alongside at dusk with a few good fellows, and off I step with what I want. Later we can make purchases on shore through friends." Herr Bauer moved his hands, palms upward, in a quick conclusive gesture.

IT WAS as simple as the solution of an engineering problem. As Winslow watched Herr Bauer, he was sure that there was no bluster about it.

"It's nice of you to tell me this," Winslow said. "You seem to be very good at your job, Herr Bauer."

Herr Bauer nodded in grim agreement.

"You take it in the right way, my friend," Herr Bauer said. "Now, listen carefully." Herr Bauer took a quick stride and stood leaning over Winslow Greene. "You are very lucky, Mr. Greene, as Fräulein Simpson, if she likes, can explain and give the reason." All at once his manner changed. His hand shot out and he struck Winslow Greene a blow across the cheek. "Get up—let's see you stand up, you swine!"

The blow and Herr Bauer's voice, Winslow realized later, had exactly the effect on him that Herr Bauer had intended. He pulled himself to a sitting position, but when he tried to stand, his knees buckled under him and he sank back on the berth, seized with a spasm of retching while he tried to catch his breath.

"That is all right," Herr Bauer said. "You were not deceiving then, were you, Mr. Greene? You are only good for the hospital, and that is very lucky. You can lie there now and please to make no trouble. It will not pay you to try. I am leaving you for a while now, because I am otherwise busy. I am locking the door, and Fräulein Simpson will stay with you. If you raise your voice, if you try to call, I am only a few feet forward in the pilothouse, and I shall come back at once. Do you understand me, Mr. Greene?"

Winslow struggled through the faintness which had seized him, and found his voice.

"Yes," he said; "I understand you."

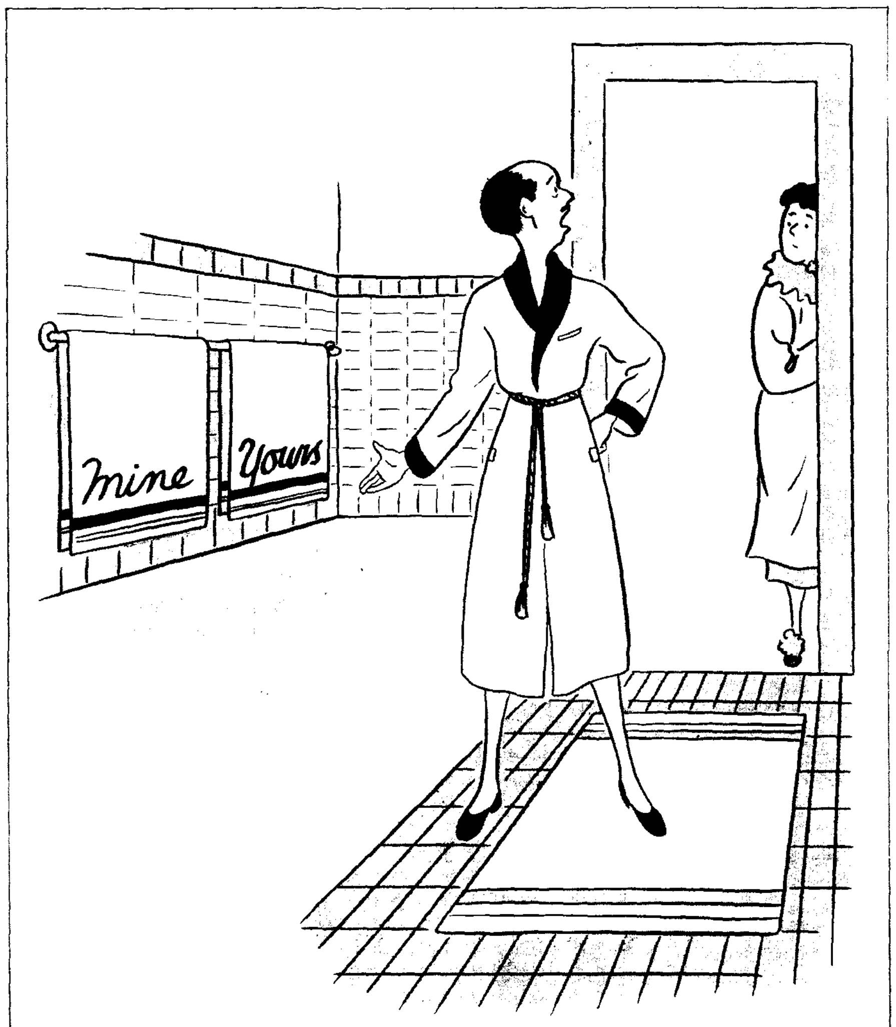
If he could have got to his feet, he knew that he would certainly have tried to kill Herr Bauer. That blow across the cheek had filled him with a rage of which he did not know he was capable, and yet at the same time his weakness had brought tears to his eyes. He hated to think of the humiliating sight he made as he lay there with Herr Bauer staring at him, smiling. Herr Bauer rubbed the palms of his hands carefully on his riding coat.

"Good," Herr Bauer said, "then it is quite clear with both of us."

WINSLOW found his voice again. "If I could get up," he said, "I'd kill you, Herr Bauer."

Herr Bauer's hand was on the knob of the stateroom door, but he turned when Winslow spoke, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"It is better not to talk rubbish with me, Mr. Greene," he said. He pulled aside his coat, and Winslow saw a pistol in a holster on his right hip. "I have something here that speaks much better." His glance traveled about the room and came to rest on the quiver of poison darts. "You may hand me those, Miss Simpson," Herr Bauer said. "You see, my friend, I might not have given them thought if you did not have a loud mouth. Stay quiet and have thanks it is no worse for you, Mr. Greene."



"Just how am I supposed to figure this out?"

WADE MONROE

Herr Bauer closed the cabin door behind him softly and Winslow heard the key turn in the lock. Then he heard Herr Bauer's voice in the entry outside, speaking Spanish. He was speaking to Winslow's old friend Captain Garcias, of the river boat. Winslow could imagine Captain Garcias outside, a heavy perspiring man in an undershirt and with a drooping black mustache.

"Señor Greene is a little better, Captain," he heard Herr Bauer say. "But he is very low."

Winslow closed his eyes.

Herr Bauer had been needlessly careful. Winslow had not thought of those darts, and he had never observed the effect of curare poisoning upon a human being. He had seen the natives shoot at monkeys with their blowguns, sending the darts through long distances with great accuracy. They were notched near their points so that if the monkey snatched one from his body, the point would remain. He had heard it said that if the whole dart were snatched out quickly, the poison would have no effect, yet he had seen a larger animal than a monkey fall in a matter of minutes. There would have been no way of hurting Herr Bauer with one, for Herr Bauer would have been like the monkeys—he would have snatched it out.

He was mildly surprised that Herr Bauer had not heard of this. It must have been that curare was not in the curriculum of that school which Herr Bauer had attended.

"Winslow." It was Henrietta's voice.

Her voice sent the blood back to his face. He had forgotten she was there. She was standing near him, bending over him. She reached for his hand, and he pulled his hand away.

"If you have to watch me," he said, "get as far away from me as you can."

"I couldn't help it—I swear I couldn't—give me a chance to explain—I know what you think," she said.

WINSLOW raised himself on one elbow. "No, you don't," he answered. "You don't know half of what I think."

"Don't," she said, and her voice choked in a sob. "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Not much," Winslow said, "that you haven't done already." And then he thought of something. "If you haven't stolen it, you'll find a flask of brandy in my bedding roll. Even from you I'd take a little brandy." He thought she was going to answer him but instead she turned obediently and dropped to her knees and pulled the bedding roll from under the bench while he lay motionless watching her. The brandy was in a cheap metal flask, and he did not thank her when she gave it to him.

"Don't bother," he said. "I can take the top off." He unscrewed the top very carefully, took three deliberate swallows and screwed the top on again. The brandy made him feel better, almost grateful to her. He thought of other times when he had been ill, of the time Jim Walters had spoken of, when they had been half delirious from malaria. That was an occasion when no matter how ill you were you had to go ahead. He was used to fatigue and hardship, and he had always been proud of his powers of resilience; already he was feeling better. His mind was growing clearer and that ringing sound was leaving his ears.

"Well," he said, "I guess you've got me where you want me."

Then he saw that she was crying, and he recalled how her crying had upset him once. "Don't speak so loud," she said. "He—he may be listening."

Winslow looked at her curiously. There was no need to conceal the distaste he felt for her.

"That was a nice game you played," he said, "back there on the trail. Do you remember that I said I loved you? That shows what a fool I am."

"Winslow," she cried, "don't." Winslow unscrewed the top of his flask again and took another careful swallow of brandy.

HIS curiosity partly overcame his resentment, and he tried for a second to analyze her motives. "I can't understand it," he said slowly, and almost dispassionately. "I can't understand hating anyone as much as that. You never struck me as vindictive. No matter how much you disliked me—I don't see how you could have taken part in that business."

"Winslow," she sobbed, "don't. if you had seen the faces around the fire when we stopped the night to wait for you. If you had heard what he told me all day while we waited. If I hadn't called to you that way— He means all he says. Please be careful."

"He told you to get me away from the rest of them, of course. I might have managed something if I'd been back there with the boys. That is, if I hadn't been killed." He was able to treat it all impersonally. "I wish I had been killed."

He was not bothered by her distress. His full attention was centered on himself and on his physical condition. He propped himself up on both elbows and shook his head. He was still feeling groggy, but he was undoubtedly feeling better. The sickness and dizziness were leaving him. He pulled himself to a sitting position and swung his legs to the floor. His head began to swim again, and he rested his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands.

"I wish I could understand you," he said, and he found himself speaking when he thought he was only thinking. "I suppose you feel ashamed now. I would. I suppose you wanted to get even, maybe without thinking much—Well, I was never any good with people."

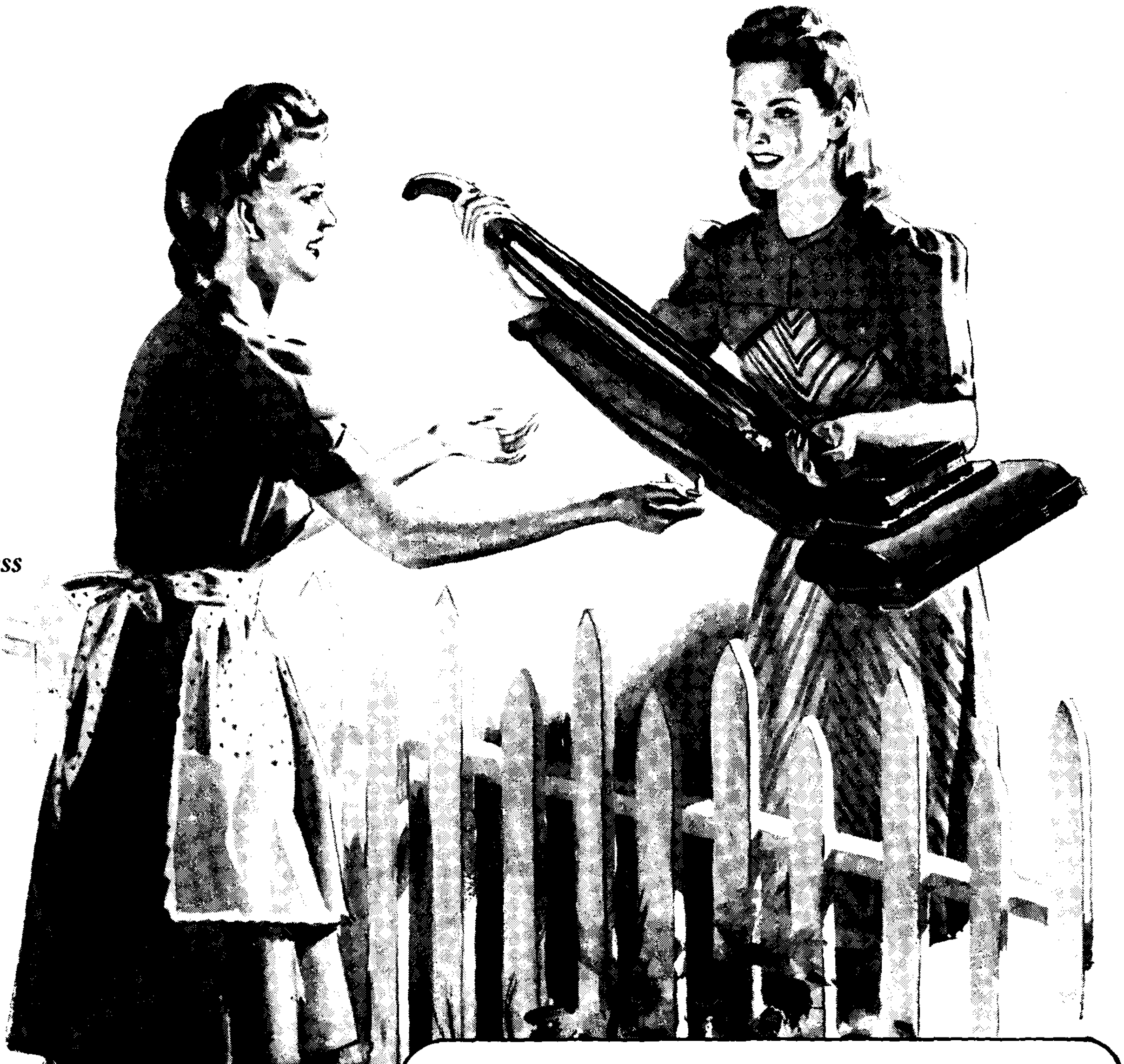
He pushed himself up to his feet and stood swaying for a moment. He saw that he was still dressed in his mud-smeared shirt and riding breeches. "Winslow," he heard her say, "you mustn't try. Don't get up. What are you going to do?"

"Shut up," he told her, and his rudeness did not seem out of place. "I'm going to get some tea, and I guess it will taste better if you don't give it to me."

He took two uncertain steps to the washstand in the corner and poured himself half a cup from the thermos bottle, and drank it slowly.

"Well," he said, "I wonder if you've

The Neighborly Spirit of Sharing



These are days when many good, old-fashioned virtues are coming back into their own—Neighborliness . . . Sharing what we have.

The common enemy has given us a new appreciation of our homes, our friends, our country and the way we live.

We are giving each other many little "lifts."

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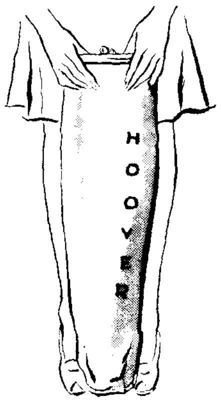
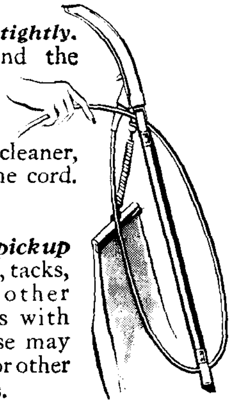
You can help her, she can help you. That's how sharing works. That's how America is looking at things these days—one for all—and all for our country!

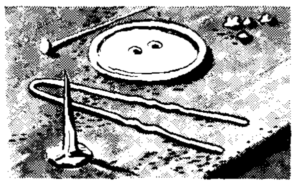
HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOOVER SERVE LONGER



Empty bag after each cleaning. A clean bag will help keep your cleaner operating at top efficiency and prolong its life.



Do not wind the cord tightly. Coil it loosely around the cord clips. *Pull* out *plug*—never *jerk* cord—to disconnect cleaner. When using cleaner, avoid running over the cord.

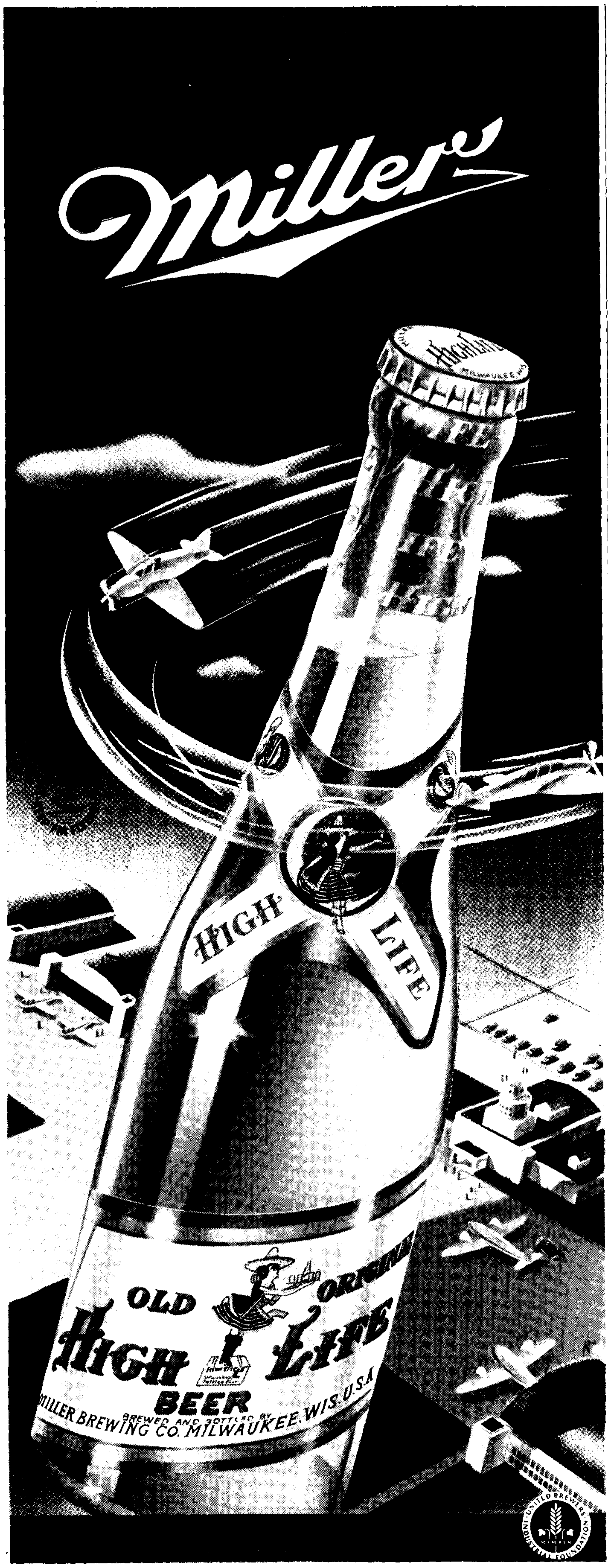


Do not try to pick up pins, hairpins, tacks, pebbles or other hard objects with cleaner. These may damage belt or other moving parts.

Have your Hoover inspected once a year. To be sure of obtaining genuine Hoover parts and service, register your cleaner with your Hoover Factory Branch Service Station (*consult classified telephone directory*) or dealer. If you cannot locate either, write: The Hoover Company, North Canton, Ohio.

Remember, do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to secure replacements.

THE HOOVER *IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS*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thought what you're going to do? Is he going to take you off with him to that ship?"

She nodded, but she did not speak.

Winslow walked slowly back to his bunk and sat down heavily and held his head in his hands again.

"Lord," he said. "I'm feeling rotten." He was speaking to himself rather than to her, but he was thinking that he was not so badly off as he might have been. Those few steps he had taken in the cabin had started his circulation going. His head was aching but his stomach was more settled.

Then he riveted his attention again on the girl in front of him.

"So you've thrown over your past and your future," he said. "You must be a little sorry about it. It's funny, I thought quite a lot of you."

SHE looked as though he had struck her.

"Can't you believe me?" she asked him. "I *had* to call to you. There wasn't any other way."

Winslow shook his head.

"And then you came right down to the company wharf," he told her; "and down to the boat with him. He was holding me on my mule, I suppose."

She nodded. Winslow could picture the scene in his imagination. Herr Bauer would have been very solicitous and very careful.

"And all you had to do was to cry out once for help, but you didn't—out of spite. Yes, you wanted to get back at me, I suppose."

The look of hurt surprise had not left her. She even seemed surprised at the explanation he had given her.

"Well," he went on when she did not answer. "You've got me dead to rights so I won't be able to show my face anywhere again. Yes, you're better off where you're going."

Henrietta Simpson did not move, and her look of surprise was gone.

"So that's what you think," she said. "Don't you see why I'm leaving with him?"

"No," Winslow answered, wearily; "physical attraction, I suppose."

Henrietta Simpson started to speak, and then he saw her small white teeth bite on her lower lip. Her face had grown bright red.

"You're right, there," she answered slowly; "if you're referring to Herr Bauer. I seem to have bowled him over, and it's lucky for you I have."

She tried to speak lightly, but the attempt was a pathetic failure.

"Why should it be lucky for me?" he asked. He sat up straight studying her face.

"Oh, never mind," she said. Winslow shrugged his shoulders with elaborate indifference.

"I don't blame you for wanting to change the subject."

Her voice when she answered had the same burning intensity as her eyes.

"So you don't know why I'm going on that ship with Herr Bauer?" she asked. "All right, I'll tell you," and she went on before he had time to answer:

"Why do you think you're alive now? Why didn't he kill you long ago? Because I promised I'd go along with him if he didn't. He was ready to kill you, if I called for help. He's ready now. How do you like that, Mr. Greene?"

Even in the height of his incredulity, he saw that she was not joking.

"Good Lord," Winslow said; "of course you can't do that."

She looked as she might have if something fragile had slipped through her fingers and had dropped at her feet. Fear had broken through the mask of her anger.

"Why did you make me so mad?" she sobbed. "I didn't mean to tell you."

Her face was turned up to his, and she started to say something more, but stopped. A second later his arms were about her, and she was sobbing against his shoulder. Moreover, it seemed perfectly natural for her to be there.

"Of course," he said almost briskly, "we've got to think of something. Don't cry. Stop it, for heaven's sake. I've got to think." And then the enormity of the problem they were facing drove everything else out of his mind. He pushed her gently away from him.

"Stop," he said again, "don't cry."

That revelation about Herr Bauer's plans had done him more good than the brandy. The pain in his head was entirely gone, and with it much of his physical weakness.

"You can't do that, of course," he said.

And for no particular reason a fragment of an earlier thought of his came back to him—the monkeys always pull them out.

"I suppose you'd rather have him kill you," he heard her say, "just because I want him to save your life."

She had interrupted his line of thought, and it made him very impatient.

"Please be quiet," he said. "Monkeys always pull them out."

"What?" she asked him, and he realized that he had spoken his last thought aloud.

"Never mind," Winslow answered. "What happened to my coat? I had a penknife in one of the side pockets."

The coat was hanging on a hook near the wash basin, and the little knife was where he had left it. He opened one of its blades.

"Winslow," he heard her ask, "what are you going to do?" He glanced up at her disapprovingly.

"I'm going to try to get us out of this," he said. "We've certainly got to try."

"But you can't," she began.

Winslow did not answer. He was on his hands and knees cutting a long sliver of wood from the bare planking. He whittled it down to a slender, pointed dart and tested its strength and sharpness with his thumb.

"Now," Winslow said, "never mind whether I can or can't. It won't help any, talking, and it won't do any good to think. Just do your best not to think. Just stand there and when he comes in, please don't move. Don't speak—don't do anything."

IT DID no good to consider risks. He glanced at the space between the cabin door and the berth. The space itself was not more than three feet in width. The door by the foot of the berth opened inward, and thus prevented anyone entering the cabin from seeing the occupant of the berth until the door was closed again. Winslow moved so that he would be behind the door when it opened, and held the wooden sliver between his thumb and the first two fingers of his right hand.

"Please don't argue," he said. "All you have to do is what I tell you. When I knock, I want you to call. Call as loud as you can. Are you ready?"

"What do you mean?" Henrietta asked. "What shall I call?"

"To Herr Bauer, of course," Winslow answered her patiently. "Go ahead—call out to Mr. Bauer." And Winslow knocked on the panel of the door. The noise made her start, but she called. She sounded convincingly frightened when she called to Mr. Bauer.

Winslow did not need to pound on the door a second time. There was a quick footfall in the passageway. The key turned in the lock, and the door opened, shutting out Winslow and the berth.

"Well," he heard Herr Bauer say; "so, what is it?"

(To be concluded next week)

First Stop Crewe

Continued from page 12

In the foyer at Grosvenor House there was a dense crowd round the desk where tables were allotted, but before she had time to decide which queue to join, a hand was upon her elbow.

"It's all right," he said. "I've got your ticket. I've found your table. I've put myself at it."

"That all sounds very efficient."

"I can be efficient when I choose."

There was a great boyish grin across his face. He was not handsome. He was scarcely good-looking even, but there was a glow about him—a glow of vitality and health—a sense of adventure—of being the kind of person to whom things happened. She gave him a quick appraising look. Fancy her not having noticed it before.

And fancy, she was to think ten minutes later, her not having realized what good company he was. For he was good company, excellently so. From the very start he kept her interested and amused. Talked to her about himself—of how this was his first visit to what he described as "the old country." He was an engineer. He had crossed to Europe for his trip there, just before war broke out. When the war began he had felt that the quickest way to get into the war was to enlist in England instead of going home.

"And the business I had getting into your army too," he said. "Three months it took me. And then I was sent on a course to learn stuff in which I could have instructed any one of the instructors."

AN ENGLISHMAN talking like that would have seemed conceited but Clem Howard seemed to be doing no more than express a natural and proper confidence in his own capacities.

On it went, a varied and amusing narrative, till the taxicab was within two minutes of her father's flat. Then suddenly his manner changed.

"It's no good," he said. "I've lost my nerve. There's no use my pretending that I haven't."

"Whatever about?"

"Meeting your family."

"You're not meeting my family. There'll be only my father there."

"That's quite enough for anyone as shy as me."

"Shy! You! I shouldn't have thought you knew what the word meant."

"That's all you know. I'm the shyest person in the world."

"You conceal it very well."

"That's just technique." He hesitated. "If one has a weakness, one makes an armor for it."

But he could not have been an easier guest. He got on with her father from the start. Her father had been attached to a Canadian division during the last war. They soon found that they had friends in common. The talk went so easily that they were still sitting over the table when Clem announced that he must be leaving. "So soon?" her father said.

"Last trains are last trains, sir."

"I know, my boy, I know. You must come earlier another time. Come to lunch first. Now see that he does that, Julia."

"I will, Daddy."

She followed him into the hall to say goodby.

"It's been my happiest day since I landed here," he said. "I can't begin to tell you what it's meant to me."

His voice had dropped a tone. His thumb moved its pressure gently against her hand. "He's going to kiss me," she thought. With one part of herself she hoped he would, with another—the larger part—she hoped he wouldn't. It was so very much the obvious thing to do that it could not mean much to him if he did.

He didn't.

"Listen," he said. "These last two times I've just been up on the Sunday for the day, but I'm due for forty-eight hours' leave soon. Couldn't we make a real Saturday night of it?"

He came up a fortnight later. On the Saturday afternoon a spray of orchids accompanied a card across which was scrawled: "Have been counting hours for the last 300 hours."

"Let me know just before you reach the limit of your patience, will you, Ma?"

GARRETT PRICE

He took her to Quaglino's. He was in the highest spirits. He had booked one of the raised tables beside the band. "So that we can get a good view," he said.

They arrived so early that there were only two other couples in the cocktail lounge. "Fine," he said. "Now we can order our dinner quietly and we can eat it quietly while the rest are ordering theirs. Then we'll have an empty floor to dance on."

IN DAYS of rationing there was not a great choice of dishes, but he could not have taken more trouble over the selection of his dinner if a pre-war menu had been set before him.

"You must be patient with me," he said. "You must remember how long it is since I've been able to order myself a meal."

He had the enthusiasm of a small boy. His eyes kept wandering round the room as though he were seeing a London restaurant for the first time. He made amusing comments on the other people there: comments that showed interest and perspicacity. She remembered the sophisticated men who had squired her round such places before the war: young men for whom boredom was the fashion. Her eyes rested on him in a self-questioning glance. "Yes," she thought. "Yes, I think I could fall in love with you."

"And I don't think," she was to add to herself half an hour later, "that I should find it so very difficult."

He was talking about the war.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," he was saying, "the way the government treats us as though we were a lot of children. They never tell us anything till it's two months old and we've guessed it all already. Why can't they treat us like adult people?"

There was an indignation in his voice that she had not met before in a man of his age. Men of thirty who were successful or were on their way to success were for the most part cynically or complacently careerists. She had not before met anyone of thirty who had retained his boyhood capacity for indignation, his impatience to remold the world nearer to his heart's desire. Clem Howard had not lost his youth in manhood.

"No, it wouldn't be so very difficult," she thought, as she stood at his side at the evening's close, as the band played. He was so vital. He was such a man—and such a boy.

"It's been the loveliest evening," she began.

"But it's not over yet!"

"No?"

"Of course it isn't. We are going to have a bottle of bubbly first."

"Are we?"

"You bet we are. Don't bother to put your coat on. We can go upstairs."

"Upstairs?"

"To my suite. This is a hotel as well as a restaurant, you know."

"I know, but . . ."

She checked, puzzled. The idea of drinking champagne in a hotel suite was so unusual that for the moment she could not answer him.

At the sight of her surprise the smile left his face.

"Oh, very well then, if you'd rather go to a night club, we can go to one."

"It isn't that, it's . . ."

"Never mind what it is. I thought it would be rather nice to sit and talk quietly for an hour. But if you'd rather be shouted at in a smoky night club, then let's shout."

She tried to remonstrate but he overbore her. "No, no," he said, "we'll go. You run along and fix yourself."

In the powder room she stared ruefully at her reflection. He was angry and hurt. He was so touchy; so absurdly touchy, so easily put off. But it wasn't her fault, it really wasn't. To be asked to drink champagne in a hotel suite. It was something that had never been suggested to her before. In Canada it was no doubt different. Yes, now she came to think of it, of course it was. In films and novels Americans and Canadians were always taking hotel suites when they came into town. No doubt to ask a girl up to one's suite was for a Canadian the equivalent of a Londoner's taking a girl back to his flat for a final drink.

She smiled ruefully at her reflection. It was a typical international misunderstanding, she supposed. In that case it was up to her to put it right.

On his face as she came into the lounge, however, there was a look that made rapprochement difficult.

"We'll go to the 600," he said. "I'm told that that's the place."

At the head of the stairs looking down into the crowded room he shrugged.

"What a place," he said, "and golly but what people!"

BEFORE the war it had been at places like the 600 where late in the evening the escorts who had grumbled about the food and company at restaurants like Quaglino's began to take some interest in their surroundings. With Clem Howard the procedure was reversed. From the vantage point of a bad and center table, he glared angrily about him. What food, what wine and what a place—the heat, the smoke, the band, the price.

"And this," he said, "is London's idea of a big night. Look at it. I ask you. Look at it. So English too. The English don't mind breaking the law, providing they break it in a certain way: provided a formula to preserve the conventions can be found, you may serve drinks in a night club after two o'clock. But if you can call a night club a bottle party, the conventions have been prescribed and that's all that matters, even if the result is a hole like this."

Before the war it was at places like the 600 that Julia early in the morning had found herself relenting toward the escorts whom she had vowed earlier in the evening never to meet again. Now that process was reversed. As his temper rose, hers rose to meet it. He was angry, she knew, not with the 600 but with her. He was attributing to the English regard for the proprieties her reluctance to go up to his suite. She knew that he was making that reluctance the focus for everything that he had found exasperating in the English temperament during his two and a half years here. He was as touchy as he was tough. At another time this trait in him might have made her feel pityingly protective toward him, but she was angry with him for spoiling her evening. It was his fault, seventy-five per cent of it. If he chose to be absurd then let him be. If he chose to think of her as a timid, convention-ridden Victorian miss let him go on thinking it. If he couldn't make the attempt to place himself in her position, to understand why she had reacted in that way, she wasn't going to help him out. She wasn't going to make things easy for him.

Impatiently, resentfully, she listened. If he chose to talk that kind of nonsense, she wasn't stopping him.

They drove back from the 600 in very opposite corners of the taxi.

And that was three months ago and there had been no letter during the following week, and though she had gone twice, thinking herself a fool for going to a Grosvenor House Thé Dansant, there had been no sign of him. The weeks had passed and now it was from her father that she had learned that he had been ordered overseas; and overseas in the autumn of '41 could mean one thing only—somewhere a long way off.

In all human probability they had met for the last time, and it would have been ridiculous, of course, for her to talk about a broken heart. Her heart wasn't broken. The thing hadn't had time to go that deep. . . . It could have, though. It could so easily. It would have, had chance willed otherwise, and with Clem Howard, it wouldn't have been just falling in love with him. It would have been loving him as well. He would have touched deep things in her. He needed somebody like her, just as she needed somebody like him. He was so strong in some ways, so weak in others. They were the complements of each other. It could have been the real thing so easily.

Yet there he was going all those miles away, thinking of her as of a timid convention-ridden miss, thinking of her because she was that, as being typically English. It was a pity, rather more than a pity.

SO SHE brooded as she drove the heavy car through the soft November sunlight, through the red-brown lanes; as on her return she washed the car down in the garage; as she made her way to the office, to ring up regional, to report that the car had been kept waiting at Lambeth for an hour, to make her entries in the logbook, before she settled down before the fire to a late cup of tea, to gossip with the other girls, to listen to the radio, to play pontoon or "Vingty" for an hour before supper

So she brooded.

Weary, relaxed, too weary to be unhappy she walked into the office.

The girl by the telephone looked up. "Oh, hello, Julia. A telephone message has just come through from a Captain Howard. He's leaving Friday. He wants you to come to a cocktail party and stay on to dinner afterward."

The party was in a private room at Fleming's. She arrived late purposely. She did not want to have to make conversation with him during that first awkward ten minutes when the first guests were arriving. By the time that she arrived the room was full. At the sight of her in the doorway a great boyish grin lit up his face.

He hurried over to her. "This is grand. I was so terrified lest you might not be able to come," he said.

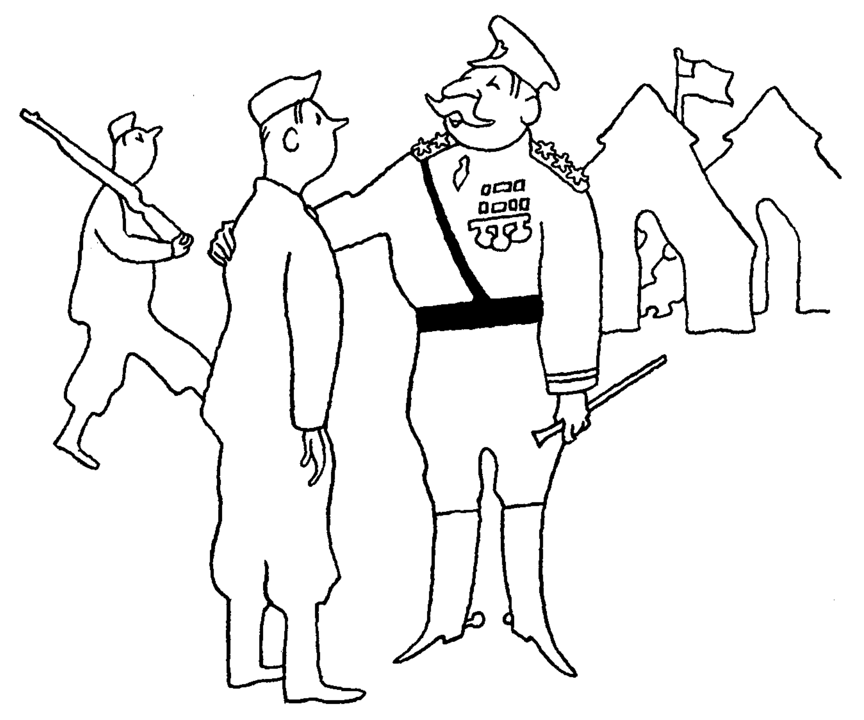
The pressure of his thumb, as it had on that evening in the hall of her father's flat, moved gently against her hand. It was all just as it had been before the quarrel.

"Let me see now," he hurried on, "who is there here that might amuse you? Yes, of course there's Dr. Ferguson. First-class fellow, great authority on Chinese stamps."

Dr. Ferguson was short and scraggy and undistinguished, a general practitioner of no achievement who collected stamps as a hobby. At no other ordinary time could she have imagined herself deriving the faintest entertainment from Dr. Ferguson's conversation. There was, however, a contagious atmosphere about the party, and to her surprise she found herself actually enjoying it.

Over the heads of his guests she watched Clem as he moved from group to group. No. There was no one like him. Such confidence, such vivacity, such youth, with, underneath that confidence, something that was hurt so easily. Her thoughts grew tender. "Yes," she thought, "I could, I do."

He had asked her for dinner afterward. His train left just before eleven. The cocktail party, she supposed, would drag on until time to order up some buffet meal, then most of them would come on to the station to see him off.



"A plain 'Sir' is sufficient, my lad. You really needn't always call me 'Big Boy'"

To her surprise, however, she noticed that as eight o'clock approached, guest after guest was being taken leave of, that Clem was organizing their departure, taking each to the door in turn with a "Well, I can't tell you what a difference you've made to my time here."

By ten past eight there were only two left besides herself.

With a smile he came across to her for the first time since her arrival.

"And now," he said, "I can really start to enjoy my evening. Have you met the other two that are coming with us? Mr. and Mrs. Forrester. I was billeted on them my first two months here. I can't say how lucky I feel myself to have got the three people I really wanted for my last dinner."

HE SMILED down at her as he spoke with the slightly self-conscious smile of one who has cleverly stage-managed an effect.

There was no doubt in her mind of what that smile was saying.

"We had that row," it said, "that ridiculous, absurd misunderstanding. There's no time now to go into the whys and wherefores of it. It would take too long. And there isn't any need. By asking you alone, at this last dinner, to meet this middle-aged married couple, I'm showing you that you're the one person that matters to me personally in England."

It was that, that smile was saying. Warmly and gratefully she met his smile. It had not happened in the way that she had expected, but this way, his way, was the better way. The thing that had to be said between them had been said, silently, in shorthand.

"Thank you," her smile said, "thank you."

Cosily, happily, the hundred minutes of the dinner passed.

"THE bill, please, waiter."

It was close on ten. He had to collect his luggage from the cloakroom. There might be a dearth of porters.

"Yes, one taxi, please," he told the *chasseur*.

She rose to her feet. She was sad, yes, sad that he was going, but she was not unhappy. She was too certain of the future to be unhappy. It was all going to be all right now.

"Now let me see. You live in Portland Place, don't you?" he was saying to the Forresters. "I'm bound for Euston. I can drop you on the way. Then perhaps, Julia could come on to the station and see me off."

"But surely . . ." It was the husband who started to protest, but his wife cut him short.

"No, no," she interrupted, "it's getting late. It would be much simpler if Clem drops us first."

A quick glance of conspiracy passed between them.

"Of course," the husband said, "of course."

It happened so quickly that it had happened before Julia could realize that it had begun to happen. Incredulously with a sunken heart she stared at him. So it was to this point, this end that all his stage management had been directed. "Oh, darling," she thought, "you couldn't possibly have planned things worse."

No, not possibly, she decided, as the taxi rattled northward after it had deposited the Forresters outside their flat. It was twenty past ten. The station was less than ten minutes' drive away. There would then be the bustle with the luggage; the arguments with porters; the business of finding the carriage and the platform. By the time all that was over, there would be a bare ten minutes left. Twenty minutes in all, and it was so that they might have that interrupted twenty minutes together that he had laid these elaborate plans. Dismally she looked at him across the taxi.

They had been so at ease with each other at the party, at the dinner table when there had been other people there, when explanations were impossible. They were so un-at-ease now when they were alone in a planned aloneness.

There was a first moment of embarrassed silence into which they both broke simultaneously with irrelevant remarks that each at once abandoned, leaving the continuation of the subject to the other. There was another embarrassed pause, a longer pause. This is ghastly, she thought, quite ghastly, as she broke the pause with a firmly resolute inquiry into the length of time that his journey was likely to take.

Before he could answer, the taxicab had drawn up outside the station. An argument started between the porters about a barrow and one of those muddles about a wrongly registered piece of luggage that seem inseparable from the departure of night trains in wartime.

There was then some doubt as to whether the train was running in two sections.

It was after twenty of eleven before he was settled finally into his compartment. In eight minutes he would be gone, but instead of the gay crowd of friends thronged round him on the platform waving him good luck, there was just herself sitting on the edge of his bunk with himself standing at the door, a dark and angry frown upon his face. No, really he couldn't have planned it worse.

She wanted to be angry with him, but she couldn't be. His bad planning was so much a part of him. She knew so exactly how he was feeling, how furious he was with himself for having spoiled the evening. Refusing to admit though, that the fault was his, blaming it on her, in the same way that he had blamed on her the wretched end to their evening at Quaglino's.

THE minutes were ticking by. The frown on his face grew darker. They were making conversation about the amount of kit that he was taking and all that lovely coziness was lost—lost irrecoverably. If only something could break this barrier between them, but he constitutionally and emotionally was incapable of breaking it and she, what was there she could do?

Despondently she rose to her feet. She stretched out her hand.

"I must be going. The best of luck," she said.

For a half second he did not take her hand. He stared at her. The dark frown left his face, to be displaced by a puzzled, helpless look—the look of a child who realizes that something serious is happening but cannot realize how serious that something is. His hand closed over her fingers desperately.

"But listen, you can't go like this. I mean to say . . ."

He checked. He half opened his mouth, closed it, hesitated. "Julia," he began.

But he never got further than that "Julia." At that moment, the train began to move.

For a half second, they stared at each other, then simultaneously they bolted for the corridor.

"To the left!" he shouted.

The door was at the far end of the corridor. A large man standing in the doorway of one of the compartments was blocking it. By the time they had pushed past him, the train had begun to gather speed. The conductor barred their way.

"You're past the platform," he said. "You can't open that door now."

"But we must . . . after all . . ."

Clem stopped. What was there he could say? What was there he could do? The train had started, was rushing them through the night, through the blacked-out suburbs.

"When's the first stop?" he asked.

"Crewe."

"But that's miles away. When on earth do we get there?"

"If we're lucky, about three o'clock."

"Three o'clock, but . . ."

He paused. An old music-hall song ran through his head. He turned to Julia. His eyes were twinkling.

"Do you know that song?" he asked.

She nodded, then burst out laughing. Together they chanted the words to each other:

"Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham
And they're taking me on to Crewe . . ."

On the bunk of the sleeping compartment, they spread out the store of their common wealth. She had to get back to London, and she had only four and threepence. He had a two months' trip ahead of him and by Army regulations he was only allowed to take twenty-five pounds in notes out of the country. He was trying to work out the least amount that she would require for her journey back. The conductor had looked up her fare, but there would be a number of extras. Tea on the train. A taxi at the other end. Clem was contesting the size of the tip that she need give the driver.

"Surely a shilling would be ample," he was arguing. He raised the palms of her hands, sideways and upward. They laughed together. They were gaily, cozily happy, just as they had been at their friendship's start. It seemed impossible that twenty minutes ago there could have been constraint between them.

"And now," he said as he transferred a pile of coins and notes into her handbag, "there's nothing to do but decide how best we're going to pass the four hours between here and Crewe."

But on that point she had her mind made up.

"I'm on duty tomorrow," she said. "I've got to get some sleep. You lend me some pajamas. Then while I undress you can find yourself a seat somewhere in the train. Then you can come back and talk to me over a final cigarette before I do go to sleep, only mind you see to it that I'm waked up at Crewe."

She undressed quickly, hanging her coat so that it shaded the hard light over the basin.

The pajama jacket fell loosely about her shoulders. It was striped against a gray background in green and yellow. "Whenever he wears this," she thought, "for as long as ever he's away, he'll think of me."

She slipped into the narrow bunk, switched off the reading light behind her head, sat back among the pillows, her arms crossed behind her head.

On her lips there was a smile of triumph. So he had thought of the English as convention-ridden. He had thought of her as a prim Victorian miss. She had her answer ready: an answer that would write her memory upon his heart forever. Her heart beating with a happy confidence, she waited for the sound of his feet along the corridor, for the tap of his knuckles on the door.

IT WAS five to three. They had reached Crewe punctually. They were standing outside the carriage. A loud-speaker was announcing that the London express was due on platform 8 in seven minutes.

"It's lucky your train dovetailing like this," he said.

She nodded. Everything that had happened during these last four hours had been lucky.

"I must go and fix up about my ticket," she was saying.

"You'll be home, won't you, by half past seven?"

"In time for a real bath before my breakfast."

They were chatting lightly. They could afford to be casual now—now that they were so sure of each other.

"I must go," she said. "I really must."

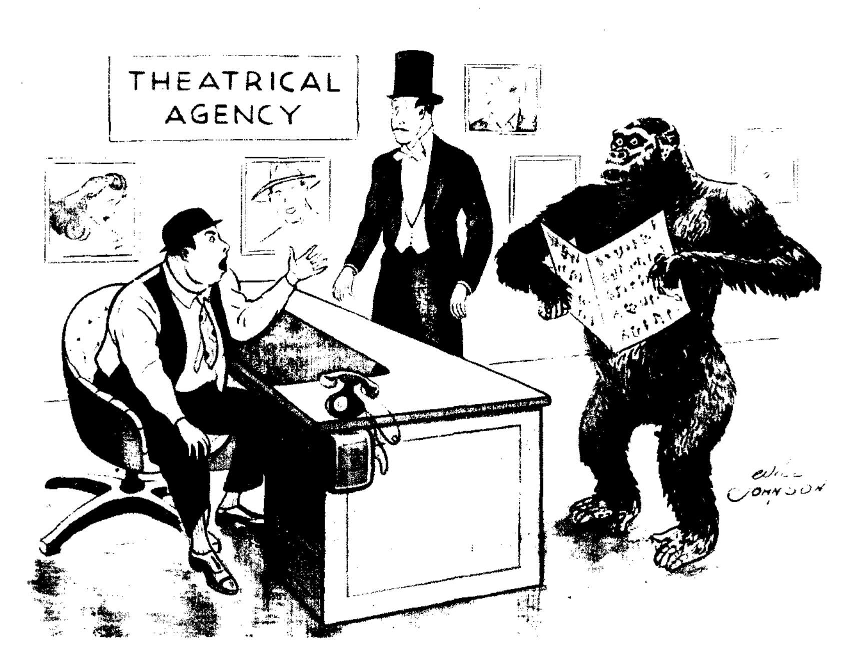
They did not kiss goodby. They did not even shake hands. For a moment her hand rested on his elbow, pressed it, then she was gone.

From the other platform across two lines of tracks she watched his train steam out. He was going away; across the miles; across the months. He was going into danger, but it was with a glad, proud heart, a heart in which there was no room for doubt that she watched him go. One day he would come back and he would find her waiting. Nothing for either of them could efface the memory of those four hours, could destroy the links that those four hours had forged. One day he would come back. She was as sure of that, as she was sure of the ultimate outcome of that larger venture of which his sailing was a part. The miracle that had been vouchsafed them was the proof of that.

One day he would come back; come back to *her*.

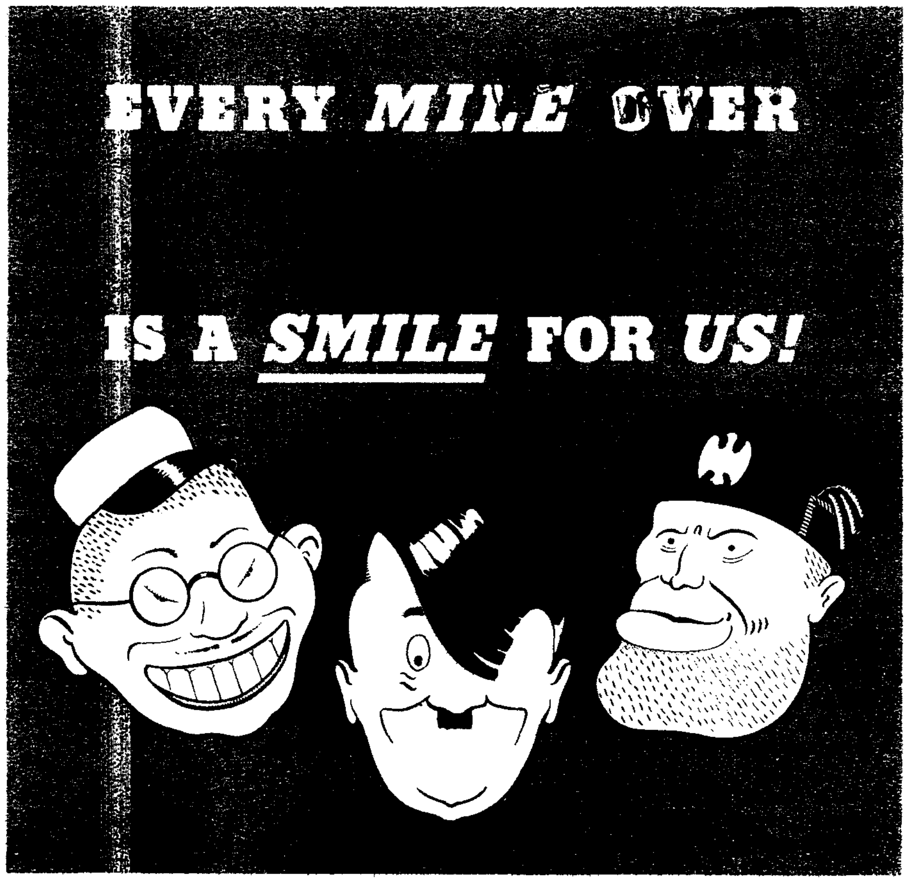
No. There was no room for doubt.

THE END



"What about your assistant here—don't he do nothing?"

WILL JOHNSON



YES, IT'S TOUGH TO CUT DOWN TO "40" BUT . . . IT'S TOUGHER TO WALK!

★ Don't let anybody "kid" you about the rubber shortage. It's acute . . . bad . . . and your Uncle Sam is going to see to it that our armed forces get all the rubber they need . . . all of which means that it's going to be a long, long time before *you* can have new tires.

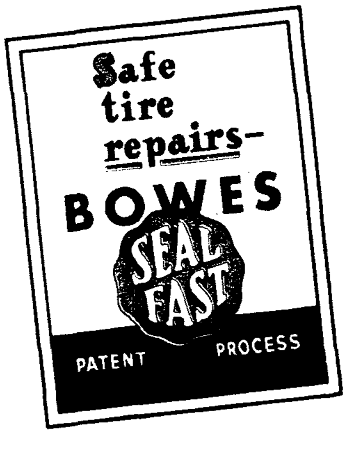
So . . . help yourself . . . help your country by conserving rubber. You know what to do . . . reduce your speed, eliminate all but essential driving, keep your tires properly inflated . . . and most important . . . have your tires checked frequently for cuts, bruises, breaks, etc.

FREQUENT INSPECTION . . . AND PROPER REPAIRS WILL ADD 25% TO 50% TO YOUR TIRE MILEAGE, SAYS Bob Bowes

★ Even the smallest cut, bruise or break is a danger signal. Those little cuts get big, quick . . . then, first thing you know, the tire is beyond repair.

But . . . if the small cut or bruise is properly repaired immediately you'll get 25% to 50% more mileage.

PRESIDENT & FOUNDER BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORP., PIONEER IN SAFE TIRE REPAIRS



★ LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

The service stations that display this sign are tire repair experts . . . factory trained in the famous Bowes "Seal Fast" tire repair method. Don't take chances . . . make sure your tires are repaired by experts.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

Purity, Grade A

Continued from page 18

her eyes shut and her hands stretched out in front. The minute I saw this I figured out she was a sleepwalker and so I got ready to catch her in case she walked off of the terrace which is three or four feet above the ground like anybody in the same circumstances.

However instead of walking off of the terrace she came up to me in her sleep and put her arms around my neck and said, "My dream man!" After above she kissed me which I know you will find very distasteful but I could not push her away without dropping the bottles I was carrying which there is a very strict company rule against. After this she went back in and shut the window.

From the above you will see that what happened was not my fault whatsoever. I would have kept shut about it and no harm done if you had not found that lipstick on my face. That was one morning that Alfred pulled the wagon up on Miss Frommage's lawn while I was making my delivery and keeping her from walking off of the terrace and he ate a lot of those little green bananas off of one of those ornamental banana bushes and I forgot to wipe my face off on account of wondering if he would lay down and die or not which did not happen fortunately.

Now that I have explained everything and you can see it was not my fault whatsoever I will be expecting you home this morning. Must rush now and find Alfred and will see you at home this morning. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: I have been thinking this thing over in my mind and I can only get one answer which is that you do not believe about the lipstick. So as a last resort I am going to take things into my own hands and when I get up to Los Huevos this morning I am going to wake Ann Frommage up and tell her that she has got to write out a letter that everything she has done has been done in her sleep without her knowing it in her own handwriting.

If she will do the above which she had better because I am getting good and sick and tired of this I will leave it on your mother's back stoop tomorrow morning.

When you come home be sure and bring the twenty ($20). I went to see them about the payment on the house and they got very nasty and said they are sorry but if I do not pay it inside of a week they will have to dispossess us. So I am looking forward to you coming home right after you read the letter from Ann Frommage tomorrow and telling me you believe me and still love me and have not spent the twenty ($20). Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: Well I woke her up yesterday and I did not get a letter but would say that you would not believe what happened. I would write it all out but Alfred would be in San Diego so I will expect you home this morning to hear all about it and will you be surprised at your handsome husband. Ha ha.

Would say it would be a nice gesture to give your mother that twenty ($20) dollars for board before you leave if you want to. I will not need it now as I will have more money than I know what to do with when I sign the contract.

I know you will want to know what contract and will rush home right this morning so I will leave just one quart milk today. Will you be surprised. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: You tell your mother if she thought she was going to do me dirt by phoning the company and raising H about me just leaving one quart she is a wrong woman. I do not care what the company says now as this is my last trip on the route.

Would say however that I am sorry you did not come home and find out what happened. If you are going to play stubborn I will make an effort and help things out and write down just what happened and then I know you will come. I have tied Alfred to a palm tree for the purpose which there is a strict company rule about but I can spit in their eye now.

Well I took things into my own hands like I said I would that morning and when Ann Frommage walked out through the window with her hands in front of her in a pink nightgown I woke her up by saying "Boo" in a soft tone as I did not want her to drop dead.

UNITED WE SERVE
FOR VICTORY BUY U.S. WAR BONDS STAMPS
BARNEY TOBEY

"I just mumbled. I didn't know whether to say Madam, Miss, Sir, Officer or what"

BARNEY TOBEY

However would say that I was the one that almost dropped dead because the minute she woke up instead of being ashamed of herself she started to kiss me harder than ever and said, "My dream man! At last you have arrived!"

This was a puzzle to me and I tried to tell her all I wanted was a letter for you but she told me to come inside and she would tell me something which she did after she put on a robe.

It seems like Ann has been having a queer dream every night lately. It was like she was a beautiful princess in a castle somewhere from what she said and she was standing on the balcony of the castle and she would see a knight approaching on a milk white steed. He would say "Whoa" under her balcony and the horse would stop and she would lean down and kiss him. The knight, not the horse. After above he would gallop off on his milk white steed and that would be the end of the dream.

Would say at this point that I know this will sound like spinach to you. However you will have to remember that Ann is a great artist and a very gifted woman and for her to have those kind of dreams is very possible and also absolutely true. What you probably think is wrong.

Anyway it seems like all the time Ann has been having this dream and waking up afterwards and finding out there was nobody there she has felt that some day the knight would come along in the flesh and he would be the leading man she has always hoped for. So you can see how surprised I was when she said, "You are my new leading man. I will not stand that Robert Gladdings one more picture."

So I said I was sorry but I could not accept on account of I was not an actor and she said, "What do you think Robert Gladdings is?" So I said what I thought he was something I would not want to say to a perfect stranger and she said she could see I was a man's man and please accept the offer and she would make me a household word in every theater in America which I finally gave in.

So it is all set now and this morning when I get up to Los Huevos Ann is going to get up into the wagon with me and have our pictures taken by some newspapers that will be there as she says discovering her new leading man driving a milk wagon will make the front page all over the country. After this she is going to have me drive her to the studio in the wagon as she says a star like her riding down Hollywood Boulevard in a milk wagon will at least make page two all over the country.

Then when we get to the studio she will take me to the producer and have him give me a contract and we will start working on her next picture. So I will be home for supper tonight and it would be nice if you will be waiting there with it ready and I can tell you how much they will be paying me a week which will be up in the thousands and we can pay up for the house the first week and put the rest in War Bonds. So will see you tonight. Must rush now and gallop off on my milk white steed. Ha ha. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: Well I am sorry you were not waiting for me at home last night with my supper ready because I needed you to take care of a black eye and also needed that twenty ($20) dollars now and if you want to know what I mean by that I have just one thing to say which is that Ann Frommage is something I would not stoop to put down on a piece of paper.

I will explain the above as brief as possible because I am breaking in a man who will take over the route as I have been fired and he is waiting in the wagon with Alfred.

Yesterday morning like I told you I was going to this Frommage person got into the wagon with me and we had our pictures taken by three or four newspapers that were there and after that we drove to the studio and if attention was what she wanted we got plenty.

When we got to the studio I parked Alfred outside of the producer's office and we went in and he is a man named Berger and the minute he saw me he yelled, "Another leading man! When are you going to stop dragging in bums?"

This was a surprise to me as the minute he said the above I figured out he was calling me a bum but I did not say anything as he was keeping on yelling, "A month ago it was some tramp you picked off a freight car down on Central Avenue and before that it was a hitch hiker and now it is a milkman you want for your leading man! Ann why not tell the truth and say you keep bringing in these palookas just to make Robert Gladdings get jealous?"

Then Ann Frommage sat down all at once in a chair and started to cry and said, "You are absolutely right Mr. Berger. I love him. And the only way I can think of to arouse his interest is to bring somebody else into the picture. Unless I can make Bob Gladdings care for me I am going to die."

She then started to cry very loud and Mr. Berger looked at me and kind of shrugged his shoulders and I started to see I had been played for a sucker. Not only that but the sleepwalking had just been a gag and so was the story about the knight and the milk white steed and if I had ever stopped to think I would have known it because nobody would go to bed with lipstick on and she had probably got up every morning and made herself up before I brought the milk just to make a impression on me.

After figuring out the above I got good and mad and I said, "Miss Frommage if I was not a gentleman I would sock you right in the puss." And I might have done it too only just then the door opened and you will never guess who came in. Robert Gladdings.

Would say at this point that I have always felt that Robert Gladdings was a creampuff but one of us was mistaken and it was me. He has got something and the minute he came in and heard what I said to the Frommage woman he started giving it to me.

I saw him coming and thought I would give him a straight left but he did not give me a chance on account of he let me have a stiff one on the eye and another on the chin and then he came back to my eye again and I figured out the best thing to do was to let him throw me out of the window which he did. He dropped me right into a bed of flowers which Alfred was eating out of and I was pretty surprised at him doing so. I mean Robert Gladdings not Alfred.

After picking myself up and finding no bones broken I looked up at the window and here the Frommage woman had her arms around him and was say-

KEEP 'EM FLYING! LET'S GO! U.S.A.

Shake hands with the Octopus

This machine packs a punch. Packs 19 of them at once, in fact. And each one is backed up by 3600 pounds of hydraulic pressure.

Night and day the "octopus" punches V-shaped slots in the circumferential stiffeners—circular aluminum alloy members—that brace a mighty bomber—the Boeing Flying Fortress.*

Designed by Boeing tool engineers especially for high production slotting and cutting of airplane stiffeners, this machine turns out parts *forty-five* times as fast as the machine which it replaced.

The "octopus" is one of the reasons why Boeing is building airplanes more quickly than ever before. It is another link in the lengthening chain of Boeing contributions to increased speed and efficiency in airplane production.

And production is steadily rising. . . . Since December 7, for example, Boeing engineers, production men and airplane workers have more than doubled the output of Flying Fortresses. Today the Boeing hydro-punch, together with many other Boeing developments in quantity production, is being shared with other aircraft companies, helping them help the United Nations to do the job in hand.

The increase of speed and efficiency in manufacture . . . both for war and for peace . . . is only one of the many different projects that form a constant part of Boeing production engineering.

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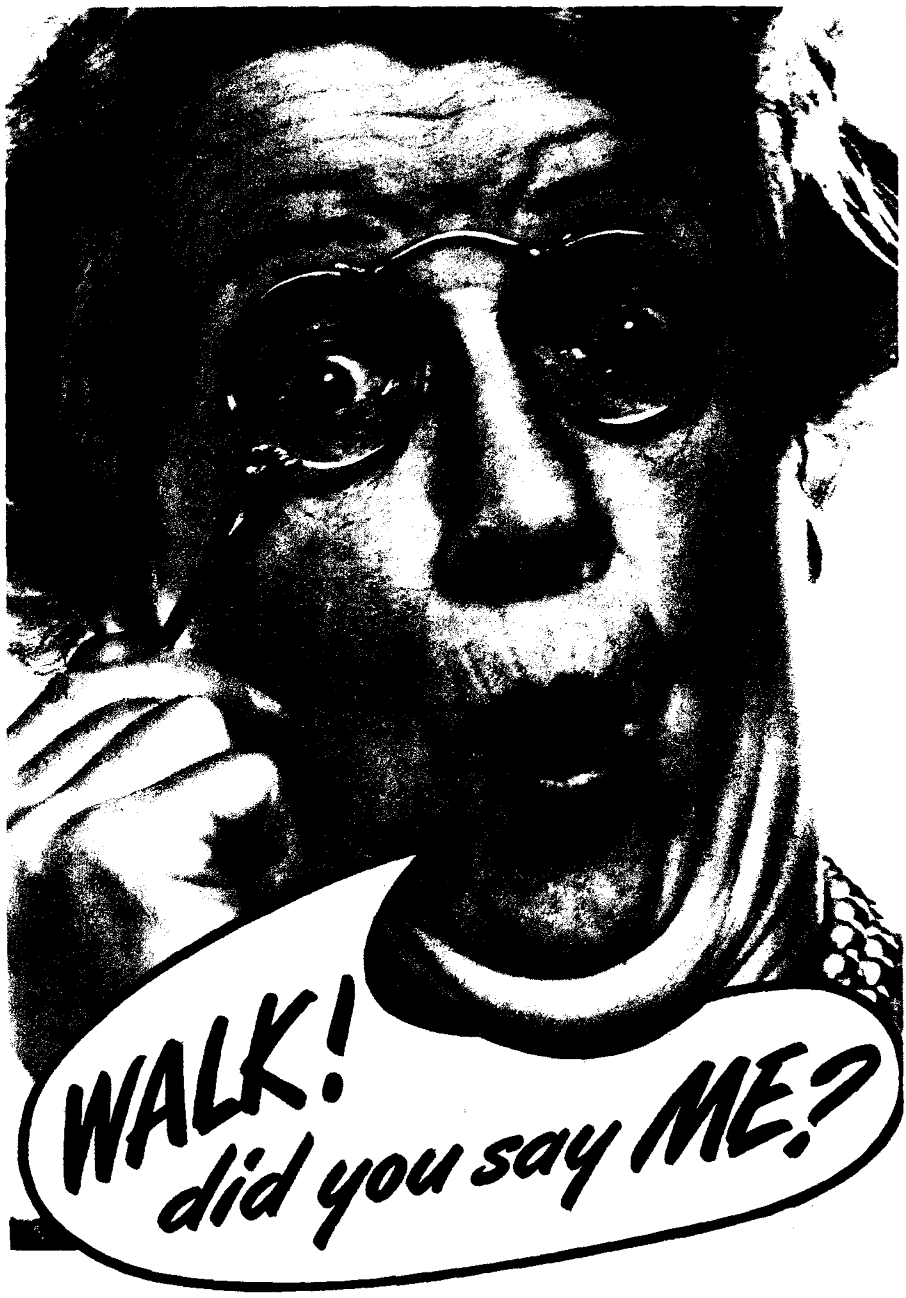
*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS


WALK! did you say ME?

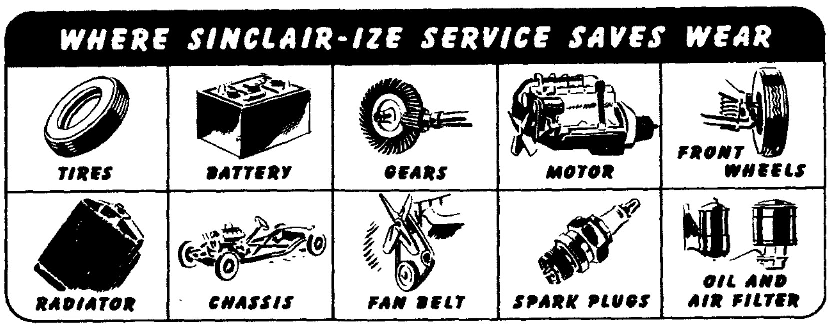
SORRY Lady, but you'll have to walk just like the rest of us when your car gives out.

So here's our suggestion: Take your car to a Sinclair Dealer for regular servicing. Sinclair Dealers offer a special Sinclair-ize service that will prolong the life of your car.

Even as American railroads, airlines and the U.S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so, too, can you rely on Sinclair lubricants to help keep your car running.

Ask a Sinclair Dealer about his service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR



SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR—FOR YOUR COUNTRY

ing, "My dream man!" which was what she had always said to me. This made me so disgusted that I backed Alfred out of the flower bed and drove right out of the studio without saying another word.

The minute I got into the street who should I run into but the company route supervisor. He had been out looking for me on account of complaints that none of my customers after Ann Frommage had got any milk yet that morning. I could not deny this on account of it had slipped my mind so he fired me on the spot and I would not be working this morning only to break in the new man.

So now it is all over and you will see it was not my fault whatsoever and please come home and bring the twenty ($20) as they will dispossess us unless I make the payment. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

Dear wife: Well I guess you will be surprised I am still working and if you had come home yesterday you would not only know why but you would have had the pleasure of meeting Robert Gladdings in person who I know you admire and so do I.

Last night I had figured out that you did not want anything more to do with me and would never come home so I was packing my clothes up and there was a knock at the door and Robert Gladdings walked in. I figured out that he wanted some more trouble and got the window open but he said, "Am I glad I located you old man! I want to thank you for what you did!"

So I came back in and asked him what he meant by that remark and from what he said it seems like my letting him beat me up was a great favor. Because he had never even suspected that he cared anything about Ann Frommage but when he found himself fighting for her he guessed he must have been in love with her all the time without knowing it and now they are going to get married.

I said that was fine and he said, "Wait a minute. That's not all." And then he went on and told me this was the first time the producer Mr. Berger had ever seen him sock anybody and he had the idea like me that Robert Gladdings was a creampuff and after the fight he raised his salary and is going to put him in more he-man parts now. So Robert Gladdings is very happy and grateful to me and wanted to know what he could do for me in return.

So I said, "I have just one thing to say which is that you can get my wife back but you can not do that. Nobody can." So he gave me his handkerchief and I told him about you going home to your mother and the lipstick not being my fault whatsoever and he said he did not see any way to get you back but maybe he could help me out of my financial trouble and how much did I still owe them on the house.

So I told him I could not let him give me any money and he said, "I insist," and I said, "I can not let you," and he said, "I insist," and I said, "I can not let you," and the upshot was that he almost got away before I could let him.

After he went I was still looking at the check and the phone rang and it was the company route supervisor and he said, "I have been looking through the evening newspapers and there are pictures of you and Ann Frommage in every one of them on the wagon."

So I started to tell him how it happened and he said he did not care how it happened because the main thing was that the name of the company showed up very good in all the pictures and that was good advertising and he had been thinking it over and would I like to come back to work in the morning with a three ($3) dollar raise and you know the answer.

So from the above you will see that everything has turned out for the best except you and I would like to talk to you about coming home again. If you would like to meet me at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp today we can have a sandwich at the Brown Derby and go to the Chinese and I am sure you will see it my way. Until noon then. Henry.

Milkman: Two quarts.

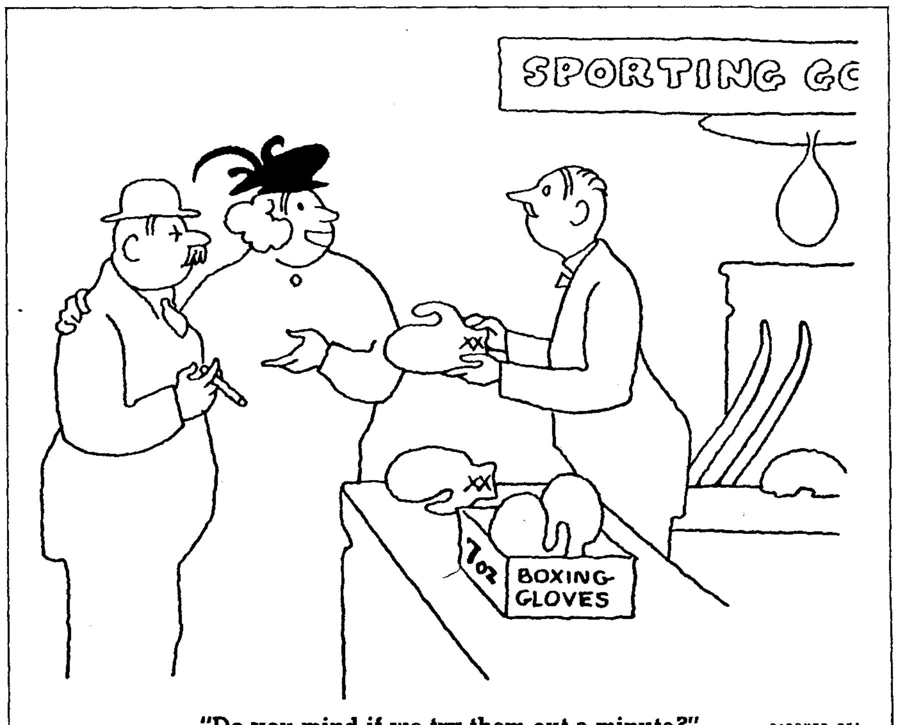
Dear wife: I have been thinking this thing over and I guess maybe you are still kind of jealous of Ann Frommage so I will tell you what I will do.

If you will meet me at the corner of Hollywood and Vine at noon sharp today instead of going to the Brown Derby you can get into the wagon with me and we will drive all the way along Hollywood Boulevard which there is a strict company rule against but I will take a chance anyway. You can bow and smile and everybody that saw the pictures of me and Ann Frommage in the paper will recognize me and Alfred and think you are a movie star which will make you very happy and you can wear a sweater. How about it? Until noon then.

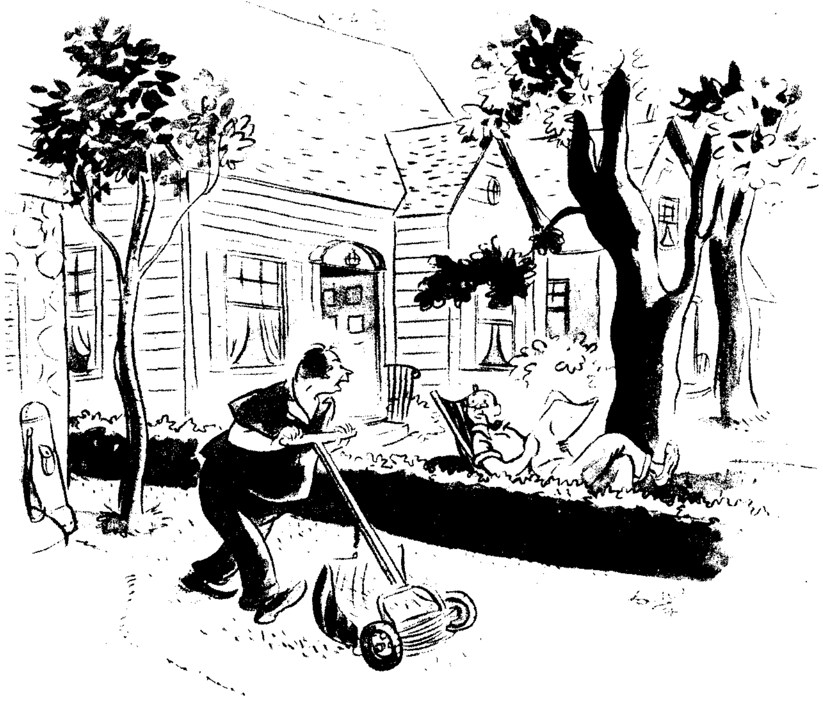
Henry.

Milkman: One quart.

THE END



"Do you mind if we try them out a minute?" GARDNER REA



"What's the idea, Wilson? I planned on you borrowing my lawn mower, as usual, this Saturday"

ROLAND COE

Retreat from Tobruk

Continued from page 17

the familiar *whoom-whoom-whoom* of enemy aircraft which have a peculiarly dissynchronized harsh sound in flight.

The moon hadn't yet appeared and it was pitch-black night, which explained the enemy's flares, for they must have known by now where Tobruk lay. They'd bombed it often enough and, next to Malta, Tobruk was the most bomb-harrassed area in the world. North of us where the town lay, searchlights reached upward, their beams desperately scanning the sky to find the enemy. Directly over our heads ack-ack shells burst, hung momentarily like golden balls on a Christmas tree and died, and as they snuffed out, we could hear sharp corresponding reports of the guns that had fired them. The volume of ack-ack gradually increased. There was an aurora borealis of light over Tobruk so sharp it stung our eyes. Bofors guns and machine guns fired at flares to try to put them out. Yellow, red and green tracers streamed toward the yellow lamps the devils had hung in the black sky, and while Tobruk's defenders fired at these, other flares appeared just to the left of us or due south of the town.

We put on our tin hats. A few machine guns near by started shooting at the new flares and we cursed them for giving away their position. It was just what the enemy wanted. He wanted to ascertain where every gun had been relocated. He dropped few bombs on Tobruk. The planes that night were on a check survey flight; machine after machine rode over the town and defensive areas of Tobruk, flying high and beyond reach of those eager searchlights and the futile flak of the defenders to spot exactly where the guns were.

The earth under us shook with the impact of explosions from Tobruk, explosions that merged one into another so rapidly as to produce one prolonged quivering of earth and sky and air about us. The *whoom-whoom* of planes came lower and lower, and we knew they were headed in our direction. We jammed on tin hats, waited, and then they let us have it—two bombs, five hundred pounders by the sound of them. They threw up two Gargantuan cones of red and yellow flame five hundred and one thousand yards from us on the perimeter defenses. The explosions were awfully, hideously beautiful. Spent fragments whistled distantly, and very suddenly the world was quiet. They came again just before daybreak but we paid little attention.

We wondered next day why the enemy had bombed so far from Tobruk. A few days later we knew. They bombed those points on the outer works of the citadel upon which they launched the final assault that conquered Tobruk—veteran of sieges, held once for two hundred and fifty days and destined to fall in less than five.

The Voices of the Guns

All day we trucked along toward the front. All day the sounds of firing from guns and antitank guns quivered on the horizon about us, often so close the voices of the guns throbbed in our brains and caused us to breathe deeply, rapidly. Late in the afternoon we came upon the elements of the Fourth Armored Brigade drawn up on the flat desert between the distant sea and one of the many ridges of this scarped and hateful land.

Beyond the ridge lay the enemy, seven hundred to a thousand yards away, maneuvering for position, seeking to outflank the Fourth. Mobile artillery sped along the ridge top to prevent the enemy maneuver, protected armored vehicles and Grant tanks of the Fourth on the left, center and right.

"We expect contact at about six-thirty tonight," the lead brigade commander said.

I asked him whether he intended to attack. He replied no; he wouldn't attack. He expected the enemy would shoot first. "But we're ready for him."

I wondered why it was that, since the general was ready to strike, he hadn't chosen to strike first instead of leaving the initiative to the enemy. But it was

(*Continued on page* 58)

*Because Van Heusen has the only shirt collar in America made with famous Van Heusen collar-fabric . . . it never wilts, irons perfectly without starch . . . the smoothest, coolest shirt collar that ever touched your neck! *Luxurious white broadcloth in smart collar styles*

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F As in olden days, French villagers wear sabots, or wooden shoes, and local artisans cannot work fast enough to supply the demand. In cities, they wear shoes with ersatz leather tops and wooden soles

R In the Chantiers de Jeunesse, or Youth Camps, similar to our CCC camps, French youths of military-service age are busy burning copsewood to produce the charcoal needed to run automobiles and trucks

A Stoking one of the busses on the regular run from Marseille to Aix-en-Provence. Normally an hour's drive, now that busses manufacture their gaseous fuel from charcoal it can take from four to six hours

N From five A. M. until late at night the French wait in line for their pitifully meager ration of tobacco. In desperation, smokers resort to cornstalks, chestnut, eucalyptus and even Jerusalem artichoke leaves

C Ersatz foods which are in use are a particular hardship for the French, so famous for good cuisine. Peanut flour has replaced regular flour in crackers and is substituted for goose liver in pâté

E One of the many models of Gazo-Bois trucks made by Berliet. It runs on wood gas. Below, the charcoal-gas generator attached to the rear of a car. Even Marshal Pétain's automobile is similarly equipped

How France Lives

By Thérèse Bonney

In a desperate travesty on her once full life, France must turn to the substitutes she has always hated

THE French have a word for it and the word is *succédané.* This is the equivalent of the German *ersatz,* and the French have had to come to it, much as they have disdained substitutes. This spring French *couturiers* were showing wool-substitute creations made from milk, silk gowns made from glass. At dinner tomorrow, the people of fashion will be happy to have spruce steak.

When Marshal Pétain travels about the country, he goes in a charcoal-gas generator. Admiral Darlan uses an electric car. Georges Claude, the famous scientist, has been running his auto on a mixture of acetylene and ammonia. With a kilo of the combination, he gets the same mileage as with a quart of gasoline, but the scarcity of ammonia prevents the commercializing of this formula.

The sugar situation in France may be imagined. The most important source of sugar is the grape—the seeds rather than the grapes themselves. Grape sugar is available now in sirup and cake forms, and the people are gradually becoming accustomed to it.

Grape sugar is not a new thing. Parmentier in 1812 brought a vial of dirty brown sirup to Napoleon, who tried it in his coffee and then cried, "This is indeed a victory." It took a century, two blockades, three wars and a defeat for the French to learn the virtues of grape sugar. It is hardly likely that they will unlearn them quickly.

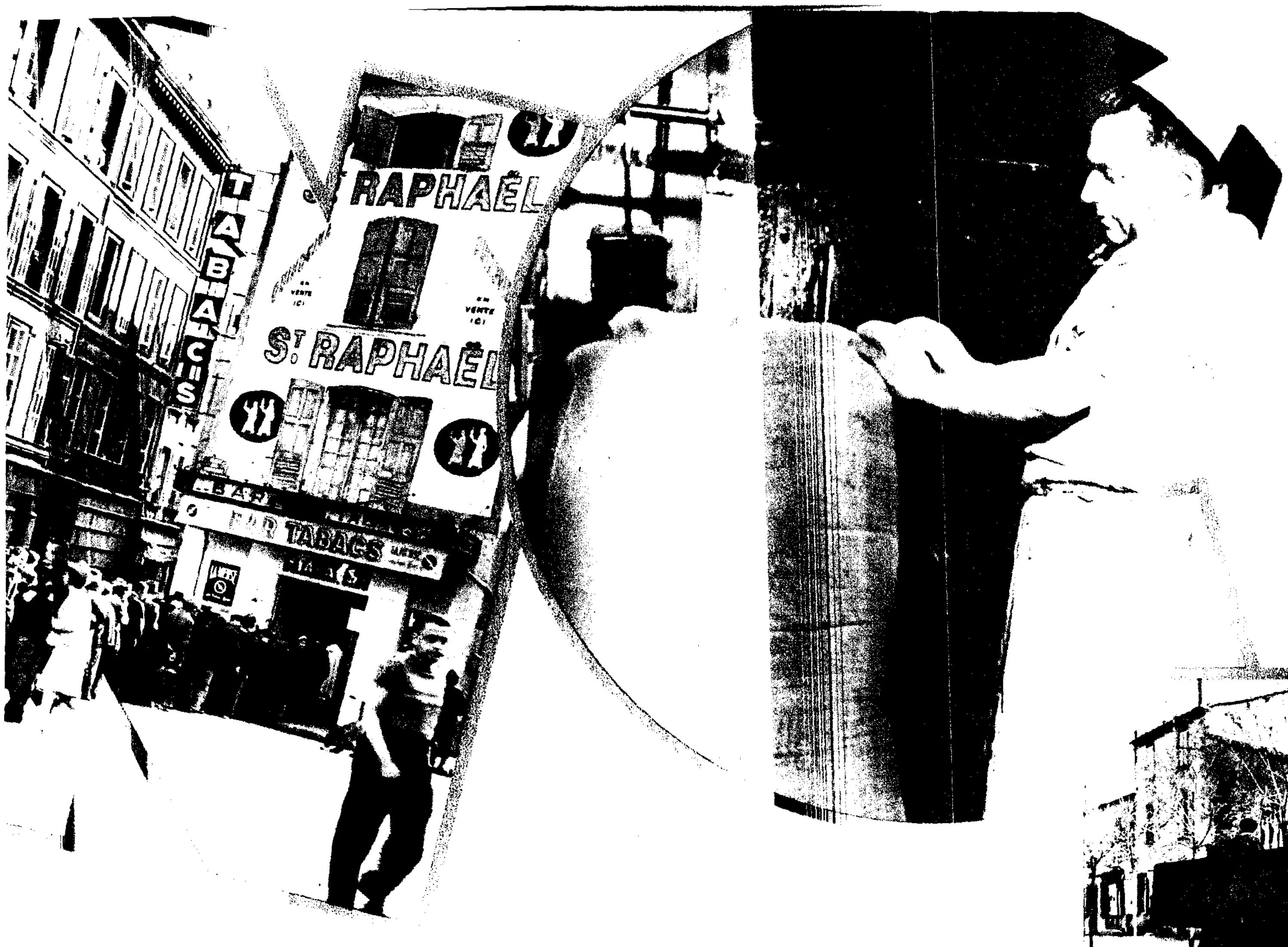
Another source of sugar is the root of the asphodel, a species of daffodil, obtained through a process perfected by Professor Cristo of the University of Montpellier. It is hoped that by 1950 daffodil sugar may become as popular as beet sugar, which in its day also started as a kind of *ersatz.* Research is also being made to extrac sugar from dates and honey, and to conver cellulose in wood and vine stalks int sugar. Sorgo, which for years has bee used for brooms and as forage for cattl is now being developed as a sugar sourc

On my trip to France this year, I at biscuits made of peanut flour and also c casein. Heudebert, the national biscui factory of France, has developed these. ate *pâté* made from grapes, and a *pât* made of peanut flour and vegetables. often ate with salad an oil substitute mad from lichen and bread crust. Margarin melted and mixed with vinegar is used t replace oil. Another curious oil substitut was a mixture of garlic, onion and tragacanth gum. Another oil substitute was mixture of flaxseed, vinegar, clover, sal and cinnamon.

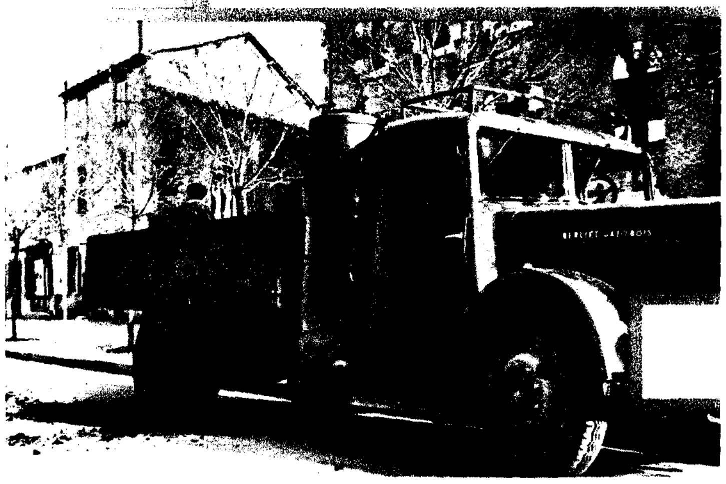
No Saturday Night Bath

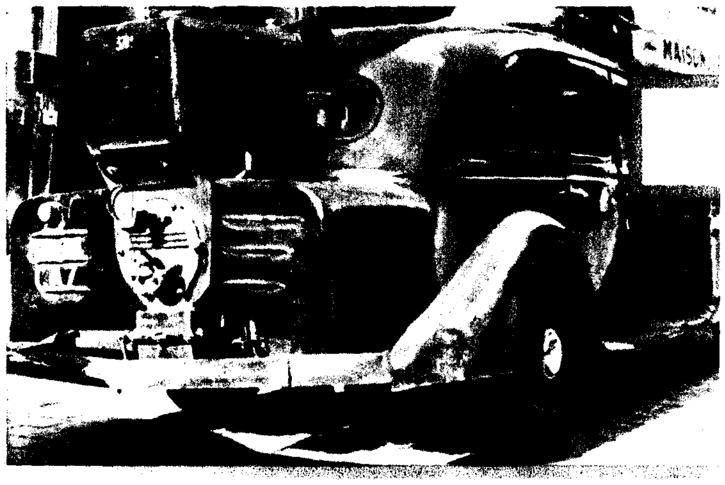
Next to being hungry, there is nothin so bad as being without soap, and Franc has severely rationed that commodity. Today soap is made from the scraps clingin to slaughterhouse bones, treated with soda Soap from skins is also being studied. Th rationed soap called *savon national,* prett bad at best, is made of candle grease, dr clay and washing soda. The peasants hav gone back to the use of ashes and wate for scrubbing floors and sinks.

There has been a growing scarcity o medicines and it is no novelty to turn o your radio and hear a desperate appeal fo a single ampoule of insulin. Bismuth compounds, iodine, mustard and flax flour, lar from pork grease, vaseline from petroleum lanolin from sheep's wool, and cocoa butte are among the things most urgently needed It is hoped to replace some of these b



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR





using beeswax or sugar and honey. Meanwhile, the people are going back to old popular remedies. One of the most popular books today is *Huit Cents Remèdes de Mon Village* (Eight Hundred Farm Remedies), much like our old home-doctoring books.

I saw lily leaves, macerated in seventy per cent alcohol, being used for treating wounds. Grated potatoes and tea leaves were being used for burns. An infusion of potato peels is applied to styes, and corns are treated with macerated ivy or willow leaves.

With the scarcity of fats seriously affecting the production of cosmetics, home concoctions are also appearing in that field. Instead of well-known creams, women are using extracts and juices from cucumbers and lettuce combined with strawberry, cherry and grape compresses. Inedible sweet almond oil is used in lipsticks instead of cocoa butter. Kaolin, starch, talc and powdered cork find their way into face powder. A very good face powder is made of talc, magnesium carbonates, permanent white, carbonate of chalk, cornstarch, carmine or ocher.

Curious as it may seem, make-up has always flourished in times like these. In fact, it was during the last World War that its popularity was revived after more than a century of oblivion. Josephine, Napoleon's consort, was said to be the last woman of the nineteenth century to use it. However, it is a hard job keeping up now, because shampoos have become a problem from the lack of castor oil and soap, and the permanent wave has almost disappeared in the provinces because the chemicals required for it are no longer available. The most common substitute for the oils and soaps in shampoos is the smectite clay once used by the Moors and Romans in their baths.

Gay ladies and gentlemen who once sipped their absinthe at sidewalk tables are sipping it no longer, because seventy thousand bottles have been made into fuel for trucks and alcohol for perfumes. The smoker has almost as hard a time because his supply of tobacco is limited to forty grams a week, almost an insult to a steady puffer. Like a schoolboy on his first spree, he resorts to oak and chestnut leaves, cornstalks, linden and verbena leaves. The flower of honey locust is supposed to give an American flavor to the homemade cigarettes. Eucalyptus, ash and coltsfoot leaves are also tried. One of my friends swears by Jerusalem artichoke leaves. There are cigarettes of camomile, dandelion and mint leaves. The trouble with these substitutes is that many smokers experience hangovers of a particularly dire type.

Last winter was the coldest in France within the memory of living man, and the lack of coal made it tragic for most families. A family of three or less was limited to a hundred pounds a month; doctors received an additional hundred and forty pounds; a family with a sick child under one year of age or a maternity case (for one month before and after the birth) was given an extra hundred pounds. I was able to keep a three-room apartment in Paris at subnormal temperature only by using two hundred pounds every third day.

Undernourished miners have literally been unable to put in a full day's work. There has been no grease for the cages going down into the pits; no cables to replace the worn ones, and no transportation for the timbers needed for the mining itself.

The few automobiles left are run by charcoal, wood or compressed gases in little trailer arrangements tucked on behind the car. At the beginning, there was a scarcity of charcoal but that is being made up by youth camps active in producing the material. Cross-country and town busses manufacture their own gaseous fuel from charcoal, and an hour's trip may take six hours. A good deal of choking and backing up goes on.

Grow Your Own Fuel

Great quantities of copsewood (acacia, ailanthus and whitebeam) are being transformed into charcoal, and replanting it becomes an immediate consideration. If the ovens for transforming copsewood are well constructed, by-products of creosote and acetic acids are acquired, making this fuel particularly advantageous for the future—the peasant's dream of producing his own horsepower. Copsewood can be planted on very infertile ground, and the humus of the roots and leaves can be used as fertilizer.

In desperation for fuel, peat production this year will be pushed up to 200,000 tons, and in addition many families are using a brick press into which paper, dust sweepings and dead leaves are dumped and come out as a combustible.

Textiles are being made out of broom, a shrub common in Europe. It has been found that two hundred pounds of dried stems will make thirty pounds of textile fiber, a hundred pounds of cellulose and twenty-four pounds of resin. The fiber is long, resistant and, it is claimed, will replace jute, flax, cotton and even wool.

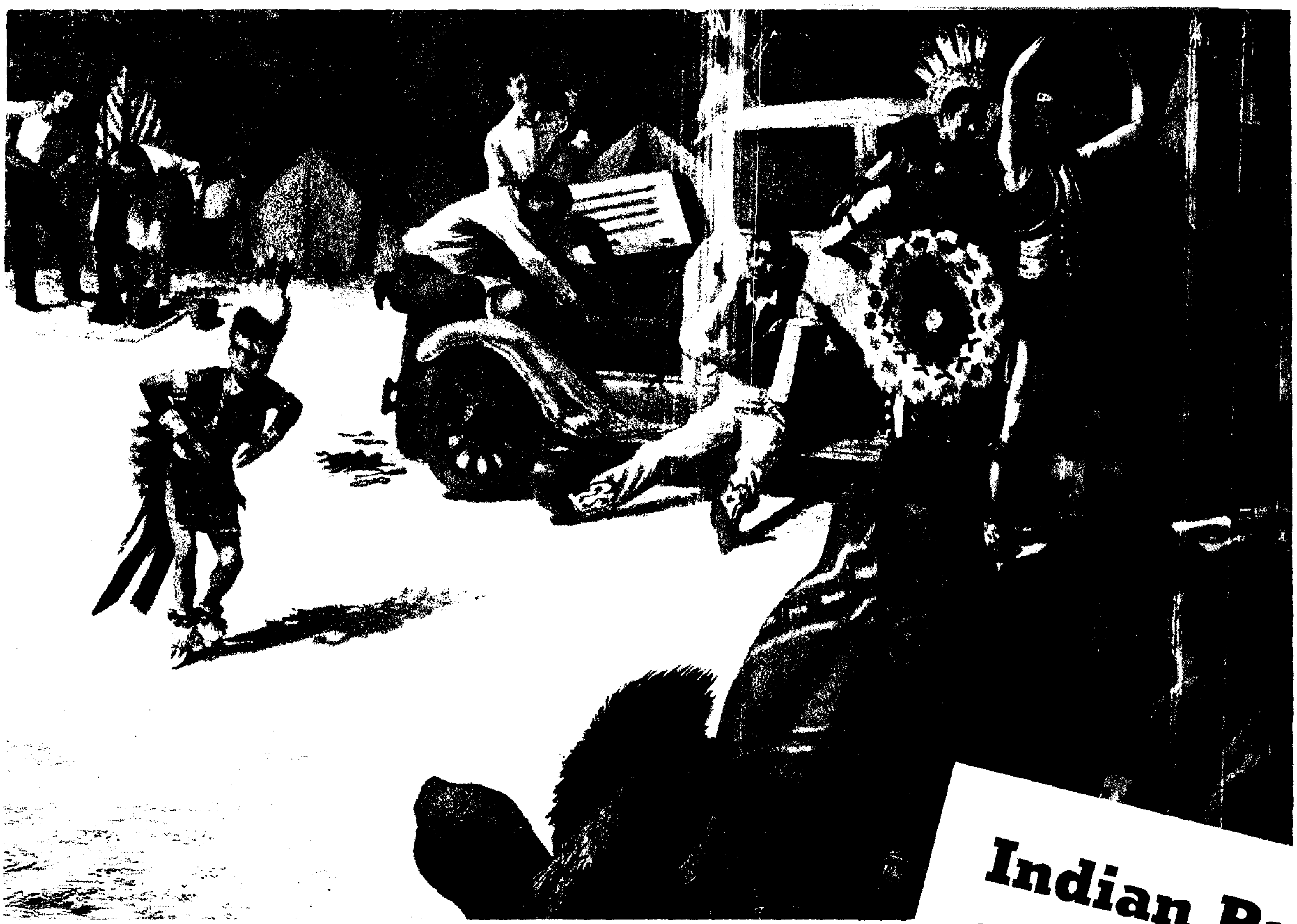
In an effort to get the most out of their agriculture, the French are commandeering copper faucets, which can be turned into copper sulphate for the grapevines, and lead faucets and pipes, which provide lead sulphate for potatoes. Oystershells, chicken bones and nutshells are ground up and used for fertilizer. Professor Lagron of the Pasteur Institute has made it possible to raise potatoes without fertilizer by using a kind of mushroom or fungus.

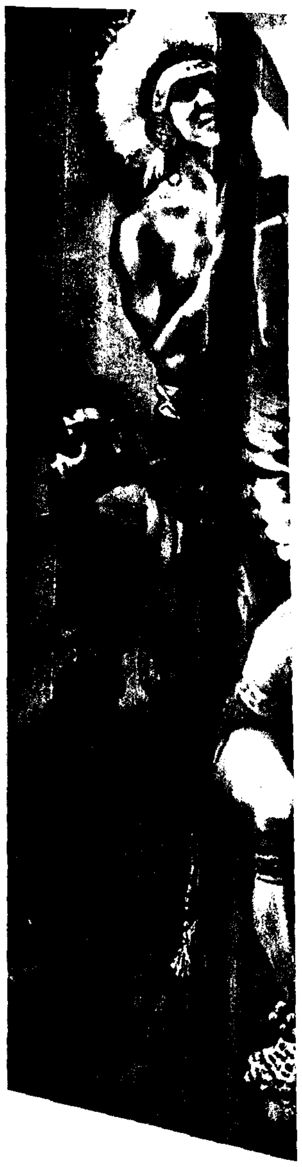
But it is the food situation that is the most threatening for the French and it is there that the greatest efforts are being made with *ersatz*. I have mentioned the spruce steaks. Here is the recipe: "Take a pile of spruce and hydrolyze it carefully by boiling it under pressure with acid. Collect the honey that comes out of it. Over this, pour yeast or mushrooms. If you do this properly, you'll have something comparable to a rare steak." The mushroom comes in contact with the honey from the wood and develops a white foam, very light and spongy. Thus the wood sugar is transformed into a living protein similar to meat.

However, to date, this process of culinary chemistry cannot be carried out by the housewife. It is hoped that the product can soon be made available in the form of soft biscuits or tablets. It is already on the market in England where the juice of wood is sold in the form of sirup known as Marmite and used in place of the omnipresent bouillon cube.

But the Germans are years ahead of all other countries in food *ersatz*. They have built fourteen great refrigerating plants and at the end of 1941 had sixty-seven others under construction. This made it possible to take care of 170,000 tons. It is reported that there are in Germany today one hundred and twenty factories for the dehydration of vegetables. France has just opened her first.

"Succédané," the French still say, with a gesture of distaste, but it is distaste joined with both hope and desperation. In the most terrible sense, it is either *succédané* or nothing. It is a word that is likely to stay in the language for years to come. But *succédané* also means survive, and that the French are determined to do—and will. ★★★



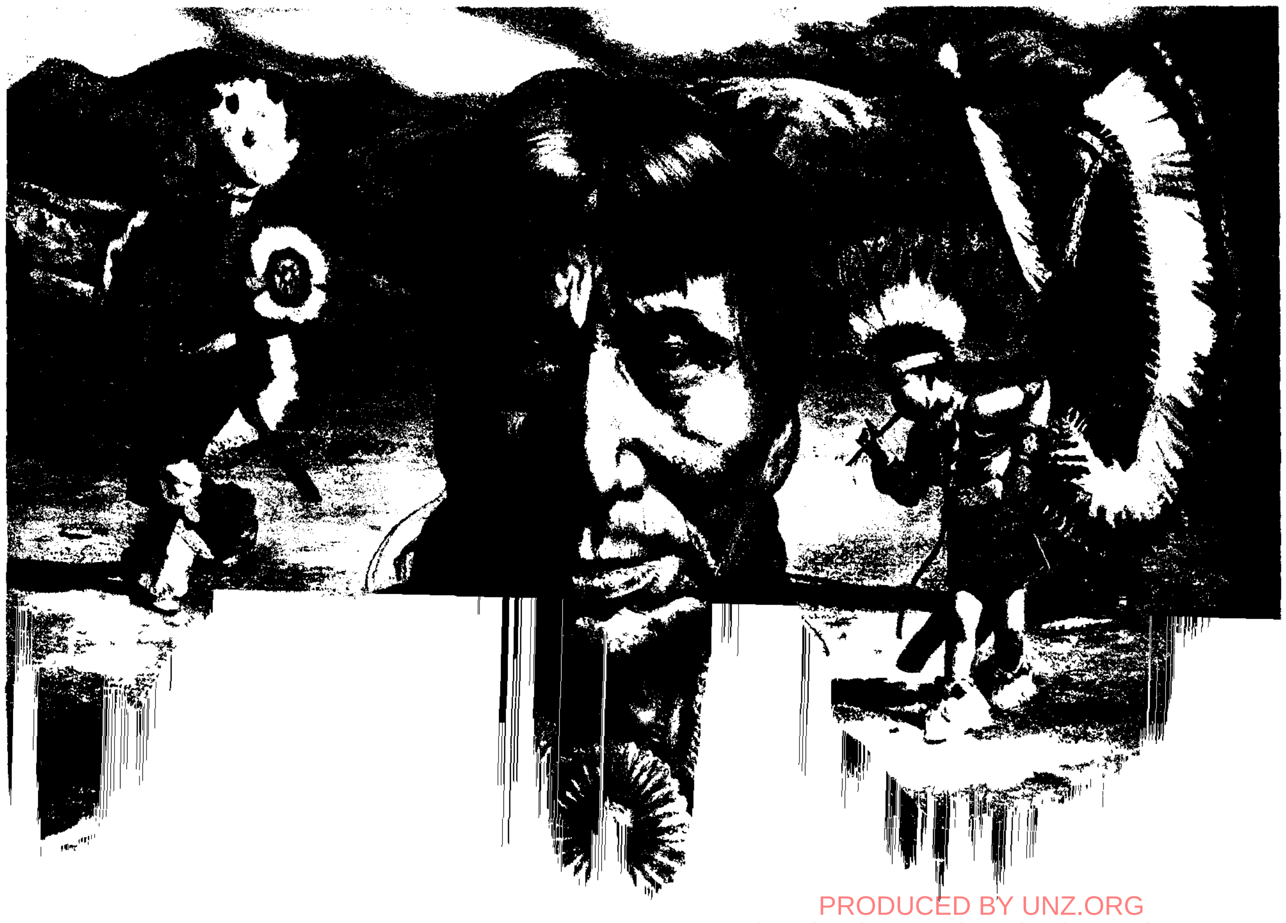


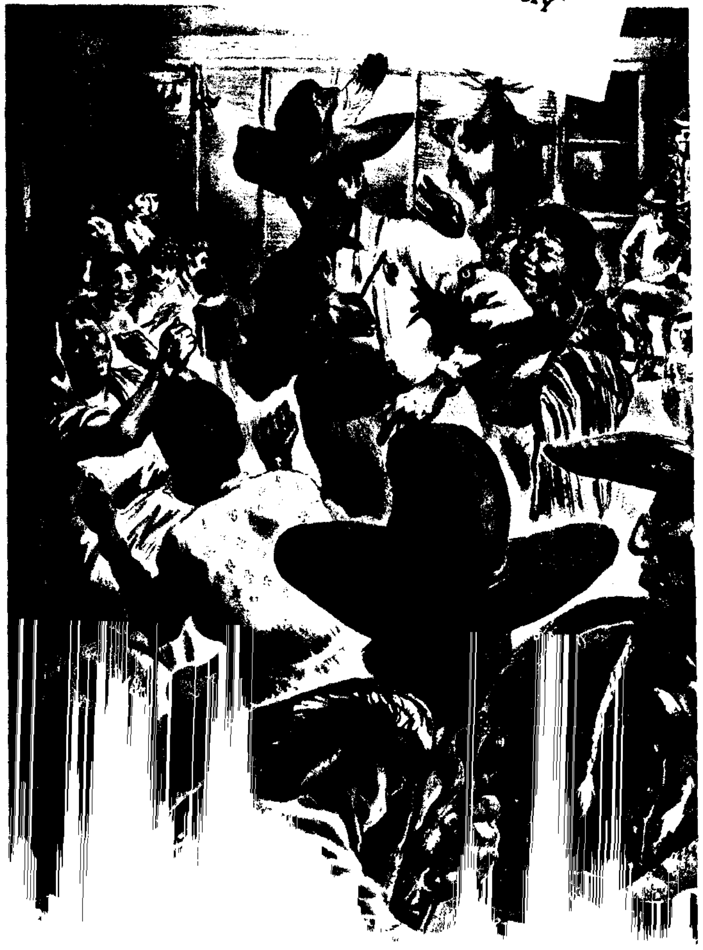
Indian Party

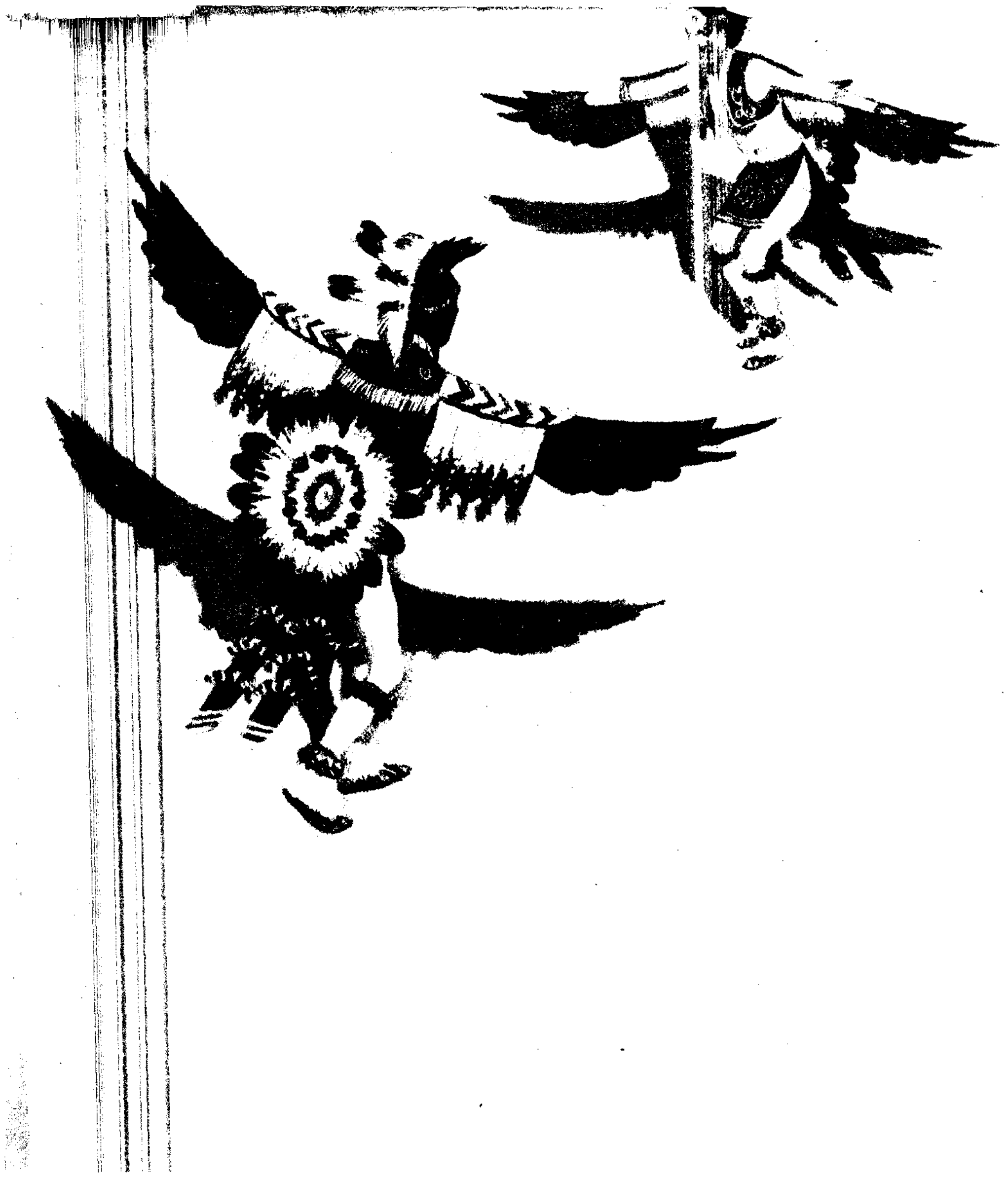
Charles B. Wilson, who made these lithographs for Collier's, was brought up among Indians and for years has painted and sketched his friends among them. The hand game shown on these pages took place near the Quapaw Reservation in Oklahoma, at the home of Wilson's friend, Alex Beaver, a wealthy Indian and son of Tribal Chief John Beaver. Wilson has taken part in more than two hundred Indian ceremonials, draws from life pictures of red men of 175 tribes and speaks two native languages. His home is in Miami, Oklahoma, and he is proud, he says, "to have taken the Indian off the hill and out of the story book and to have recorded him in his proper place in today's society"

Long before the white man came to America the Indians were putting on parties—and they're still doing it. In the picture above visitors are turning up for a modern party. In the background is the camp. In the foreground the women are gathered for gossip and jokes, for the Indian is a great humorist. A family party has arrived in the car. An Indian beats a hand drum while the little dancer practices a new step. At the right two dancers try on costumes. The dances usually have no more significance than those of white folk; they are accompanied by drums and special songs

Below, a typical old Indian is posed before a Western landscape, together with three dancers. The old man is of Cherokee and Eastern Shawnee blood and wears a silver Navajo-made breastpin on his scarf. There are few full-blooded Indians any more. In Oklahoma, for example, there are 175 tribes and most of the red men boast blood from two, three or four tribes. Intermarriage has ended tribal warfare. The figures behind the old Indian show two dancers; a boy plays a flute







.bove: Mr. Wilson shows four dancers dressing. he two at the right are wearing "fancy dancer" ostumes; the man sitting and the man with the war onnet are "straight" dancers. The more spectacu- ır dancing isn't always the Indians' favorite. Ex- ellence is judged by the dancer's ability to keep ll parts of his body moving as smoothly as possible › the drum rhythm—and the subtler the better. In ood weather the dancing is done in the open; in ad, in the biggest lodge available. Sometimes the ffair is given by a chief; sometimes by a commu- ity. Usually there is no special reason: The braves nd squaws just seem to feel a dance coming on

Above: Here is the Eagle Dance, one of the more graceful and subtle solo figures. It has been made famous by the Hopis in Arizona and the Kiowas in Oklahoma, but is common to many tribes. In this picture two Otoe braves are portraying the flight of an eagle soaring over rocky cliffs in search of prey. Modern regalia is more colorful than it used to be, with cellophane and various gaudy materials readily available. And instead of smoke signals, the Indian sends out his party invitations by letter or by a notice in the local newspaper, or over the telephone from an Indian agency. The show often starts with a ball game between boy and girl teams

Below: After the hand game there is another dance and a thanksgiving song is sung. Then comes the feast. The food is brought in from the cooking fires and placed in the middle of the room, between the lines of players. The men are always served first. Usually there are six or seven kinds of meat, along with heaping platters of fruit and vegetables. Everyone gulps down Indian corn and fried chicken, cakes and pies, squaw and fried bread, beef and pork, and sometimes bear, mutton or deer. It is bad manners to refuse any dish offered. What isn't eaten is gathered up, divided among the guests and taken home—a fashion common to all primitive peoples

eft: After the dancing omes the age-old hand ame, portrayed in this ›icture. The dancers ısually change cos- umes and mingle with he others—men on one ide, women on the ›ther. Singers and lrummers sing hand- ame songs and play ›ften goes on for four ›r five nights in a row. ›ometimes there is gam- ›ling; often none. The ame, played with va- iations all over the vorld, is much like the amiliar Button, But- on, Who's Got the But- on? The host and his vife usually sit side by ide at the head of the able; score is kept with en sticks, each about ight inches long. Eleven hands are played as a set and the player winning nost hands wins the set

(Continued from page 53)

possible, in fact very probable, that the general had his orders. Somebody else way back where you couldn't hear firing was sticking pins and drawing lines on maps and had decided how the elements in this deadly chess game should be employed.

Along telephone lines laid on the desert floor connecting GHQ with hundreds of advanced subheadquarters and observation posts, orders were passing back and forth in code. The Germans were barking them out on shortwave radio in the clear and losing no time. Our side was still playing the game the old way, sending and receiving orders in complicated ever-changing codes.

Men coded, decoded, recoded, decoded, while the enemy, with professional thoroughness and confidence that even if their messages were intercepted there wouldn't be time for the British to act upon them, shifted his pieces on the checkerboard of the battlefield with dazzling rapidity. We seemed always trying to convert pawns into queens while the enemy appeared always to have his queen in our king's row.

We pulled out from the terrain that would be the battlefield as soon as the sun dipped slightly, and the mirages that baffled our eyes and senses subsided. We made for Eladem where on a ridge overlooking the coastal plain we made camp with the rear-guard elements of an Indian division—Ghurkhas with keen eyes and soldierly bearing and lithe clean bodies.

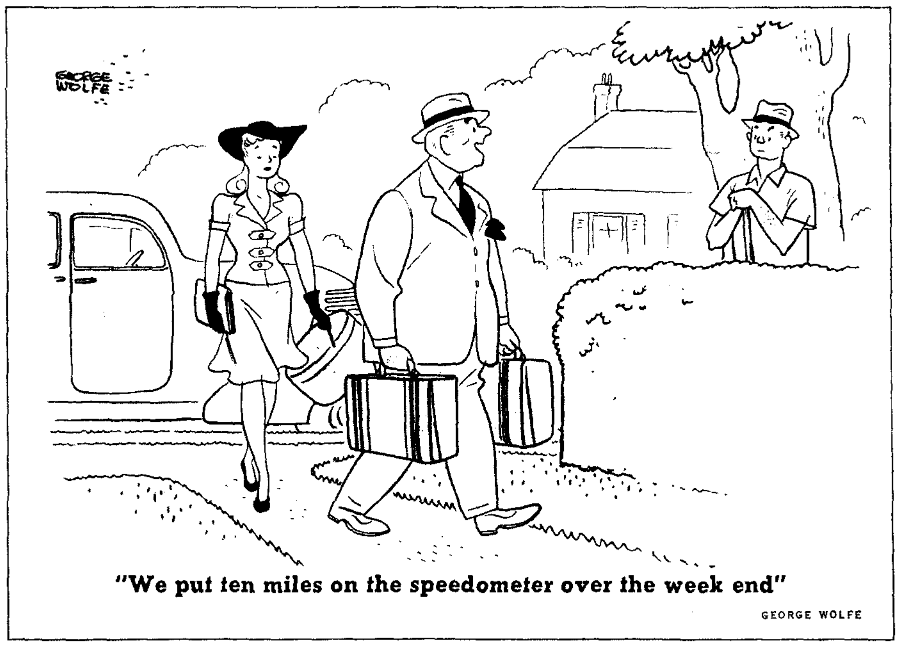
Slip-up in the Intelligence

I chose a shallow waist-deep trench long enough for my camp bed, barely wide enough to move around in, but still sufficiently large to overcome the feeling of acute claustrophobia you get in any trench or dugout. Usually the trenches are so narrow you feel as though you're sleeping in a grave. I cleaned this one out with a pick and shovel, poured half my gallon ration of brown water into a basin and had a reasonably thorough wash.

All of us had forgotten the ominous Arab egg seller and looked forward to a good supper. Captain Kim McLash, our conducting officer, had promised bully disguised as curried beef with fried potatoes. We anticipated a good night's sleep—the first in many days—in a quiet sector.

Immediately we'd finished Kim's incredibly hot curry we had a long talk with the intelligence officer, a pipey, mustachioed fellow whose omniscience was impressive. He said the enemy was nowhere in the vicinity and guaranteed us we'd be undisturbed that night. His camp was near by in a deep wadi, and it was nearly dark when we returned to our camp. There was a thick band of cinnamon between sky and desert in the west and stars were visible and an unusually cold wind was coming in from the sea. It was going to be a cold night. Dew was heavy on our faces.

In the west as far as the eye could see, which was about ten miles from our ridge, a column of flame shot skyward and burned there with undiminished intensity like the distant smoky torch of an exploded oil or gas well. Moments later, we heard the dull, muted sound of an explosion. Then to the right of that column, came another similar pillar of fire and then others until there were seven. We couldn't make out what they were. We gathered together talking in low, almost awed tones about what might have caused the explosions. Not aircraft certainly or we'd have heard them. Then it dawned on us. Those were our trucks or tanks burning. The explosions were mines of our own minefield. This could only mean—retreat.



"We put ten miles on the speedometer over the week end"

GEORGE WOLFE

In the thirty minutes that followed, as darkness thickened into an almost gelatinous blackness, menacing and impenetrable, we witnessed what must in all human experience be for participants therein one of the most humiliating emotions—the panic of blind headlong flight. We saw it and became part of it.

Roaring in the night across the desert, came the vehicles and weapons of the Indian units which held that region between Acroma and Eladem. We could hear rather than see them. Plumes of dust that trailed them were barely distinguishable—faint gray streaks in the blackness.

I thought of the Arab. One of the English officers said, "Bit of a flap on, it seems." "Flap" is British understatement for anything from ordered retreat for tactical purposes to headlong rout and in the best tradition of understatement. This was a flaperoo. The rest of that night was one of sounds and lights and smells, for we could see nothing. There was no moon.

Purely by touch we gathered up equipment, piled it into trucks and cars and moved off eastward. I guided my driver. I take vitamin tablets; he didn't. He was night blind. I guided him by following the dark patch of shadow under the vehicle of our conducting officer immediately ahead, slowed him or accelerated him by listening to the motor of the preceding machine. Several times we almost ran the advance car down. The officer ahead was steering a compass course toward the main road or toward where he thought it was.

I heard the crunching of wood ahead and the sounds trucks and cars make in soft earth. Then suddenly we were in it too and I ordered the driver to halt. I got out of the truck and peered down and felt the ground with my hands. The sound of wood breaking was the sound of crosses breaking. We'd stumbled upon an enemy graveyard. "Blimey—blimey!" the driver said.

Retreat into Darkness

I debated a moment but only for a moment whether I could replace all the crosses. I reached down to right at least one, but my hand no sooner touched it than I dropped it. Our three vehicles fought their way out of the soft mounds of sand onto solid ground in three or four frenzied minutes that seemed hours.

A few minutes later we were in the midst of hundreds of growling, whimpering, grinding trucks headed eastward again and then we halted. With motors cut, there was an awesome silence, broken only by sounds about us of picks and shovels, the *chunk-chunk* of thousands of men digging desperately into the earth. It was as though the sounds ants make were magnified millions of times into an enormous chorus of systematic labor.

It was impossible to know where we were. We knew only that the Ghurkhas had stopped and so had we. We knew if the enemy were advancing we'd be bombed and strafed but we were all weary to the point of collapse. We decided to set watches. Cold pressed those whose turn it was to sleep to the earth. We were cold and wet with dew, in sleeping bags laid on the ground.

During my watch between midnight and one o'clock, the enemy decided to stage one of their renowned night tank actions. This turned out to be merely a patrol probing of our strength, but it was nonetheless a fascinating spectacle. Far to the west and off to the left, a green flare appeared close to the ground. Then one at the extreme right—a yellow one. A red flare appeared in the center. I knew they couldn't be Very lights, for those would have shot higher into the air. These flares couldn't have been more than ten or fifteen feet off the ground.

They were signal lights mounted on tanks. I awakened George Lait. We held a brief council of war to decide whether to pull out of there or not. We decided to stick it out. The Ghurkhas roared away in their trucks a few minutes later, and we kept close watch on those moving lights that burned brighter and came closer each minute. But we had to stay where we were. There might be mine fields to the east of us, or retreating columns might attack.

Behind us, Tobruk was getting it again and the futile pyrotechnics of ack-ack and searchlight defense we'd witnessed the night before were repeated. My watch was up. I went to sleep. Just before I turned the watch over to George Lait, I saw there were four flares in the west probing the darkness this way and that, but they were at least a thousand yards away and we knew we could outrun them. There would be plenty of warning from our sentinal.

Morning came with a slap of sunlight in our faces. We had the field all to ourselves. There were sounds of firing in the west but otherwise it was as peaceful and desolate as a plain in Midwestern America's dust bowl. We breakfasted on tea biscuits and canned fruit and returned to the press camp, then located at Gambut. There we learned that the previous night's flap hadn't been anything serious. It was described merely as an enemy action to ascertain our strength in the region between El Gazala and Tobruk, in the vicinity of Acroma. The whole thing was treated with what seemed to us undeserved levity. "Bit of flap, dontcha know."

We felt outraged rather than sheepish. We felt that the bright young intelligence major whose job it was to know what was happening at every point on the front should have known that enemy columns were present practically under his nose. It seemed to us that there was an abominable lack of co-ordination of information up forward. We'd been told there was no enemy in our sector. Very likely, therefore, our troops hadn't been aware of the advance of the enemy in territory which we were supposed to control completely. We saw the burned-out shells of trucks that had run onto mines in the flap next day. Men died in them.

For the next few days, the battle for Libya roared furiously, and then one day Bir Hacheim fell. The gallant French defenders of the southern end of that thick mined-in desert Maginot which General Ritchie had created were flanked. Its most vulnerable point was penetrated in the middle. Pienaard's South Africans were obliged to leave El Gazala, and Tobruk was again besieged. Everywhere we found battle-weary troops and rumors of parachutists.

Flight in Confusion

The lines of supply that had surged so smoothly, so strongly westward began to flow eastward in our direction. Tired men filled eastbound trucks which no longer moved in orderly convoys of vehicles equidistant from one another but one close to the other, noses to backs, dusty, groaning with weight. Their motors whimpered where they had roared a few days before. The tools of road repairers lay abandoned in the dust by the roadside.

We bucked the retreating tide of men and machines, climbed the escarpment, determined to reach Tobruk. We'd been told Tobruk could hold out again for two or three months. We reached Sollum and found the road blocked. It had been closed by our sappers with mines two hours earlier, when eleven enemy tanks and an unascertained number of armored vehicles were reported headed that way.

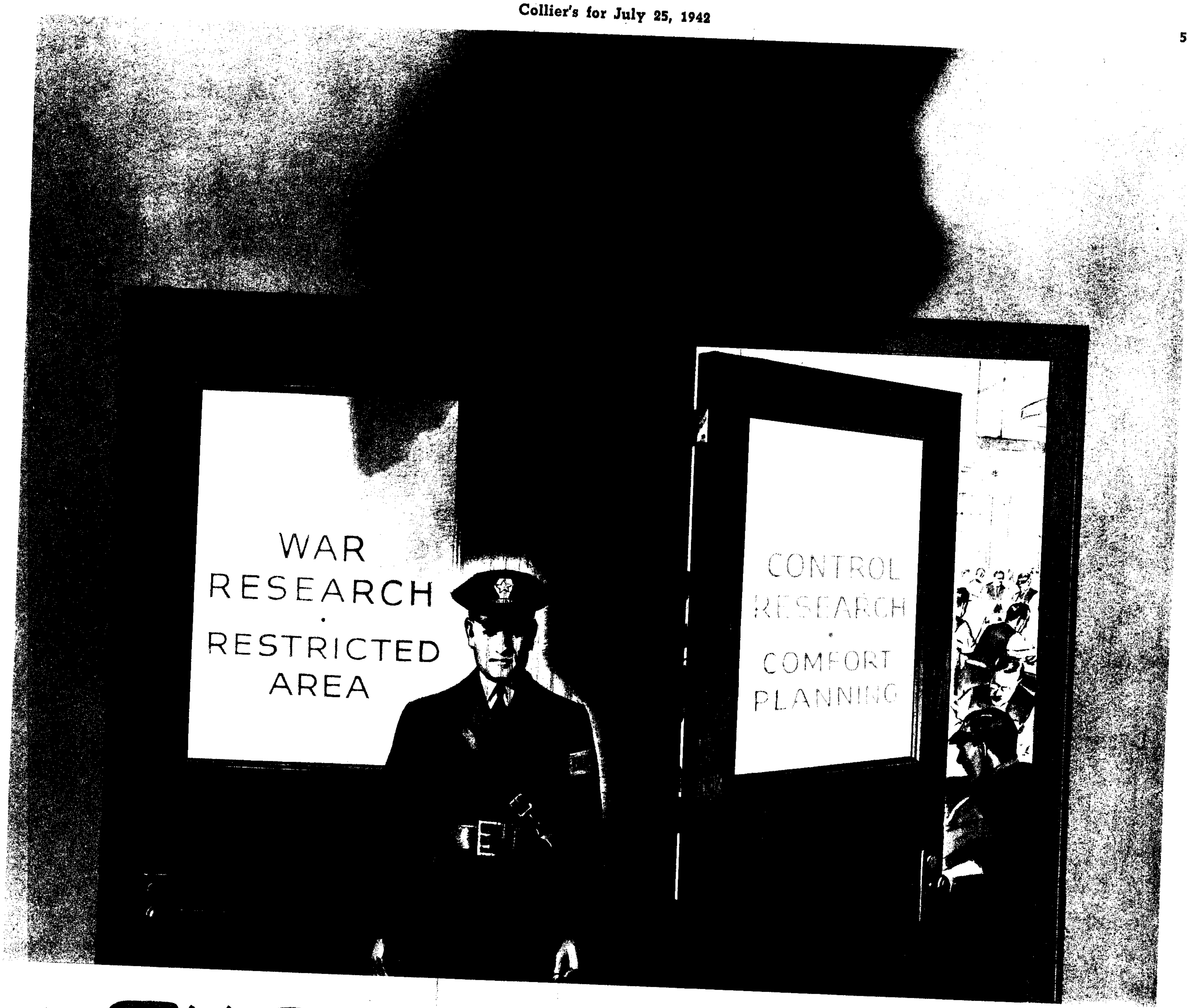
We halted atop upper Sollum beyond the Egyptian barracks to eat a few sardines for lunch when an American tank clattered and squeaked in our direction. A young handsome artillery captain with a tired face covered by a fine layer of dust out of which two bright blue eyes peered emerged from the turret and asked in a quiet voice what was the road to Capuzzo.

He didn't know the Germans had Capuzzo. He knew only that the canteen there was giving away rum, canned goods, all its stores, because they could not destroy rations accumulated for a million men fast enough. We gave him and his weary, grimy crew stiff slugs of gin diluted in lime, then clattered off up the road toward the road block to confer with the colonel who held the position with a few armored vehicles and one tank.

In the distance, there was the faint sound of an explosion and as we turned to look in its direction we saw a straight tall column of black smoke rise from the ground about a thousand yards off. Someone, probably a tank operating out of Tobruk in our direction, had got one of the German armored cars. Its funeral pyre accentuated the lonely horror of the moment as we looked across the tangle of barbed wire and stakes that held it, protruding askew out of the blasted soil.

We cut across from Sollum to Halfaya and descended the escarpment. Two hours later Tobruk fell.

THE END



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Weapons While You Wait

Continued from page 13

could best weld or cast hulls, what type equipment would best fit his plant, and how to arrange details of the jump. With this much leeway, he must then pass the miracle of changing over fast and without one second's delay in production. In the committee they sweated and strained for weeks, they pooled patents and traded what normally would be considered trade secrets, they threshed out with Ordnance men the complexities of their technical problems, they asked and got simplified specifications when simplifications were possible. The result is that both tanks, superb machines, are rumbling off in all directions.

The Tank Committee was only one of 21 functioning in the munitions business. Ordnance Engineering Advisory Committees, a 20-, 37- and 40-Millimeter Armor Piercing Shot Committee; a Demolition Bomb Body Committee; a Primer and Detonator Committee; an Adapter and Booster Committee; a Metallic Belt Link Committee.

They met whenever they had something worth while to discuss. All the boys wore badges, called one another Joe. But they did business, also, solving grave war problems.

When real arguments started, when important suggestions were made, when serious problems arose, the committees and Ordnance men began immediately to thresh things out. Orders were sometimes issued from the meeting rooms for technical changes in designs and manufacture. Sometimes the manufacturers bawled one another out for behavior considered on the dark side; sometimes the manufacturers bawled out the Army for irrational demands; sometimes the Army bawled out the manufacturers for slow and sloppy operations. A woman at one meeting spread a thick layer of blushes over the faces of Army men present by pointing out that the same set of specifications contradicted itself in succeeding paragraphs, "and how in blazes are we supposed to know which to use?"

The Technical Side is Important

But from the astonishing day-to-day co-operation came amazing developments, mostly on the technical side. But Ordnance is a business where a slip of one-thousandth of an inch in the size of a primer hole in a 20-mm. cartridge case can jam a pilot's automatic cannon in a tight moment of a dogfight, so the technical side is important. A new type of washer on gun-recoil mechanisms was developed and improved the big guns; flexible electric wire conduits were found satisfactory in certain parts of tanks, saving hours of labor; manufacturers having trouble with excess metal in castings learned from their theoretical competitors how to correct it, making more efficient operation; the difficulties of steering half-track vehicles—the trucks with tank tracks under their rears—were solved; the number of precision instruments damaged during installation was cut by the committees' request that a warning tag be put on each gadget so workmen wouldn't make boners.

As an example of how industry co-operated with itself and with the Army, the Tank Committee was given blaring hosannas for the fact that, after a careful survey, Ordnance experts raised the production schedules an impressive amount; and the new schedules are being met.

The Ordnance Engineering Advisory Committees are fading out now. Through them were solved the hundreds of engineering headaches involved in grinding out a thick stream of weapons. Now the job is one of production methods, and Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr., the Army's new Chief of Ordnance, has solved it in the traditional American way—by setting up a string of industry-wide committees. No Thurman Arnold can interfere, however, for he has locked in his safe a letter from Attorney General Biddle cheering him on and saying no mere matter of technical antitrust law shall interfere.

General Campbell calls the pools "integrating of industries." And they integrate with such effectiveness that they become virtually single units. General Campbell is chairman of each committee, and with an assistant chairman does most of the actual work and takes most of the responsibility.

In getting bids on adapters and boosters for artillery-shell fuses, Ordnance officers came across a bid so low it jarred their teeth loose. Convinced the bidder had a loose gear in his head, they gave him a contract and stood by in awe as the adapters and boosters came boiling out in fantastic quantities. The bidder had perfected a new technique of manufacture that increased production out of all proportion to tradition, it developed, and through his fuse committee he opened his plant for others to see.

A few months ago a mass of laborers suddenly congregated on a stretch of Midwestern prairie, and from the center of the milling workmen there emerged a tremendous factory. The workmen left and another mass of people moved in. These were experts of a hundred different kinds, and between them they laid out on the plains a streamlined production plant for small arms. These experts had come from a few highly specialized concerns which had kept going, through the pacific period, the art of making rifles and machine guns. Through the pool they became roving advisers to the industries asked to make, on a gigantic scale, weapons they had scarcely even seen. Their experience and wisdom got the mass-producers into action weeks, months, maybe years faster than would normally have been possible.

One of the great developments of the integration is the pooling and standardization of essential materials and machines. Recently a fuse manufacturer in the East ran smack dab out of a particular cutting tool. He phoned the head of his pool, Roy T. Hurley, of Bendix Aviation, and said he would have to shut down until he got replacements. Within an hour a package of the tools was roaring by air from another manufacturer, 1,500 miles away. A shell maker recently came to the end of his brass supply and the scheduled shipment of more was delayed. He received from another concern enough to keep him going. Some time ago the boys who make pyrotechnics, the aluminum and magnesium compounds used in military flares, were ready to close because they could get neither metal. Through their own organization, they nursed along their available supplies, dividing them between all producers, for months, and all kept in business until the crisis passed.

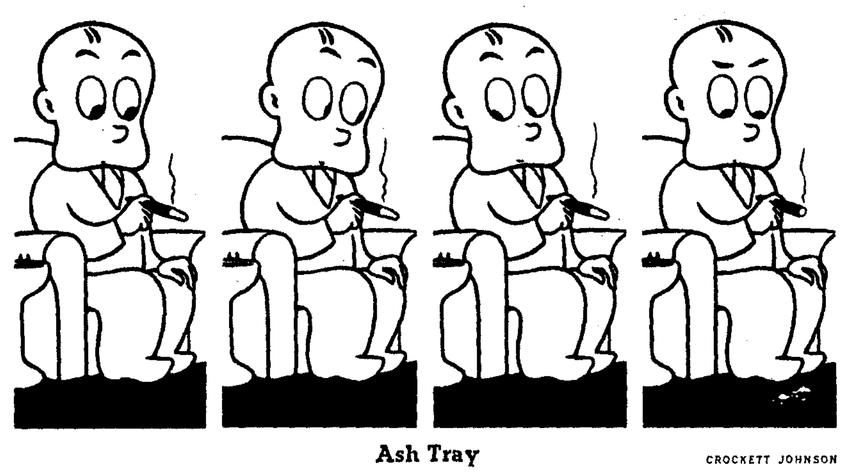
More than a year ago the tank manufacturers set up community pools of parts and subassemblies, and no tank is ever held up for lack of a part available anywhere else in the country. And plants turning out armor-piercing shot standardized the bar stock they use, so they can—and do—borrow steel from one another the way housewives borrow flour. Idle machines in one plant have repeatedly been shipped to other plants where they can be operated.

A Breath-taking Achievement

So it goes. And while it goes, the guns and shells and bombs are dropping into the arsenals of the Allies at a breath-taking rate. Even three years ago the munitions industry was starved, weak from malnutrition forced upon it by the pious hopes for peace which we clung to so fervently. When the first bloated but realistic munitions program was approved by Congress in 1940—it looks anemic now—it was a monumental problem. Expansion was not only a task of mass construction, it was a task of infinite delicacy. Hundreds of instruments of war must be made to the exacting specifications of a high-bred watch. One tiny mistake may, at the least, cost a life, and at the most, a battle. There can be no bobbles, only perfection.

Seldom has an industry started from farther behind scratch on such a long race, and seldom has it passed the halfway post so far ahead of itself. In at least one instance, a plant built by a stranger to the munitions business outproduced the most cheerful estimates of military experts by seventeen times. In numerous cases they have bettered their theoretical best production from three to six times. A few inevitably are behind; but the manufacture of shots that will be felt around the world is blasting along in one gear higher than high. Victory gear, one of the committee members put it, after a particularly grueling meeting.

THE END



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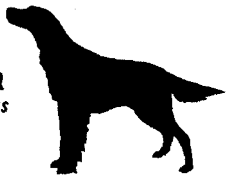

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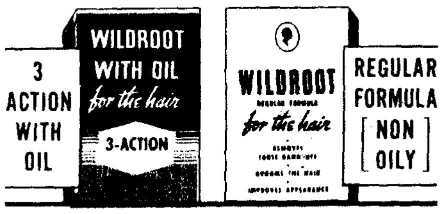

Pride of the Clan

Continued from page 14

relented and allowed him to say a line.

"Here come the rustlers!" howled George, and this had a magical effect upon his career because it started his fan following. Although he was behind a mask when he uttered his famous words, he fooled no individual in the Letz clan, which with nephews, nieces and assorted cousins amounted into the thousands by this time. When they heard the voice, they cried in unison throughout the nation, for they were scattered by this time in Letz history:

"That's our Georgie!" and dashed from the theater in desperate haste to get pen to paper.

But this didn't fool Republic, and George soon belonged to the artists at liberty and was to be found tending bar at a place called the Troika in Los Angeles. Between times he trudged around to the studios with ever lessening enthusiasm and was only saved from a life of suds by the appearance of Benny Medford, the agent.

A New Name is Needed

Medford told him he was holding himself too cheap, begging for jobs. What he needed to do was change his name and stay away from the studios for a while. The name became Montgomery and George went into hiding. At the end of a month, Benny started George on the rounds again.

"I signed this guy," Benny would say to the casting directors. "Do you think I was nuts?"

It seemed to be the right approach because they eventually intrigued Lou Schreiber at Twentieth Century-Fox with it and still later they were wafted into the presence of Zanuck himself. The studio needed a cowboy hero, and George with his six-feet-two and 195 pounds looked all right. They signed him and George set about making himself known at the studio. In the commissary he sat down at tables where he had no right to be and exchanged cracks with the bosses. He went into the publicity offices and hounded the boys.

"You got anything you want posed for?" he would ask eagerly. "Underwear, jumping off high buildings, slapping cops?"

When that brought no response, he was off on a new tack.

"I got a swell story for you," he would cry. "Once I was a construction engineer ... Grand Coulee Dam ... a break in the dike ... I rushed to the rescue."

They liked the story and sent it out and it was only later that George explained it a little more fully.

"That construction engineer thing was really my pick-and-shovel job on WPA. There was a little water in the ditch ..."

But Montgomery was catching on. They made up a story called The Cowboy and the Blonde, and George was the cowboy and the mail started coming in furiously, some of it even from states other than Montana.

He is a big guy with hands like steam shovels and his mind is entirely on the caustic side. He speaks up to the bosses, worries about his future, and watches the angles. Before Hedy came along, the ladies were looking at him with dovelike eyes and he was not averse to giving them a whirl, but nobody ever caught him in the better-known joints paying for prestige instead of food.

To all remarks about his financial cautiousness, he answered:

"I'm saving up to buy cows." He likes cows when somebody else milks them. He now owns a 1,444-acre ranch in Montana and hopes he can build it up to a 5,000-acre job before the audiences get wise to him. He doesn't drink or smoke and he exercises with dumbbells every night before he goes to bed. When an interviewer asked him recently his taste in girls, he said:

"I don't care what she is so long as she can laugh. I'm too serious."

He has three suits of clothes, all gray, and a third-hand roadster. When friends reproach him for the paucity of his wardrobe, he says:

"You ever have seven brothers?"

The guy is really ambitious and spends his time on the sets between "takes" reading Coward, O'Neill and Shaw. He speaks Russian and German and still has his cowboy drawl. When he was making Roxie Hart, there was a sort of business going on between him and Ginger Rogers but it never got far. They had a date every week end but when George tried to rush it a bit, Ginger said:

"Go on home and get your sleep. You'll look like Karloff."

As a matter of truth, Montgomery is still a hick about his hours. Even when he isn't working he gets up at seven o'clock. When he's working he goes to bed at nine. This doesn't recommend him to the rounders of Beverly Hills but it keeps him looking pretty on the screen.

His home life is sketchy because he has trouble getting to the table ahead of the relatives. On one occasion he had an orange and some peanuts for breakfast and nothing until he had his steak for dinner. He almost always has a steak for dinner. This is proof that he would probably have been happiest in baseball, because a ballplayer will eat steak nine times a day unless tapped warningly over the head with a bat.

Time Out for Play

He has learned to rumba and does the conga without trampling innocent bystanders, but, strictly speaking he is no hoofer. He does a bit of sparring still with anybody silly enough to desire a smack in the whiskers, and plays golf exactly as it might be done by a man with a slight cataleptic condition.

His ambition is to do a real baseball picture because it is still his pet sport and at one time big-league scouts were nibbling around him with offers. During the fake hubbub over the selection of an actor to play the role of Lou Gehrig in The Pride of the Yankees, Montgomery's name was not mentioned and he felt hurt. Everybody knew that Gary Cooper was going to do it but that didn't mollify George.

"I could blow that ball farther than Cooper could throw it with either hand," he said glumly.

His customary wariness was broken down by his betrothal to Miss Lamarr and his first thought was to rush her up to Great Falls to see the folks. He had great confidence in Hedy's ability to cope with the Letz tribe. All she had to do at Great Falls was to meet the immediate family, consisting of Mother and Father, Matt, Sam, Mary, Jim, Nick, Bill, Rose, Maurice, Eda, Mike, Olga and Lyda. After that would come uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins. If she passed that she would be admitted to the clan and permitted to write to Twentieth Century-Fox after the appearance of every Montgomery film, saying that George was good. It seems that Hedy never made the trip. That may account for everything.

THE END

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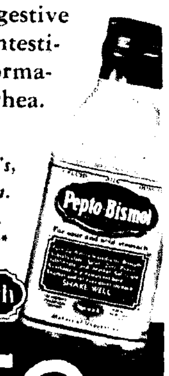

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Family Dinner

By John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A lot went on at table the host and hostess didn't know about

He was early; she was on time and at a quarter to one he saw her coming down the escalator. They had not seen each other for a month

HE WAS there first, a thing that was to be expected. The week-end crowds had gone and had not yet begun to return and there were only a few soldiers in that part of the railroad station that resembles the Baths of Caracalla. He was early; she was on time and at a quarter to one he saw her coming down the escalator. I have never seen her before—he thought—I am a stranger, a drummer waiting for a Baltimore train and is she worth watching or isn't she? They had not seen each other for a month but their meeting was no meeting. It seemed more like the resumption of a quarrel they had left off only a few minutes before.

"This is the last time," he said.

"Oh, all right, all right. Only if she finds out it will kill her. Frank, she'll drop down dead. They'll both drop down dead."

"You've got to tell her."

"I will. Only give me a chance to straighten things out first, will you?"

"Where are you living?"

"East Sixty-seventh Street," she said. "Where are you living?"

"At the club," he said.

They walked down to the lower level and boarded the train. They did not speak again until the train was passing through the badlands outside Newark. Then he picked up her hand and examined a bracelet she was wearing. "You shouldn't wear such showy jewelry," he said; "it makes you look like a gypsy."

"You shouldn't wear gray," she said; "it makes you look bilious." Then she began to laugh. "I'll never forget the time you pretended to commit suicide," she said. "Every time I see you I think of that." She rested her forehead on one hand, laughing. "I'll never forget that, not if I live to be a hundred. I can still see you lying on the . . ." He got up and went to the platform to smoke a cigarette and remained there until the train pulled into Montclair.

She had not told them when she was coming so there was no one at the train. Morrisey, the old cab driver, came up. "Hello, Mrs. Minot, hello, Mr. Minot. Coming home for a change? Well, it's good to see you. I see your father nearly every morning, Mrs. Minot." He opened the cab door and they got in.

They stopped at the house and Frances waited while Frank paid the fare. "I want to go back on the six-thirty," she whispered when the cab had driven off, and then she took his arm for the walk up the path. Mr. Godfrey opened the door for them before they had time to ring. He embraced his daughter with deep affection and shook hands cordially with his son-in-law.

Mr. Godfrey was a straight, handsome man in his sixties, dressed for Sunday dinner in clothing that looked a shade too clean and too well pressed. "Well, how are things in New Yack?" he asked. He had come from Massachusetts many years ago but he still spoke with a sharp seaboard accent. While Frank was taking off his coat Jeannette—Frances' niece—came running into the hall and kissed her aunt. She shook hands with Frank, made a curtsy and thundered back into the living room.

Then Mrs. Godfrey came out of the kitchen and embraced them both. She was a comfortable, openhearted woman who tried to restrain her easy affections, but when she put her arms around Frances she began to cry. She forced her wet face into a smile and stepped back to admire the dress her daughter

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Funnyman of the Fairways

Continued from page 25

and the others," he patiently explains, with the proper amount of admiration, "know only one way to hit a golf ball—the right way. They concentrate on it and win tournaments. I know so many different ways I'm unable to concentrate on any of them for long."

To intimates, however, Kirkwood is more explicit. "I'd be a sucker to try. One or two tournaments a year are enough for me. With the exception of Gene Sarazen, all the golfers who were playing tournament golf when I started twenty-two years ago are out of competition now, washed up. With my business, I'll probably go on forever."

Kirkwood's business, theoretically, is vaudeville golf. He astounds the customers, and there are thousands every year, with an apparently mystifying series of unbelievable trick shots. Reduced to the lowest common denominator, however, the Kirkwood routine is based on a succession of the kind of crazy-hopping, curving, jumping ball you and I—the average duffer—uncork every few holes. The difference is that Jolting Joe can control them.

A Tricky Business

He can, for example, take a full cut at a ball and pop it straight up into the air in front of him and catch it on the way down. He can bury a ball under his heel in the middle of the fairway until only the top surface is showing—then belt it a mile with a wood. He can line up five balls in a row and hit one after the other without even looking at them. And he can hit two balls simultaneously with two irons, make one of them hook and the other slice, so that they cross each other in flight about fifty yards away.

As for business, Kirkwood's always has been good. In all, he has traveled some 1,260,000 miles, an average of 60,000 a year. He has put on his act before paying customers in every country in the world except Russia and Alaska. He makes more money in one year than Hogan and Snead, the nation's top money-winning tournament pros combined. He once got $45,000 for a five-months tour of his native Australia. An economical gent who neither smokes nor drinks, he still has some of it. Right now, he is doing his part by giving exhibitions gratis at the Army camps.

At 45, Kirkwood is much more the quietly collected businessman than you'd expect of a fellow who clowns his way through golf on the mistakes of the average duffer. On the course, he looks much like any other golf professional; his thin, rust-colored hair is parted at just the right angle and his neatly pressed slacks and shirts have the unmistakable mark of the club pro. Only a slightly expanding waistline and a touch of a bald spot suggest his age. Possessed of sparkling grayish-green eyes and a continually flickering smile, he is as personable as Hagen without the fanfare.

Unlike Joe Ezar, the Waco Wacko who is his only rival in the trick-shot business, Kirkwood refuses to play the part of the Clown Prince of Golf, either on or off the course. Where Ezar relies on trick clothes and gags to carry his act, our sports specialist has built his on the firm foundation of well-practiced fundamentals.

Though he naturally keeps up a running patter throughout his performance and carries as many as sixty or seventy gag clubs in a bag big enough to hold his caddie, there is nothing of the Buffoon of the Fairways in Kirkwood's nature. His exhibition of the Sunday morning golfer with a hangover is one of the funniest bits in golf. It is bound to be; it's done in slow motion by a genius who, when he does enter an occasional tournament, concentrates mightily on trying to win it. Sometimes his favorite tricks help.

It has been said that Joe could win every tournament he enters if allowed to play every shot from behind trees, or in the rough, or standing on his head. Probably not, but he did take the Texas Open in 1924 with the help of one of the greatest golf shots ever made.

Leading the field in the final round, Joe needed only to shoot par golf to win. A stroke or two dropped anywhere along his final 18-hole route would cost him the crown. Then he played a tee shot directly to the edge of a large clump of trees off to the right of a par-four hole.

Joe's ball landed six inches from the biggest tree. It was an impossible lie. Most golfers, then and now, would have chipped back to the fairway and lost a stroke. It would take a magician—or a Joe Kirkwood—to do any different.

But the gallery failed to figure on the control Kirkwood has on the ball. Sometimes the fellow seems to hold it in the palm of his hand. A master at curving a ball anywhere he wants it to go, Joe stepped up, pulled out a No. 3 iron and clouted away for all he was worth. It looked as if it were going to carry over into the next county.

The ball, though, traveled across a creek and began to curve. It curved around the trees and back across the creek and landed on the green, three feet from the pin. It made a complete, 180-degree semicircle. The Brackenridge Club people got so excited that they erected a stone shaft on the spot from which the ball was hit.

"It's shots like those that keep me in competition," says Joe, who many times has played an impossible deep-clump lie from a sand trap by simply facing away from the green and blasting the ball so that it rises back over his head to the pin.

Kirkwood Draws the Crowds

In competition, Kirkwood always draws the biggest galleries. They troop along behind him, hoping he'll get into trouble so he can pull some unorthodox bit of the trickery that is his stock in trade. Bobby Jones, whom Joe beat, 5 and 4, when the old Grand Slammer was at the top of his game, says Kirkwood's recovery work is "magnificent."

Kirkwood can put ten feet of backspin on a ball, enough to hang on any green in the world. Once in 1928, when he led the qualifiers for the National Open at the Inwood Country Club on Long Island, his tee shot stuck in the wire mesh of a ten-foot fence bordering the course. A United States Golf Association official ruled the ball more in bounds than out.

So Joe, undaunted, climbed a tree, knelt on a big branch above the ball and smacked it with the heel of his club.

Joe, however, can't putt. Old Elder, the famous caddie at St. Andrews, watched him in a British Open one year and explained our specialist as a tournament golfer in one or two Scotch dipped sentences.

"A gran' gawfer," old Elder proclaimed. "He might hae won, but he was aye fritterin' wi' his putter. If I'd put a ba' in his way and gi'en him a mashie, he'd 'a' holed it in a one."

Kirkwood began his golfing career as

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a cowpuncher. Born in Manly, near Sydney, Australia, he ran away at the age of twelve and got a job on a ranch in the interior. As a cowpuncher, he was a good caddie.

His employer, a rich old duffer who was crazy about golf, rigged up a three-hole course on the ranch. He took his young hand out to retrieve the balls he hit while practicing his drives. Young Joe got tired walking back with the balls, so he borrowed a club and returned them to his boss on the fly.

Soon Joe was hitting the ball so well his employer asked him how he did it.

"I don't know," said Joe, who actually didn't.

But his employer took an interest in the lad, entered him in a local tournament, and Joe won it. After that, he became a professional at the River Golf Club in Melbourne. Then the war came along and Joe, too young to fight, began to wonder how he could help entertain returning wounded soldiers.

One day he discovered he could do funny things with a golf ball. He began to practice four and five hours a day on trick stuff and pretty soon he was ready to give exhibitions for the soldiers. They liked it and asked for more. Joe complied by figuring out a whole new routine.

"It was a lot of fun making those fellows forget, if only for a while, the horrors of the first World War," Joe tells you today. "That's why I decided to do my act for the soldiers of this war, too."

The Kirkwood act varies every time he performs it. Usually he starts out with what he calls an exhibition of "the ordinary golf shot." He lines up a dozen balls in a row, addresses one and swings lustily. Then he calmly waits for the wave of laughter that always comes when the gallery, astounded, realizes he has socked a different ball than the one he was aiming at. After that, anything can happen.

He makes quite a big thing, too, out of clubbing the pill from the face of a watch borrowed from some trusting onlooker. He's quite proud of the fact that he has driven off the face of more than 5,000 watches without cracking a crystal. Of the four holes-in-one he has sunk, one, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was off the face of a borrowed timepiece.

One of his favorite stunts is to tee up one ball on the toe of an assistant and another beneath the suspended foot. Addressing the top ball, he smacks the lower one 250 yards down the fairway. Then he calmly sends the toed ball whistling after it.

Jack Benny Plays Stooge

Once when Kirkwood played the Palace Theater in Los Angeles, Jack Benny, the radio star, had top billing. Joe convinced Benny he should join his golfing act for the week. He derived particular pleasure scaring the wits out of Benny by driving golf balls off his toes and even from a tee held between the teeth of the scared but game comic.

This latter stunt Joe has since discarded because he found that people involuntarily closed their eyes when he swung; they were afraid they might see a smashed set of bridgework float grotesquely over the horizon.

Kirkwood's multi-ball tricks include balancing one on top of the other, driving one straight down the fairway, the other straight up into his own hand. Sometimes he hits the middle of three balanced balls without touching the other two. His trick clubs are built around a rubber-shafted affair that wraps itself about his neck when he swings; he then straightens it out and proceeds to powder the golf ball, rubber shaft and all.

Only once did Kirkwood determine to give tournament golf a good try. In 1933, he gave up his exhibition work and won the North and South and Canadian opens with record scores. He finished in the money in enough other championships to wind up the year with a 71.4 stroke average per round. That put him second behind dapper Paul Runyan.

"But I didn't win the big one," Kirkwood moans. "I'd still rather be known as the Open Champ than anything else. That year of competition convinced me of one thing: Tournament golf is a tough game. So I went back to the act."

Kirkwood first performed his act on American soil in 1921 at Pinehurst, N. C. After he won the Australian Open in 1919 and 1920, his home club decided to reward him with a trip to England for the British Open. On the way, he stopped off at Pinehurst for the North and South event, a title he since has won.

Some people just returned from Down Under remembered him as the fellow they had seen doing everything to a golf ball but make it talk. They insisted he give an exhibition. It went over with the crowd and, for a gag, Joe whipped off his cap and passed it around. He collected more than $700.

"'That did it," says Joe, who, up to then, didn't know there was that much money. Today, he operates from the swank Huntingdon Valley Country Club in Abington, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia. He and his wife live in a beautiful home close by the course and she accompanies him on all his trips. Two sons by a previous marriage are in the Army, but only intimates are aware of this.

Well, after that Pinehurst performance, Joe and Walter Hagen decided to go around giving exhibitions. Bob Harlow, who now edits a Pinehurst newspaper, introduced Kirkwood to The Haig and began to book the pair. Kirkwood would give his trick-shot exhibition, and he and Sir Walter would go out and play a round of golf against a pair of local pros. Under Harlow's direction, they developed the act into the most consistently successful attraction in golf.

Together with Hagen and Gene Sarazen or alone, Kirkwood has played more than 3,000 different golf courses in his globe-girdling tours. But the act never held together as well as it did when Hagen was along—Hagen, the playboy whose favorite stunt was to appear on the first tee clad in evening clothes following a night-long party, and Kirkwood, the quietly efficient guy who thinks golf is a business—his business.

Only once, in Calcutta, India, did it bog down.

Hagen was ill with malaria when the pair hit town. They decided to go through with their exhibition anyway. As usual, Kirkwood went on first. He hadn't swung a golf club in several days. The first thing he did was hit a ball straight into the air and catch it.

Lunging for it, he ripped his shoulder muscles loose and strained the ligaments. It was very painful and after the exhibition a doctor put the shoulder in a cast. He put Hagen to bed. The two stayed there six weeks.

Golfing with Royalty

In England, a few years ago, Joe was invited by Sir Philip Sassoon to his estate at Trent to play with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. He was up early in the morning practicing. In a little while, a charming young woman, a stranger, came out and joined him.

"Do you mind," she asked hopefully, "if I watch you?"

"Not at all," replied Joe.

The young woman sat on the grass, and Joe clouted several straight down the middle. Then he began brushing up on his trick stuff.

"Do you play?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm not very good but I like it very much."

Joe intentionally dubbed a couple. "Perhaps we can play together sometime," he ventured.

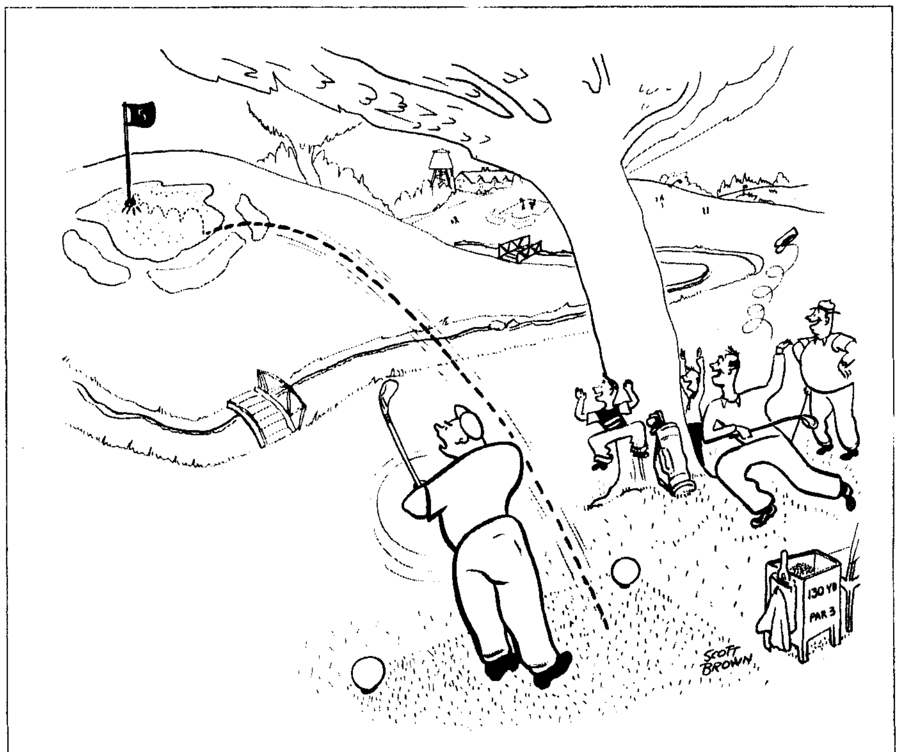
"I'd like to very much," said the young woman. "Perhaps when we get back to London . . ."

With that, the practice session broke up, and Joe and his visitor entered the old castle. They walked in, and there was the Duke of York just sitting down to breakfast. The young woman marched Joe over to him.

"George," she said, "I'd like you to meet my friend, Mr. Kirkwood, the golfer."

Joe is quite proud of this. He thinks it was the most pleasant experience in all his golfing tours. "She was, of course," he says simply, "the present queen of England."

THE END



"I hope that ball didn't get scratched on the edge of the cup when it went in!"

SCOTT BROWN

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Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 24

"What do you want to get there for?"

"Does that matter? I have my wife down there."

"Just a minute. I'll get our lieutenant." The Australian stepped into the ditch and called someone. Quayle waited and another Australian came up.

"Are you the lieutenant?" Quayle asked him.

"Yes."

"I'm Quayle, flight lieutenant. I'm trying to get to the olive grove."

"You'll never get there. The Germans have it—or most of it."

"What happened to all those women that were there?"

"They were shifted away yesterday morning."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. Somewhere toward Retino along the coast."

"Can I get there?"

"No. It's all cut off," the lieutenant said to him.

"Are you sure?"

"You can walk along the road if you like. You'll last about two hundred yards."

"Is there any communication along there?" Quayle was getting desperate now.

"I don't think so. Not from here anyway. We've been sending out patrols to break through but it's impossible. We'll probably clear the way tomorrow if we don't get more parachutists around here."

Quayle knew then that he was up against a brick wall. It had all happened too quickly. He should have expected this. He should have got Helen out long ago.

He turned around and started walking back. He thanked the lieutenant as he moved away, and he could hear the two of them talking as he felt the vibration of his feet against the hard road. He caught a truck going through Suda Bay and then walked back to the airdrome. It was almost morning when he got there and he could hear the bombing behind him as he walked into the timber.

Arnold was sitting in the dark at the square table outside the tent. There was a guard near him. He challenged Quayle.

"It's me," Quayle said.

"Did you find her?" Arnold asked him.

"No. Is HQ cut off?"

"You mean Field HQ?"

"Yes. The one down the coast."

"That's right," Arnold said. "Since about two o'clock yesterday."

"That's where Helen is. Down there somewhere."

"I'm sorry. Why don't you get some sleep? You've got a patrol in a couple of hours."

"The Blenheims are going up?"

"Yes."

QUAYLE walked to the tent and went in. He lay on the floor and pulled one of the coats near by over him. There were about five others already sleeping there.

He had hardly shut his eyes when it seemed he was awakened and there was dim light. Bombing was going on, and he could see the figures running out of the tent. He followed them and made for the ditch near the field. He could see the high Heinkels coming over as he ran. He fell in the ditch, as the first of the Heinkels peeled off and apparently came straight for him. He flattened out as he heard the machine gun and he did not know if it was the plane or the Bren gun in the ditch firing. He felt the impact of the bomb near by and heard the high scream as the Heinkel skimmed over the ditch and started climbing to get over the mountain.

Quayle took a quick look up and saw one of the Blenheims on fire. He could see the other two Heinkels coming down in line. He ducked again as they started strafing, and there were the engine screams as they came over one by one and strafed, dropping small bombs at the same time. When it let up, he ran back to the timber. Arnold was talking on the phone.

"They just got all the Blenheims except one," he was saying.

Cox was there, too. He looked at Quayle. "This is the bloody end," he said. He was angry and quick.

"What happened?"

"That's HQ," Cox said. "They've got the wind up. I've got to take my crowd out of here to go defend them."

QUAYLE felt again that Cox was the man here who knew what he was doing.

"Is that Field HQ?"

"Yes. The silly fools! They're sending a muster of RASC drivers here to hold this bloody place. They haven't even fired a rifle before. Of all the stupid things to do! If this airdrome goes, the whole thing's gone. They'll get planes down and troops, and you can kiss goodby to the whole place."

"When did they get through to HQ?" Quayle showed his feelings.

"About an hour ago."

"Is there a passage through?"

"Yes. The Australians broke through about an hour ago."

Quayle was thinking about going with Cox. Then he heard Arnold talking over the phone, "It's hopeless. We haven't got any protection for planes here. . . . They should have built a bridge over that ditch. . . . They just came over and picked them off. . . . You won't hold this place with RASC drivers. . . . All right, sir. Yes, sir. Just as you say. Here's Cox."

"This is Cox," the New Zealand captain said, when he took the phone. "We'll be over in about three hours. . . . They got here. They got here an hour ago. They're taking over now. . . . You can kiss this place goodby," Cox was speaking angrily now. . . . "That's too bad. All right, then, we'll be over." Cox hung up viciously. "Those idiots! Get cut off now and they've got the wind up. If the Germans can land troops it's goodby to this place. Oh, well. That's the way they want it."

"John," Arnold said to Quayle, "you've got to get out of here."

"Where to?"

"Take off. Report to Cairo."

"Leave? Now?"

"Yes. They think it's hopeless with planes here if they get strafed on the ground. It's their own bloody fault for not building a bridge over that ditch."

"But what about the rest of you?"

"We're to stick around. What a mess!"

"I'm going now," Cox was saying. A soldier had taken Cox's rolled army kit away, and Quayle could see the steel-helmeted New Zealanders walking through the timber and the trucks taking them away.

"S'long," Cox said to them.

"S'long, Cox," they said.

"I hope you hold out," he said as he turned away.

Quayle was thinking: They've cleared that road. I could get there. Now I've got to get out of here . . . back to Cairo. I can't walk out of here. How can I get down there? Why didn't they burn up that Gladiator?"

"You'd better start moving," Arnold said to him.

"Look. Can't someone else take it?"

Arnold shook his head. "Sorry. They said you. I know about your wife. I asked them. They said you. Sorry. I'll do what I can about your wife."

"What happened to Tap?"

"He went up to Candia last night. He's not back yet."

"Look. Will you do what you can?"

"What I can. Yes. I'm sorry, John."

"It can't be helped," Quayle said. He was thinking: This is it. This is everything. This is like crashing. This is everything. Getting out of here.

He was running vacantly toward the ditch where the Gladiator was when he heard the planes.

"Here they come again," someone was shouting. He looked up. He could see the mass of planes. It was the same grouping roughly as he had seen the first day. There were gliders and Junkers, hundreds of them in large squadrons. They were coming back for another try. Ahead this time was a group of twin-engined Messerschmitts. They were peeling off already. He ran to the ditch and dived flat as the first one screamed over and he could hear them strafing the timber. He looked at the soldiers around him now. These were the RASC drivers. They were all flat. There were no machine guns firing at the Messerschmitts. There was only one Bren gun at the other end of the ditch. It fired at the second plane but he could see the tracers way behind it.

Then he could see the aircraftsmen coming out from one end to get at the Gladiator. He ran back to the timber. They were all lying flat on the earth as the Messerschmitt came over again. He could see Tap as they got up.

"John," Tap said.

"Hullo, Tap."

"I hear you've got to get out."

"Yes. For that bloody Gladiator."

"I'll do what I can about Helen," Tap said.

"Thanks."

"John. Get that bloody plane off. It's ready," Arnold called to him.

"All right," Quayle shouted, as the next Messerschmitt came low.

HE COULD see it between the trees. He saw the fire as it came toward them and he heard the high scream of its engine. He didn't flatten out but stood there and followed it with his eyes and saw the tracers coming through the trees. There was death in the sky, in the trees, in the shadows, and he felt nothing.

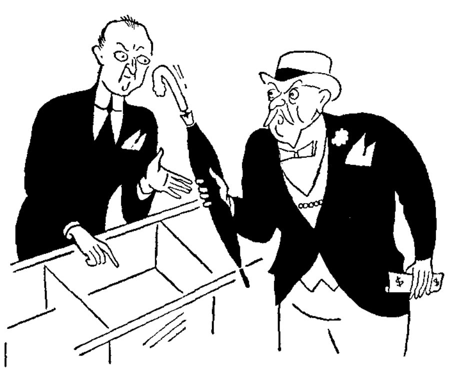
He was in a vacuum that was noisy and there was nothing around except the tracers. They were all around him. He could hear the biting and the shouting behind him as the Messerschmitt passed over screaming. He looked around. Tap was on the ground and did not get up. Quayle did not have to look farther. He could see the mess of blood and the hanging of Tap's legs and the attitude of his arms.

"He's hit," he shouted to Arnold.

Arnold was already beside Tap as Quayle got there. They pulled him over. Tap's face was squashed flat into the earth with blood and a mass of flesh.

Quayle could feel nothing any more. This was a greater peak in all lives than one life reaches and the noise meant nothing any more. There was only sight . . . and Tap there squashed into the earth. There was no shouting around him and no chaos and no men running and no Arnold shouting again, "Get that plane off. Here they come."

Quayle was not running to the ditch



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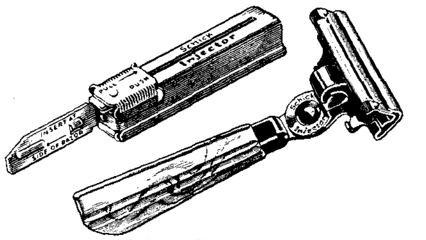

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to get in the Gladiator. He could not feel anything until he saw the great splurge of planes coming down. Gliders, Junkers, parachutists were coming down in a mass and all together. He ran to the Gladiator and got in. He could see the last Blenheim on fire, as he ran. Already on the field were gliders and Junkers. There was practically no gun fire against them. He felt the engine shaking and pushed the throttle.

He did not try to pick a path across the field. He felt the bumps and all around him he could see the mass of gliders and parachutists—above him and on the earth. He had to rip the stick back and climb on nothing, as two Junkers came in to crash land. In the whole mess he kept his machine guns going and every time one of the Junkers or gliders got into his sights, he yelled and pushed the gun button. He had skimmed the edge of the field and climbed around. Below, he could see the field almost covered with parachutists, gliders, and crashed Junkers . . . and men running and machine-gun fire.

His look was quick as he dodged between the Junkers and let them have all his ammunition. It was exhausted before the whole scene below him was out of sight. He automatically set the course for Mersa Matruh on the Egyptian coast. He climbed and put the throttle wide open. He could think of absolutely nothing except that it was all over. The whole world might as well stop now. There was nothing more . . . nothing.

QUAYLE had tried everything. While he was in Cairo he had sat in the square office at the American Legation and tried to have them find Helen. They had tried but they always said the same thing! That they had heard nothing, but that something might come in soon. He had sat in the long room at the British Consulate and heard the native boys outside shouting to one another as he waited. And the British Consulate said they could do nothing. Helen had no British passport, they said, therefore they could do nothing official to trace her, particularly in what was now enemy territory.

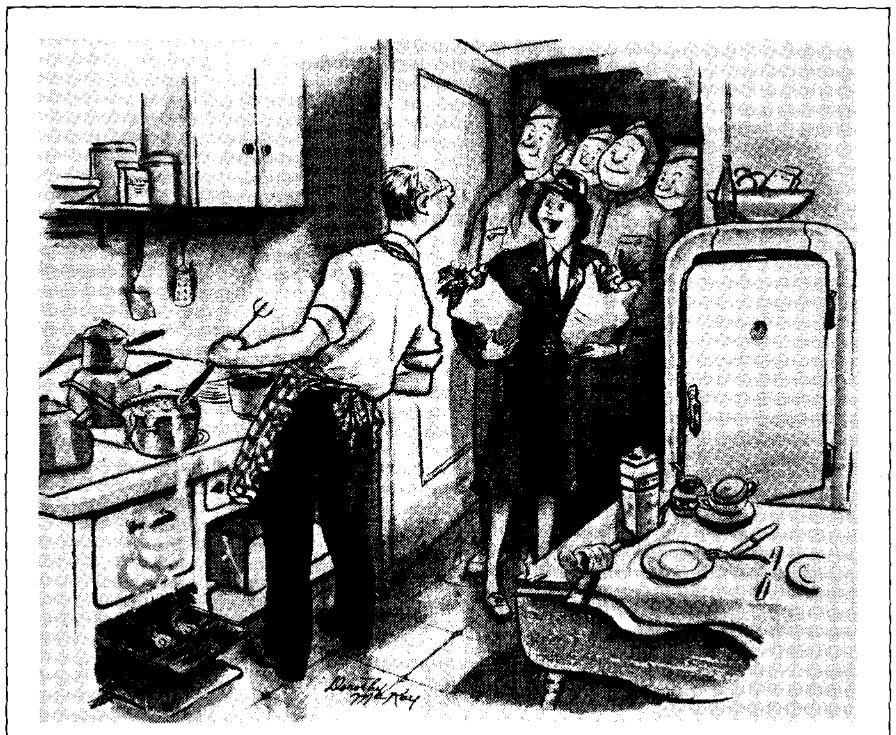
Every time the groups that had been evacuated from Crete came in from Alexandria, he went out to the camps. He wandered through them and looked hard at the women, but he never found her. And he was getting so that he never expected to find her, because she was tangled up with the Crete battle, and that had left him with complicated thoughts.

Much as he had distrusted the army hierarchy before, he mistrusted them more now. He mistrusted them completely. He did not look upon them as individuals any more but as a group who were incapable and inefficient as a whole. Crete had solidified the thing in his mind.

He was physically afraid, with the tangle going on inside him. He had lived so completely within the squadron that now, when they were all gone, he knew nobody, and he did not want to. He lived at the barracks at Heliopolis just outside Cairo. He was training in Hurricanes because now he was to go into Hurricane squadron work. And all the time he was thinking of Helen . . . trying to find her.

HE HAD been in Cairo for the heat of June. His face was normal again and his hair had grown where the doctor had shaved it away to put in the stitches. He knew that his Hurricane training was finished, that he was just waiting around now to be posted to another squadron for combat duty. He did not like this feeling of unsureness that never left him. He wanted Helen; or he wanted the whole thing cleared.

Quayle had been told to report to headquarters at one o'clock that afternoon. He had come in on the Metro from Heliopolis and gone to the American Legation, but there was nothing there for him. Neither was there anything at the British Consulate. He walked slowly down Shareh Soliman Pasha and around the square and followed the warm throng of people as they moved along the street. He went vaguely toward the Café Parisiana and walked in and sat down at one of the tables near the open front facing the street.



"Hello, honey.... I asked some of the boys up for a home-cooked dinner!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

HE SAW two khaki-clad figures walk into the open entrance. Both were small and very alike in features, dark, keen and with straight noses. He half stood up as he recognized Cox, the New Zealand captain who had been defending the Candia airdrome and then gone to defend headquarters. That's where Helen had been. Quayle knew the other one, too. It was the American whom Lawson had been with at Ioannina. Quayle couldn't remember his name. He called to them.

"Cox," he said. "Cox. Can you spare a minute?"

He saw Cox look at him without recognition. Quayle stood up. Neither of them recognized him. He vaguely thought of his face being normal.

"I'm Quayle," he said.

"Say," Cox said to him. "So it is. Your face."

"Yes," Quayle said. "It's cleared up." The two of them had come to his table. They were all standing up. He shook hands with Cox and then with the other one.

"Do you know Milton Woll?" Cox asked.

"Yes," Quayle said. "We met at Ioannina."

"He's a friend of Lawson's," Woll said to Cox.

"Do you know Lawson?" Quayle asked Cox.

"Sure. I was in Spain with him," Cox said.

Quayle let it pass, though he did not understand it yet.

"Are you going to have dinner?" he asked. He used the English form of dinner for luncheon.

"Sure. Can we sit down?" Cox said.

Quayle said he would be glad. They got chairs and sat down and they ordered when Quayle did. Quayle wanted to ask Cox straight away if he had seen Helen, but he waited.

"Where did you meet Lawson?" Cox asked him.

"In Greece. Were you in Greece?"

"No. I was in Spain for a London paper," Cox replied. "I met him there. We were in Finland together, too."

"You were a correspondent?" Quayle asked Cox. He was understanding now.

"Yes."

"How did you get in the army then?"

"Oh . . . Dunkirk. I was in England. It's good experience."

"You fellows get around," Quayle said. Cox only nodded.

"I wanted to ask you about my wife," Quayle said to him. "She was down near headquarters somewhere in a women's camp. I wondered if you knew what happened to them."

Cox shook his head. "No," he said. "I knew there was a camp somewhere there, but I think they were all left behind."

Quayle nodded slowly.

"Did you have a wife there?" Cox asked.

"Yes."

They were silent and the waiter brought the bowl of salad and the pot of tea that Quayle had ordered. He poured some of the tea out for Cox. Woll refused and asked for coffee.

"How did you get out?" Cox asked Quayle as they ate.

"I was ordered to fly a plane out. They just took the airdrome as I left."

"THAT was a mess," Cox said. He spoke quickly and with short words that came with certainness. He leaned forward, and even that was a vigorous motion. "You know," he said, "if they'd left us there, the Germans would never have taken that airdrome."

"Things happened when you left," Quayle said.

"All it needed was those machine guns," Cox said. "The moment we went, it was inevitable. Fancy putting untrained men to hold the one thing the Germans wanted. If I needed convincing, this would convince me."

"Convince you of what?" Woll said.

"That this war's being run by incompetents. Good soldiers are fighting it and the Command's balling it up."

"Yes?" Woll said.

"Yes."

"It had a lot to do with equipment," Woll said.

Cox shook his head. "They sent us enough equipment to hold off the Germans. All we needed was machine guns. But what did they do? They sent the guns in one ship and the ammunition in another. One ship goes down. So we have ammunition but no machine guns."

"Whose fault was that?" Woll goaded. "That's the accident of war."

"Accident nothing! Look at the people in GHQ. To be a good staff officer in GHQ, all you need to be is a good clerk. A good shipping clerk would have had more sense than to put that stuff separately. But all the clerks are out fighting, and men who have never had to count anything in their lives are doing the job in HQ." Cox shook his head again.

"Well?" Woll said.

Quayle was slightly suspicious of Cox's outburst. But he knew that Cox felt this thing and was saying what he himself was wanting Cox to say.

"I suppose it will go on here," he said to Cox.

Cox nodded his head vigorously and gulped some of the tea down.

"It'll keep going to . . ." he stopped, then, "until they all get bumped off or something happens in England."

"What will happen in England?" Quayle was feeling this now, too.

"*Anything. It takes time, though.* After Dunkirk, they really started to get fed up in England. They're a little quieter now, but other things will happen. It's just a matter of survival until they do. Then this bunch will go out."

THIS is it. This is it. Quayle could hear the confirmation of his own ideas in what Cox was saying. But he was still groping for the whole solid picture.

"Are you talking revolution?" Woll asked. He was goading Cox again.

"All I know is that it's a matter of survival until this bunch goes out and then we'll start getting something done the right way."

"Pipe dreams," Woll said. "We thought that in Spain."

"I know," Cox agreed. "But this is getting too big. Wait until it gets more acute; then we can do something. As it is, we just go on like this. We're not quite sure what we're fighting or what we're fighting for. It's just a matter of survival until we start doing something. The only trouble is that the ones who will be needed will get it now."

Woll shook his head but Quayle could see this now. He had not got it clearly but he knew that this was the confirmation he wanted for his own thoughts about it. He did not have this as clean cut as Cox, but there were many things about Cox and what he thought that he did not understand yet. He wanted to hear more.

Cox said to him, "I envy you your flying experience."

"Why?" Quayle was looking keenly at Cox's dark animated face.

"Because the air force is going to be everything."

Quayle suddenly remembered he had to be at GHQ at one o'clock. He looked at his watch and saw that he had ten minutes to get there. He called for a bill and stood up.

"I've got to be at HQ at one o'clock," he said to them.

"Are you working there?" Woll asked him.

"No. I think I'm being posted to a squadron. Look," he said to Cox, "I'd like to see you again. Is it possible?"

"I'll be around," Cox answered. "I'm out at Maadi. How about having lunch with me on Wednesday?"

"All right," Quayle agreed. "I'll meet you here."

"See you then," Cox said.

"S'long," Quayle said to both of them and went out to catch a taxi. . . .

At Mersa Matruh there was a station wagon waiting for him. He threw his two small suitcases in the back, and the driver put in the heavy bedroll and the green canvas bed. It was new because he had replaced all his kit while in Cairo. They went out along the coast road, over the asphalt road, then up the escarpment and to the south, to Bir Kenayia. The station wagon took him up to the square wooden hut. The driver said this was the operations room, that the squadron leader was in there, and that he, the driver, would take the flight lieutenant's things to the tent. He pointed out the tent at the other end of the field. There were ten to fifteen Hurricanes on the field and a small motor refueling tank.

Quayle walked into the operations room. There were the clerks and the officer with the three stripes on his sleeve and a DFC ribbon on his shirt, and Quayle smiled at that.

"I'm Quayle," he said. He handed over his movement order to the squadron leader.

"Hullo, Quayle," the squadron leader said and they shook hands. "I'm Scott."

"How're you?" Quayle said stiffly.

The squadron leader was standing up and unfolding the paper. He put it in one of the wire baskets and walked around the rough table.

"I'll take you over to the Mess. Most of the boys are there now," he said.

AS THEY walked to the other square wooden building that had been painted the same color as the rusty desert, Scott asked Quayle about Crete, and Quayle answered him noncommittally. They stepped into the square building with a linoleum floor, and the nine or ten pilots who were sitting around reading or drinking at the rough bar looked up.

"This is Quayle," Scott said to them.

He took Quayle to each of them and introduced them by their surnames, which Quayle forgot the moment he heard them because this was like going to school for the first time. They all crowded him to the bar and asked him what he wanted to drink. Quayle had to conform and he said whisky and soda, so the aircraftsman behind the bar poured it out. They all drank to Quayle and he drank back, alone, to them.

He got away from them an hour later and went to the tent to get his kit laid out. It had already been done. He was re-sorting it to where he wanted it when the tent flap was pushed back and someone walked in. It was evening and Quayle could not see who it was.

"Quayle?" the voice said.

"Yes."

"John. It's me. Gorell." It was young Gorell who had been wounded that day in Larissa and shifted back to Egypt.

"Gorell! How are you? Are you in this squadron?"

"Yes. I thought it must be you." They shook hands.

Quayle fumbled around and lighted a lantern. He saw the clear face with little or no expression and the blond hair.

"How's your neck?" he asked the boy. Gorell fingered the slight scar and half turned to show it to Quayle.

"It's gone now," he said. "It was too bad about Hickey and Tap and the others."

"Yes."

"Did you know Finn never got to Crete?"

"No, I didn't."

"Yes. I asked for him. He just didn't arrive."

"What happened to South?" He was the other one left from Eighty Squadron.

"You're taking his place. He got it about a week ago," young Gorell said.

Quayle shook his head and sat on the camp bed but it threatened to cave in, so he stood up again. He did not know what to say to young Gorell. He knew how to talk to him when the others were around and he did not have to be careful, as he had to be now because they were strangers.

"I heard you got the DFC," young Gorell said to him.

"Yes." Quayle nodded.

"That was pretty good," young Gorell said. "The others too."

They talked for a while about Hickey and Tap and the others. Then they went over to the Mess, for dinner. They were late, and the others were already eating. Quayle sat down in the vacant chair next to Scott, the squadron leader, and he was introduced to the others who had not been in the Mess building when Quayle was there before.

When they had finished, the squadron leader told them they'd better get to bed early, as there was a patrol in the morning. He looked at Quayle.

"Do you want to go?" he asked.

"Sure," Quayle said. He knew he might as well start.

"They'll call you," Scott said. "Good night."

"Good night," they said as Scott went out. . . .

It was four o'clock when the corporal woke him. He got up in the cold dimness and lighted the lamp. He shaved in the cold water and pulled on the old shorts and khaki shirt and the new sheepskin-lined boots over his long stockings. He hunched his shoulders in the cold and put his hands in his pockets as he walked across the dry airdrome. The sun was lighting its way before coming up, and Quayle could hear the engines of the Hurricanes crawling into warmth as he went into the Mess building.

Young Gorell and four others were there. They greeted him casually, and he sat down and ate the bacon and eggs and drank the thick tea. Then they got up together and went across to the operations room. Scott was there with his greatcoat on over his pajamas. He told them to make for Mersa Matruh, patrol at fifteen thousand in the given area for an hour, and come back. They all went out, pulling on their helmets. Quayle was shown the plane he was to fly and he took one of the parachute harnesses in the operations room and walked into the morning light toward the Hurricane.

They took off with Quayle leading the boxed V flight. Sometimes he thought he saw other planes, but it never developed. For an hour it was just patrolling and keeping the formation and keeping his eyes strained around and feeling the cold and wishing he had put a jacket on; then heading back to the airdrome and putting down into the high morning, and drinking tea to get warm again and then sitting in the Mess, reading or wondering about Helen or Cox.

IT WAS like that for that whole week. They did not run into anything. He was getting the feel of things back again now, but he still heard Cox. It's a matter of survival. And that's what it was to him now. He knew that. Before, you survived if you could. Now, it was a deliberate matter. He mistrusted everything around him and what he was doing. He was careful with the others and quieter. He seldom smiled or relaxed the puckering in his forehead. The others left him more or less alone. Even Gorell gave up the attempt after a while.

One day he was watching the three Hurricanes take off in the midday sun, when a station wagon came up and a khaki-clad figure got out and walked toward him.

"Hullo, Quayle!" It was Lawson.

"Well, Lawson!" Quayle said. "You're always turning up somewhere."

"Yes."

"How're you?" Quayle asked. "Will

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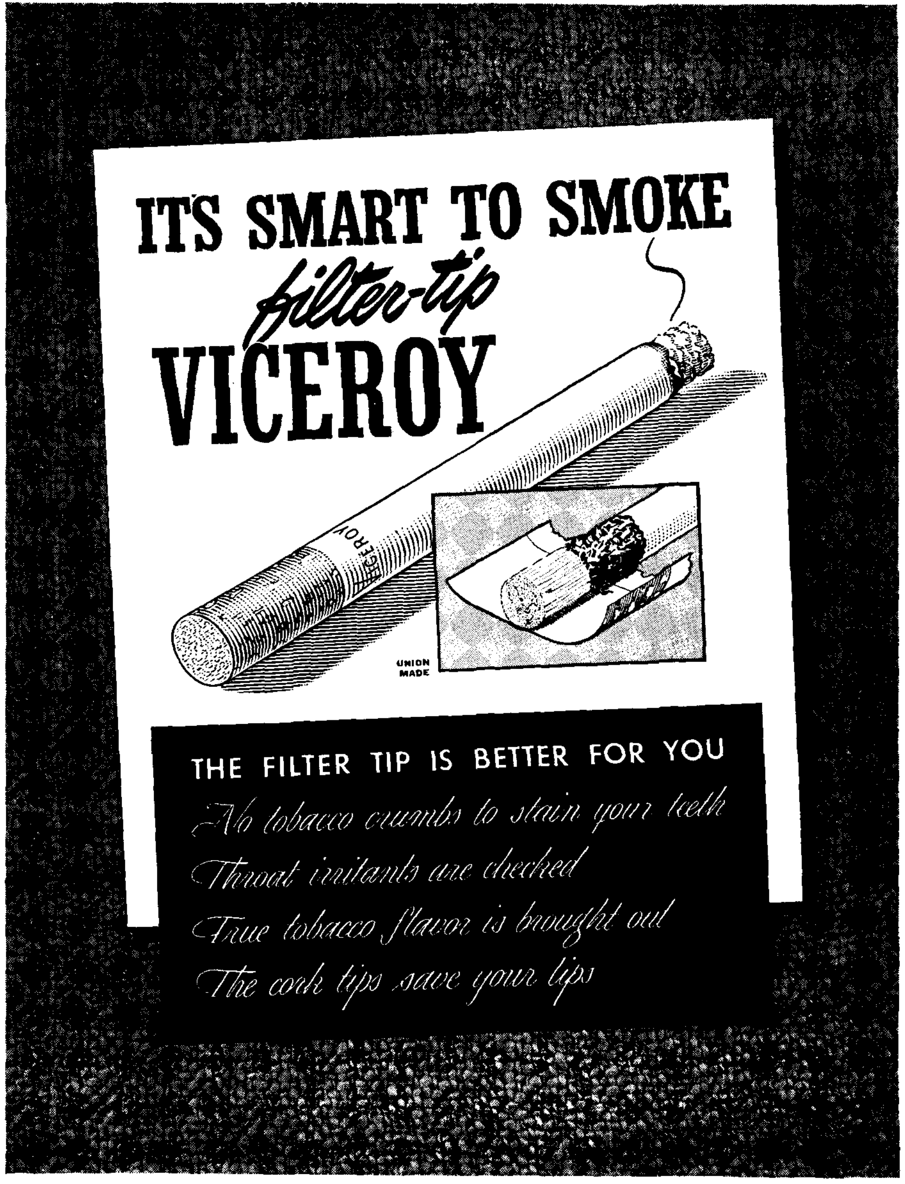
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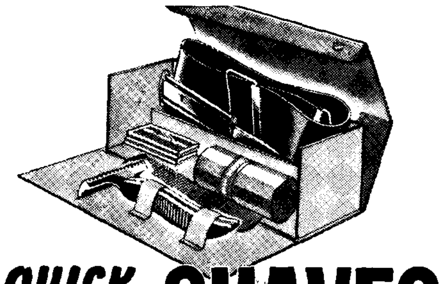

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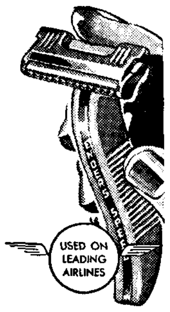

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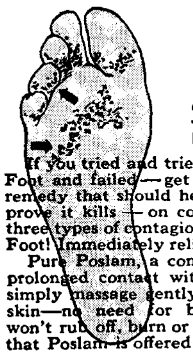

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you come on over to the Mess with me?"

"Thanks," Lawson said as they walked. "I see you're in Hurricanes now."

"Yes," Quayle said.

"I hear you got the DFC," Lawson said politely.

"That was a long time ago. In Crete. When did you get out of Crete?" he asked, as they walked.

"I didn't. Not with the British."

"Helen didn't either," Quayle said.

"I know. That's why I came out to see you," Lawson said.

Quayle stopped walking and puckered his forehead. "Is she all right?" he asked quickly.

"Yes. She's all right. She's with her mother in Athens."

"Look," Quayle said. "We'll go over to my tent. It's better there."

They walked the other way across the hard airdrome in the hot sun.

"I've been moving heaven and earth to find her," Quayle said. He was slightly buoyant now that he knew about her. "She's all right?"

"Sure," Lawson said. "I went from Crete to Athens with her."

"What happened?" Quayle asked, as they went into the tent.

LAWSON turned the chair backward and sat down with his arms leaning on the back of it. "She was caught in that house. The Germans took her to the camp behind Candia after the British left. That's where I was caught. Do you remember the little Greek officer in that house?"

"The owner?"

"Yes. He told the Germans that Helen was the wife of an English officer, so they kept an eye on her all the time."

"They didn't do anything to her?"

"No. They annoyed her some. But they only kept her for a while. When we got back to Athens, they let her go out to her mother."

"I'm glad of that," Quayle said. "Did you know if they took Stangou?"

"Sure," Lawson said. "They had him chalked up. They took him about the second day after the Germans took over. They don't know where he is."

"That's tough," Quayle said. "Did Helen give you a letter or something?"

"No. They watched her too much. She just said to tell you that she was all right and that it didn't look as if the Germans would let her out."

"Is there any chance of her getting out?"

Lawson shook his head. "They won't let her out."

Quayle was excited now and he stood up and walked up and down as Lawson continued speaking.

"She said you'd both have to wait until all this is over. She said she'd get out if she could, but she'd live with her mother until it was all over if she couldn't get out."

"How was she taking it?"

"Pretty badly at first. But when she saw how her mother felt when Stangou was taken away, she pulled up a bit. She's all right, though. They haven't much food but they're all right."

Quayle could think of nothing to say.

"She gave me this for you." Lawson held out a small, thin silver ring.

"Thanks."

"She still had that big silver one you gave her."

Quayle pushed the small ring onto his little finger and looked up as young Gorell walked in.

"We've got to go," young Gorell said. "Hullo," he greeted Lawson.

"What's up?" Quayle asked him.

"Something's heading for Mersa Matruh. We're in a hurry. The C.O. wants you."

Quayle looked around for his helmet, sat down and pulled on the sheepskin boots.

"Look," he said to Lawson. "I've got a job to do. Can you wait till I come back? They'll look after you over at the Mess. Come on over with me."

"Sure," Lawson said. "I'd like to stay around here tonight anyway."

"Fine. You can put up in my tent."

They hurried across the airdrome to the operations room. Quayle got the orders and told Scott about Lawson, and Scott said it would be all right. Then he came out again and hurried to where the five Hurricanes were warming up. Lawson walked over with him.

"Helen said something about you going to England," Lawson said.

"I was thinking about it. It's different now," Quayle said.

"Is it because of Helen? She said don't stay for her." Lawson hesitated. "And say—she told me to tell you the baby will come about September."

Quayle looked around quickly at Lawson . . . baby . . . Helen . . . baby . . . Helen . . . with a baby . . . survival. . .

Lawson saw it all in his look. "I thought you knew," he said.

Quayle shook his head. "Thanks anyway," he said vacantly, as he turned and climbed onto the wing of the Hurricane, lowered himself into the cockpit and pulled up the door. He revved the engine automatically and buckled the harness. He unlocked the chassis. He looked around at the others, plugged in the phones then.

"Let's go," he said and pushed the throttle with his left hand until the plane moved and gathered speed.

Lawson waved a hand to him, but he didn't see it. He automatically watched the other planes behind him as he lifted the plane off the ground.

He pushed the undercarriage lever to up, and by the time he had it up, he had trimmed the tail and set the climb. He looked behind him at the steady flight of the four planes with young Gorell directly behind him at the right. They were climbing rapidly. He twisted the gun-button catch on the control column to "fire" and half relaxed to think as he kept his head turning. It was all confusing. Everything was confusion.

But he was too tense to give it much thought now. They were to intercept an enemy formation heading for Mersa Matruh. It ought to be almost over Mersa Matruh by the time they could catch it, Quayle was thinking. Then—Helen . . . baby . . . me . . . matter of survival. . . .

THEY came over Mersa Matruh at fifteen thousand. It was clear, and the rust of the desert was below. They were all straining around to see where the bombers were. Young Gorell saw them first. He shouted into the phones.

"Right underneath us, John," he said.

Quayle pulled the flight around in a steep bank and saw the group of bombers with the fighter escort a little behind and above them.

"Messerschmitts. Look at their wing tips," young Gorell said into the phones.

Quayle could see the square wing tips and he shouted, "Head on!" into the phones, as he came around in a turn. He had a rough count of them. There were about ten or fifteen. He was tense now and he was opening the throttle to get the speed in level flight before winging over.

"Here we go!" he said into the phones. He pulled the stick over and pushed hard with his left foot.

The plane whipped into a slip and over on its back, losing height rapidly until he was in glide shape again and heeling toward earth with the Messerschmitts suddenly before him and breaking up. A Messerschmitt suddenly got in his sights, and he pressed the small button and felt the jerk of the machine as he pulled out and tried to break the dive. He whipped past the Messerschmitt and he swung his head around to see it as he roared by. He could only see another Hurricane, probably young Gorell, coming down and flattening out behind a Messerschmitt.

Quayle cursed the fact that he couldn't tight-loop and come straight back into it. Instead, he came around in a wide climbing turn and looked for any of the Messerschmitts that had broken formation. He caught a glimpse of the bombers way ahead. He was easing over to go after them when he saw the Messerschmitt coming up below him. He saw the mass of white and yellow tracers all around him, and he winged over and rolled off his level flight and came onto the tail of the Messerschmitt.

THE Messerschmitt was giving everything it had, and it put its nose down in a climb. But Quayle came quickly across in a beam attack and held his finger on the button as the Messerschmitt went into a glide. Quayle went after it until it was far enough and he was certain he had it. Then he climbed again in a wide loop, looking around as he went up.

He could see a Hurricane with a Messerschmitt on its tail just behind him and he climbed high enough to meet it as it came along. He got its white belly in his sights and sprayed the cone of white metal into it. It broke away before his eyes and he saw the pieces flying from it and the whole thing bursting in black smoke. He automatically ducked his head as the black smoke came straight toward him in a rush. He pulled his head up again. But it was too late.

It was all an accident. The split-second, when his head had been down, mattered. A Messerschmitt suddenly lurched straight in front of him.

He knew he couldn't stop it. The two planes screamed together. He knew he couldn't stop it but he pulled the stick back hard and yelled. He was ripping toward the Messerschmitt. They were two powerful engines on the same track speeding toward each other, cars on a race track, thunderbolts clashing, great atoms meeting head-on at a million miles an hour. He could feel it. Oh, look at me now! Look! Helen . . . baby . . . matter of survival. . . . Get up on the seat! Jump! This is everything . . . baby . . . Helen . . . matter of survival. Get up, quick . . . quick! This is it! Get up! Matter of survival . . . this is it . . . this is it . . . this is it. . . .

They were hurtling toward each other. Young Gorell looked below and saw it. He saw the inevitable. He saw the great ripping, tearing, scream, and he felt it all himself. He saw the pieces, the blot in the sky.

Quayle saw the immediate blackness of the thing as it hit him. His thoughts were high in a spiral that was not singular any more but in great complication at an apex. There was the great rushing, the physical strain, speed . . . inevitable . . . matter of survival . . . Helen . . . survival . . . and the quick jerk of his head and terrific rushing and himself screaming.

Gorell saw the green-and-yellow flame as the pieces ripped. The high black explosion boiling in the sky. He saw the blackness of it and the entire nothingness. He looked around desperately for the white burst of parachutes. They all did. The pilots of the Messerschmitts and the Hurricanes were one. They were waiting for it . . . the white burst of parachutes. They waited.

But there was none . . . none . . . none. . . .

There was only the white cloud in the blue sky.

THE END

Family Dinner

Continued from page 62

was wearing, and although it needed no adjustment she gave several touches to the neckline as though Frances were still a child. With her arms around their waists she led them into the living room where her other, plainer daughter, Priscilla, and her husband, Ralph, were drinking sherry. "I have all my children now," Mrs. Godfrey said. "Nothing makes me so happy. This is what I live for." She poured Frances and Frank a glass of sherry and forced some crackers on them.

RALPH greeted Frank heartily and began to tell him about his affairs. "We didn't get started until after twelve because we slept late this morning," he said. "My partner called me up last night from Houston, Texas. On the telephone.

"His voice was as clear as a bell," Ralph said. "We're going to meet him in Miami in February. Priscilla and I are going down. We're going to leave Jeannette with her grandmother."

"I want to go to Florida," Jeannette said.

"You can't go, sugar," Ralph said, and he roughed her yellow hair with his hand. "Maybe next year."

"I think everything's on the table," Mrs. Godfrey said. "I'll go and see." She called to them from the dining room and asked Ralph to bring in the chair and the sofa cushions for Jeannette to sit on. Frank carried the chair and Ralph brought along the cushions and they made the child comfortable between her mother and Frank. Mrs. Godfrey lighted the four candles on the table with a kitchen match. Mr. Godfrey carved a few slices off the roast beef and put them onto a plate with vegetables. The maid carried this out into the kitchen for herself. Then Priscilla noticed the bracelet Frances was wearing.

"Frank gave it to me for my birthday," Frances explained. She unclasped the bracelet and passed it across the table to her sister.

"Oh, I think it's beautiful," Priscilla said. "Do you mind if I try it on? If you ever think of marrying again, Frank, I wish you'd put me on your list. Ralph never gives me jewelry."

"We can't have everything, dear," Ralph said.

"It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Mrs. Godfrey said quietly, when the bracelet was passed to her and she fastened it on Frances' wrist again.

"Have you seen any of the new plays?" Priscilla asked her sister.

"We haven't gone to the theater much this year," Frances said. "We went to the Stork Club the night before last. We sat beside Luise Rainer."

"What does she look like?" Priscilla asked Frank.

"I didn't see her," Frank said. By that time everyone had been served. The Godfreys ate industriously and without much talk, and a silence, broken only by the noise of china and silver, continued until Mr. Godfrey stood again before the roast, brandishing the carving set.

"You'll have another piece of meat, Frances. A little of the gold edge?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Dad. I couldn't eat another thing."

"You'll have another piece of meat, Frank? Mother? . . ." They went quickly through their dessert and when they had extinguished their cigarettes in their coffee cups they started back for the living room. Ralph returned the sofa cushions his daughter had been sitting on and Mr. Godfrey replaced the chair. Mrs. Godfrey took Frank's arm as he was leaving the room and held him back a little.

"How are you, dear?" she asked.

"Fine."

"You look a little troubled."

"I can't imagine why."

"Frances is looking awfully well. You take such good care of her, Frank." As she came into the living room she said, "Now let's have some music, Priscilla."

As a result of those afternoons Frank would associate Chopin with indigestion for the rest of his life; but the music then seemed pleasant to him and a sudden relief. Mrs. Godfrey watched Priscilla with a half-smile on her face. Mr. Godfrey also smiled at the evidence of the advantages he had been able to give his daughter. Ralph listened carefully, looking now and then in Jeannette's direction to make sure that she was quiet. Frances watched the carpet and the clock.

Surfeited with food, with work, with the burdens of their lives they sat stiffly in their uncomfortable chairs as though the music were a kind of imprisonment. In the heaviness of the atmosphere, the steam heat and the smells of cooking, the arpeggios seemed incredibly light and ascendent and because Frank supposed that Chopin was French he remembered then an early summer morning, five years ago, when he and Frances had bicycled into Avignon and some soldiers called after her: *"Hé, la blonde, hé la blonde. . . ."*

The music ended suddenly. They clapped and Priscilla began to play the Moonlight Sonata. Frank noticed Mr. Godfrey signaling to him. The two men got up stealthily and left the living room for the dining room where Mr. Godfrey poured out two small drinks of brandy. Ralph's exclusion from these meetings was a rudeness Frank had never understood. They could hear the music distinctly from where they sat. Outside it was growing dark.

"Good to have you with us," Mr. Godfrey whispered.

"Good to be here."

"Happy days."

"Happy days."

"Priscilla plays very well, don't you think?"

"Very well."

"I wonder how far she would have gone if she had taken it up seriously."

"There are so many good pianists."

"Yes, that's what they say. . . ."

They had gone over that dialogue more times than he could remember and the tenderness Frank felt for the other man still kept it from seeming ridiculous. There was the harsh rattle of applause again, a sudden silence and then Jeannette's unpleasant voice.

"How lovely is the evening," she sang. "When all the bells are ringing. "Ding-dong, ding-dong . . ."

THERE was more applause and then another piece. Frank and Mr. Godfrey finished their brandies. When they returned to the living room everyone was standing around the piano looking at a photograph album. "You'll want to see this, Frank," Mrs. Godfrey called. "Come and stand by me. This is a photograph we took of Frances in 1926. Would you know her?"

"I think I would," Frank said.

"This is one we took at the Blaisdells' picnic. She was only fourteen years old then. Her hair was so light. That Wiley boy was sparking her. He's the one on the left beside Aunt Louise. Doesn't he look funny in that bathing suit? That's the costume she wore when she was in the Cradle Song."

"You know, Mother dear," Frances said softly, "we've got to go back. It's six o'clock." She slipped one arm around her mother's waist.

"Oh, but you can't go yet," Mrs. Godfrey cried. The forced, empty smile on her face looked like fright.

"Maybe they have to go, Mother," Mr. Godfrey said.

"We have to be in town at seven," Frances said.

"Are you sure you don't want something to eat before you go?"

"Of course not, dear. We just had our dinner."

"Do you want to take some roast beef back with you?"

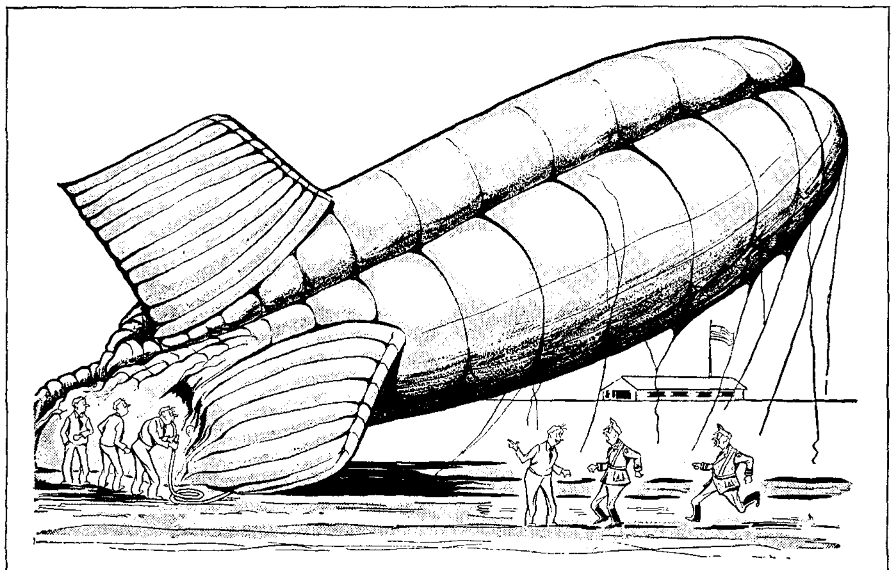
"No, thanks."

"Some of that cake?"

"No, thank you, no."

They made their farewells on the porch, looking like one of those pathetic and bewildered groups you sometimes see at country railroad stations or in the waiting rooms of city hospitals. Ralph drove them to the train. The train was crowded and they took seats in different coaches. Frank went up to the platform to smoke and standing there he could see her hat and her shoulders, but he left the train as soon as the doors were opened and he did not see her again.

THE END



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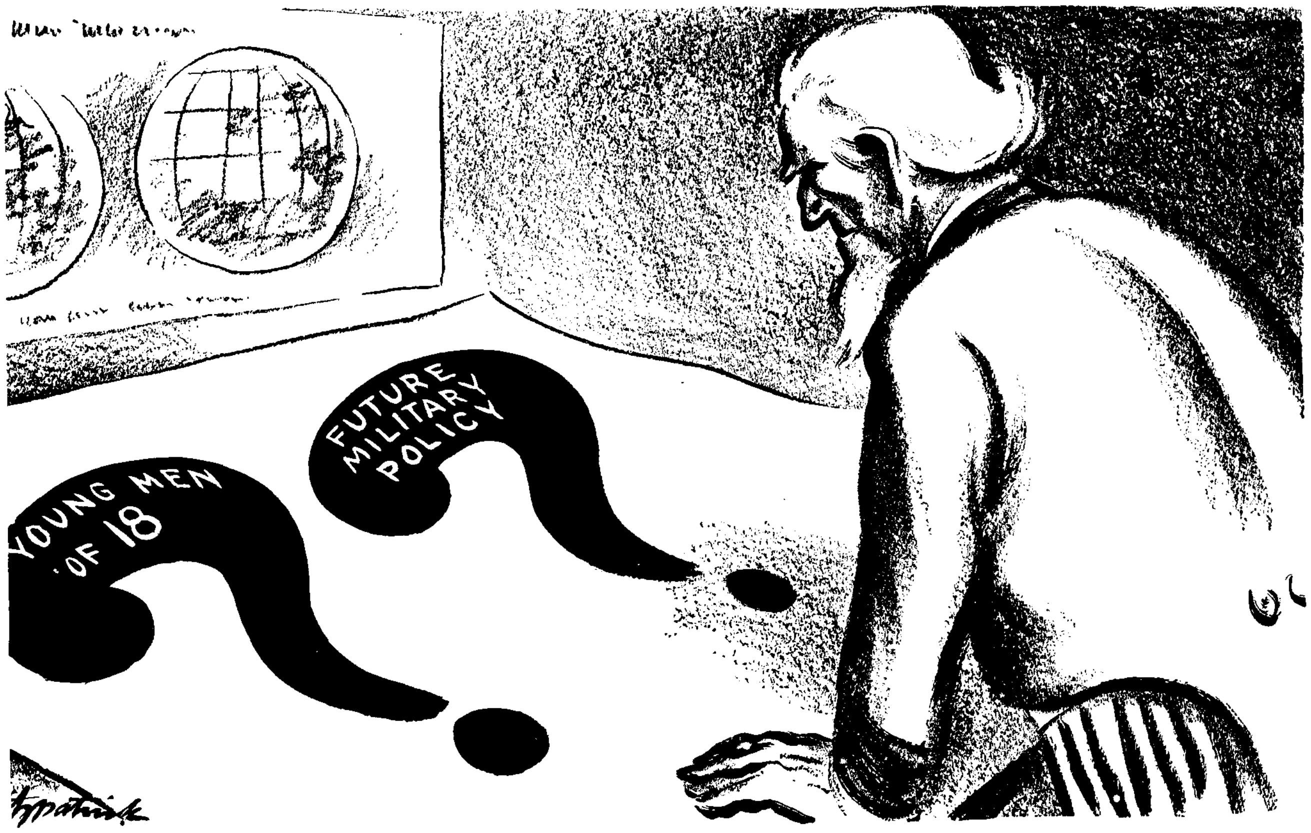

Problems of the Draft

CONGRESS is generally believed to be just waiting till after the November elections to lower the draft age to a minimum of 18. Our feeling: Eventually; why not now?

As far as we can make out, the present generation of young men is as adventurous as its forebears were, and as anxious to be off to the big adventure of these times. Certainly the Army wants these younger men, whereas it is now taking older and less physically fit men, or married men whose plans have been disrupted and morale consequently lowered.

Another question that remains undecided in the excitement of the war is: How about after the war? We live in a warlike age, in which the unprepared nation suffers Dunkirks, Pearl Harbors, etc. After we win this war, are we to sag back into unpreparedness?

If we have learned anything in the last 25 years, we won't. We'll maintain a reasonably big standing army, a large navy, a powerful air force—and this whether we undertake with England and Russia to police the postwar world or try to pull back into a shell of isolationism. It's hard to tell, indeed, which of these two postwar courses would compel us to maintain the larger armed forces.

Yet the draft law is only a 5-year law as now written, and it will have run two of those years next October.

Hadn't we better settle this matter now, by making the draft law permanent, and by laying the groundwork for a system of universal military training?

Love in Wartime

TO GET married before he goes to war, or to wait till he comes back—we suppose that question is now tormenting more young Americans than any other. Certainly it is calling forth more advice than any other from our numerous guides and counselors to the lovelorn. Some of it is pretty sane advice, too, while some of it is as mawkish and misleading drivel as we've seen in print since the same question arose in World War I.

We think the sanest possible advice on the subject is this: Think the matter through for yourselves and decide it on your own independent judgment. Read and listen to all the advice that comes your way, of course; but then work out your own answer. No general rule can cover all cases.

That, incidentally, is the best way we know of to make all the more important decisions of your life.

Campus Scandal

THE New York Times, after a nationwide survey, comes up with the news that 82% of U. S. colleges and universities do not require study of U. S. history for the undergraduate degree. Further, 72% of these institutions require no high-school study of U. S. history for admission.

To put it bluntly, we think this is a scandal.

Law schools, preparing students to become lawyers, give them at least a general idea of the history of law and the legal profession. Medical, engineering and scientific schools give their students a historical background for their professional studies. How otherwise could these schools hope to turn out graduates having any conception of what their chosen professions were all about?

Academic institutions of higher learning are supposed to give young men and women a broad outlook on life; to round them out into adults ready to take their places in the world. Yet 82% of these institutions in the United States do not insist that the students learn at least the broad outlines of the story of the country they live in.

This looks to us like an occasion for a big reform in American colleges and universities, and a speedy one. We're for making United States history, and plenty of it, a required subject in all these institutions, with exemptions only on a bona fide showing that the student has already learned a lot of U. S. history in high school.

The other side of the picture, of course, is that many a U. S. history textbook is insufferably cut and dried, and so is many a teacher of U. S. history. But that can usually be cured; in cases where it can't, it should be endured. The main thing is to teach our young people what kind of country they live in and how it got this way. Give Americanism at least an even break with the other isms in presenting its reasons for existing to the young people who will soon be running this country.

Guidebook to the Peace

ALREADY there is a flood of books on how we should engineer the peace to follow this war. As of this writing, we feel that one can profitably pass up all of them except one—and that this one is indispensable to anybody who hopes to think intelligently about postwar problems.

The book is The Problems of Lasting Peace, by Ex-President Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson (Doubleday, Doran, New York; 295 pages, $2). Out of the wealth of their experience and study of both war and peace, these two statesmen have distilled a short, illuminating and most readable book, which points out the major mistakes of past peacemakers and suggests ways of avoiding those mistakes in future.

We hope that many people will read this book and that many more will discuss it. If that happens, we'll have higher hopes of a lasting peace after this war than, frankly, we have right now.

Luck to Elmer Davis

THE President's appointment of Elmer Davis as chief of the Office of War Information was the best thing that has happened yet, we believe, in the highly important war-news field. Mr. Davis is notoriously a fine fellow, a brilliant news analyst and appraiser, a courageous facer of facts and saver of time—altogether, a Hoosier hot shot in the best sense of the term. We think he will do the best work of his distinguished career in this new job, and that the American people will benefit greatly thereby; and we wish him a world of luck.

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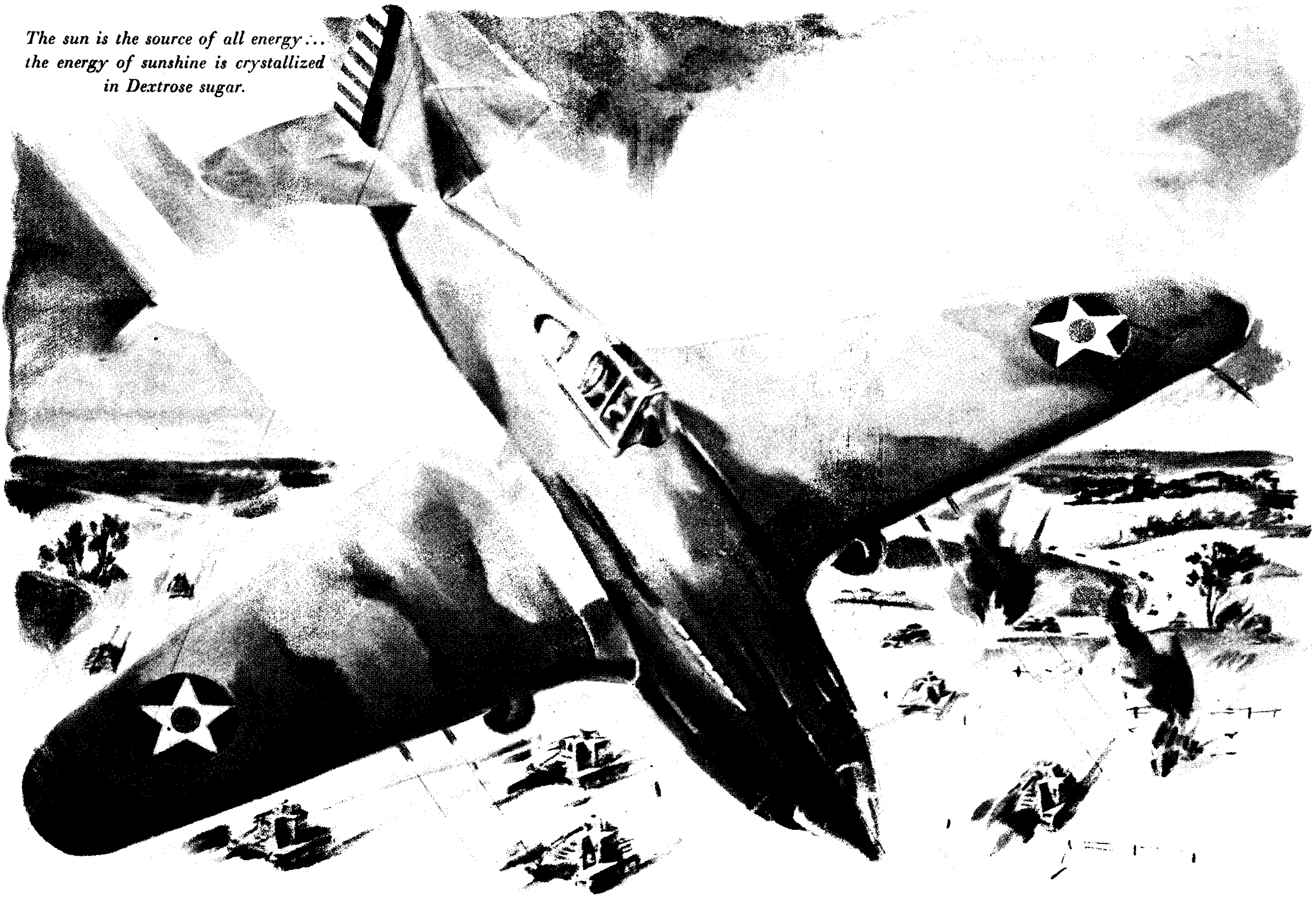

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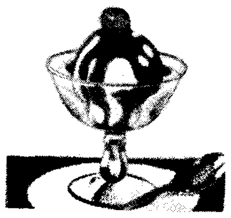

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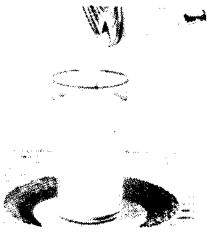

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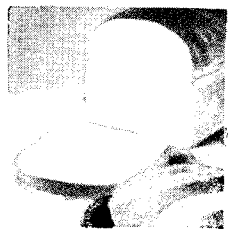

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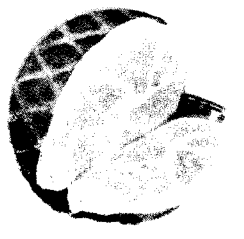

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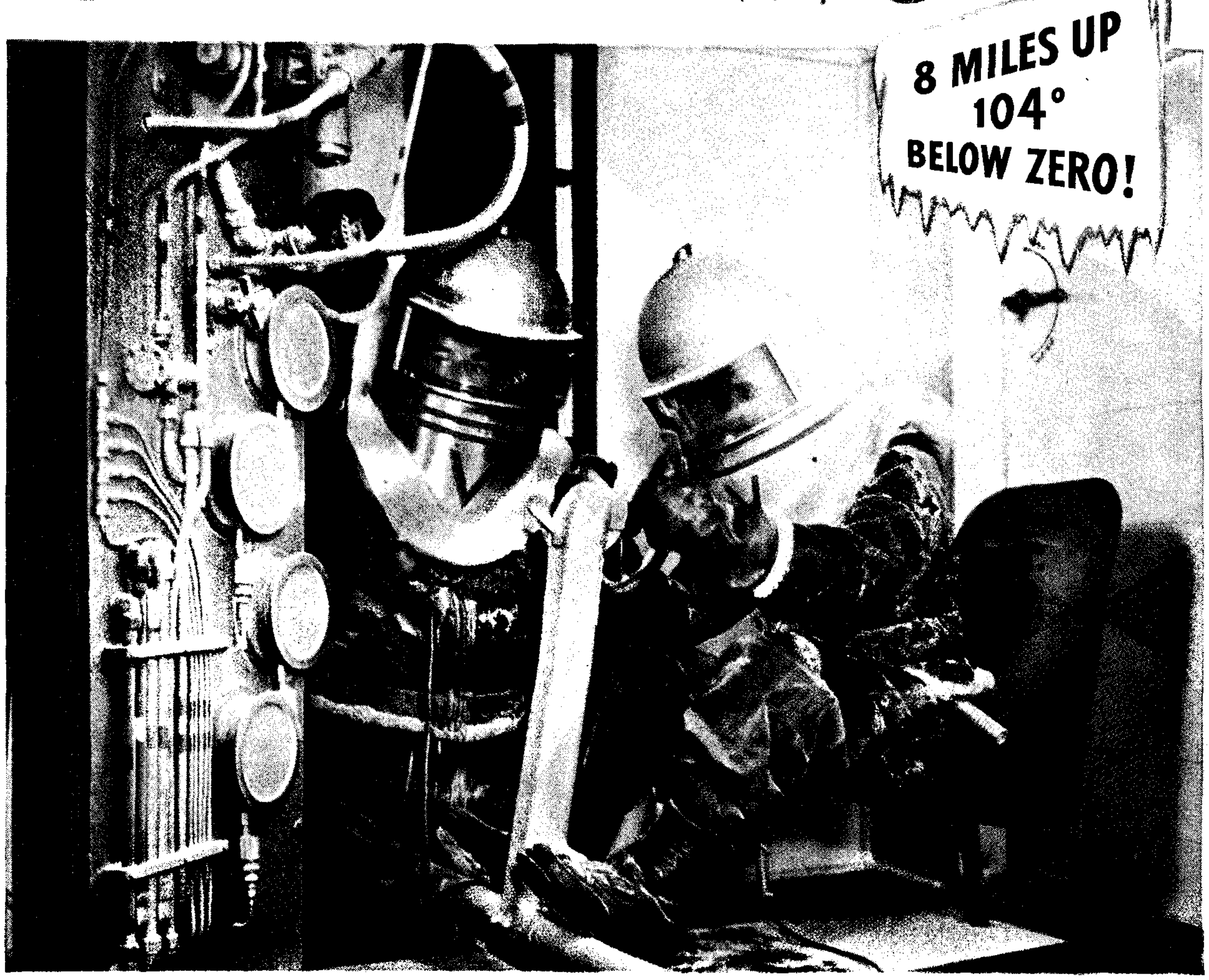
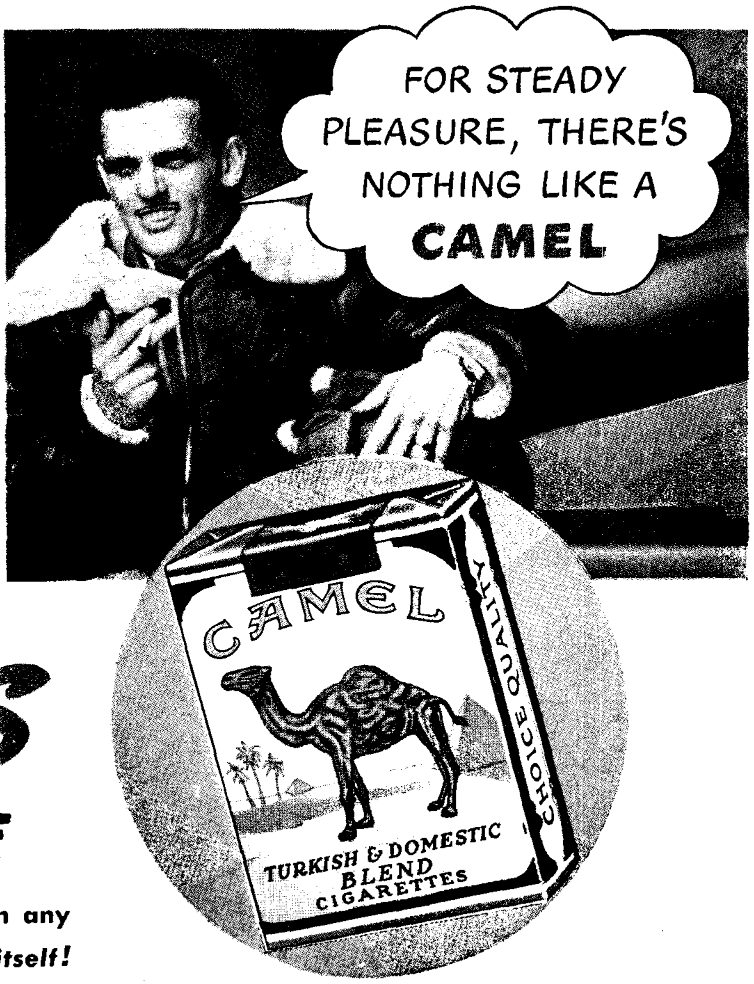


"MEN FROM MARS!" *Engineer Tom Floyd* (right) *and technician test bomber-controls in Douglas cold chamber*

BEHIND this hermetically sealed window *(below)*, engineer Floyd tests a new bomber-control in cold equivalent to 8 miles high. Too cold even to light up a Camel, but when the time comes, man, will that smooth, flavorful Camel taste good!

"CAMELS are 'standard equipment' with me," says Tom Floyd, taking off to check cold-room tests in actual flight. That goes for men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, too. Sales records show Camel the favorite.

FOR ALL OF US—in uniform or civvies—this is truly a "war of nerves." You may be smoking more than you once did. All the more reason to give extra thought to choosing your cigarette. Camel—the slow-burning cigarette—is the favorite. "They have the mildness that counts," says Tom Floyd *(below)*. Science gives you another angle *(see below, left)*.


FOR STEADY PLEASURE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

The smoke of slow-burning CAMELS contains LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*